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ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE



INGRID BERGMAN

THE POIGNANT LIFE STORY OF INGRID BERGMAN!

JUL 22 1943
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☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES \$1 (if C.O.D. pos charges extr)

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Ever try to magnetize a Man?

Is your heart set on
some particular Him?
Then hang onto your
charm — always!
So many popular girls
have this

1-2 RULE FOR CHARM!



1 Freshen up for your date with him—start with this refreshing bath. It perks up your spirits—makes you dainty and sweet. Baths just wash away *past* perspiration—but to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, use Mum!



2 Give charm a future. Mum takes just 30 seconds—won't irritate skin or harm clothes. Now—what does your evening promise—dancing, fun, romance? Underarm odor won't break the spell—Mum is *dependable*!

Mum safely, surely prevents underarm odor!

YOUR ace in winning or keeping romance is the appeal you have for others, your charm! Make certain you never offend—use Mum every day, before dates!

Your bath alone can't make you *sure* you're safe—baths only remove *past* perspi-

ration. Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor, without stopping perspiration. Charm is important in business, at parties, among friends! Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, so safe—thousands of women use it this way, too!*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

In the pictures to come from M-G-M, you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?



In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.



Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy."

His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.



Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be beeg.

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divvil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."



We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

And the Maestro of them all is

—Lea



STORIES

INGRID BERGMAN

A little girl sat watching a wonderful game played on the stage... a game called acting. From that moment on she knew what it was that she wanted..... 22

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Laddie phoned half Hollywood the night Alana was born, then curled up in bed with a sky-high fever!..... 30

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What do you wanna know about you and your guy? Analyze your own handwriting and his for the answer. The rules are simple-simonish and results gorgeously accurate 32

HIS HEART BELONGS TO HEDY

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Dottie Lamour glanced up at Capt. Howard, noticed the breadth of his shoulders, the twinkle in his eyes. From then on it was just a matter of time..... 36

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Three days for Robert and his Maria... Three days so cruel, so beautiful that each brimming moment will sear into your memory 38

"MISS MEASLES, 1943"

Careful! She's contagious. The whole darn Army's caught the Grable bug. She's their one-man morale division! . 40

THE TRUTH ABOUT LINDA'S MARRIAGE

The papers headlined "Linda Darnell, 19, marries Peverell Marley, 40-odd." Here's the story they didn't tell..... 42

MURDER! SHE SAYS

She's running an obstacle race, leaping the hurdles from amateur nights to H'wood plush. But watch out, jeeps, that's only the warm-up!..... 46

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Lt. Taylor can josh about his aerial boners, 'cause he knows he can deliver the goods when the time comes..... 49

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COVER: Ingrid Bergman, appearing in Paramount's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Editorial Assistants: Kay Hardy, Annette Bellinger, Sylvia Katz
Staff Photographer: Scotty

COLOR PORTRAITS

FEATURES

BEAUTY

FASHION

DEPARTMENTS



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UP FROM THE SOIL *into the Moonlight*

Deb keeps Wartime Beauty bright with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Lovely Frances Chisholm, Greensboro, N. C., deb, is really "down to earth," doing war emergency farm work. She says:

"I dreaded to think what chaff from grain and barnyard dust might do to coarsen my skin. But I'm always on guard against letting dirt clog my pores. Twice a day I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. This quick skin-cleansing with mild Woodbury Soap leaves my skin bright and fresh."

Be proud of hard work—but keep skin sparkling clear and smooth with famous Woodbury Facial Soap, made for the *skin* alone. Gentle, it contains a costly ingredient for extra mildness. Woodbury helps soften hated blackheads, lifts away flaky, worn-out skin. Get Woodbury Soap today.



1. Frances confesses: "Farm work can make a girl's skin oily. But it's no chore for Woodbury Soap to freshen my skin. I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail."



Petite and pretty Frances Chisholm of Greensboro, N. C., made her debut at the Governor's Ball. She comments: "Our Carolina moon is a potent matchmaker. But it's my guess—even in a Blackout—the girl with 'The Skin You Love to Touch' will win romance. That's why I'm a staunch believer in Woodbury Soap. It's a grand soap!"



2. "First, I scrub my face with Woodbury Soap till it sparkles. Then rinse with lukewarm water, followed by cold." Famous Woodbury is extra mild—contains a costly mellowing ingredient.



3. No alibis if skin looks dingy now. Frances is popular with Uncle Sam's favorite nephews. "The boys compliment my complexion," says deb. Woodbury is a true *skin* soap. Try it!



FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

★ BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

MOVIE REVIEWS

JOHNNY COME LATELY

When you think of courage these days, you probably think of men dying on a battlefield that other men may live in peace. You don't think of a little old lady, running an honest newspaper in a crooked town, because that's the way her dead husband would have wanted it run. But it takes courage to defy an organization of crooked politicians, grown strong and fat on graft. It takes courage to fight for freedom the hard way—with everyone else letting things drift and maybe thinking you're a little crazy to try and reform a town at your age. Sometimes it seems to Vinnie McLeod (Grace George) that it takes more courage than she has. Sometimes she's almost ready to give up.

It's at one of those times that she meets a hobo named Richards (James Cagney). He's lying in the park reading Dickens, (*Continued on page 8*)

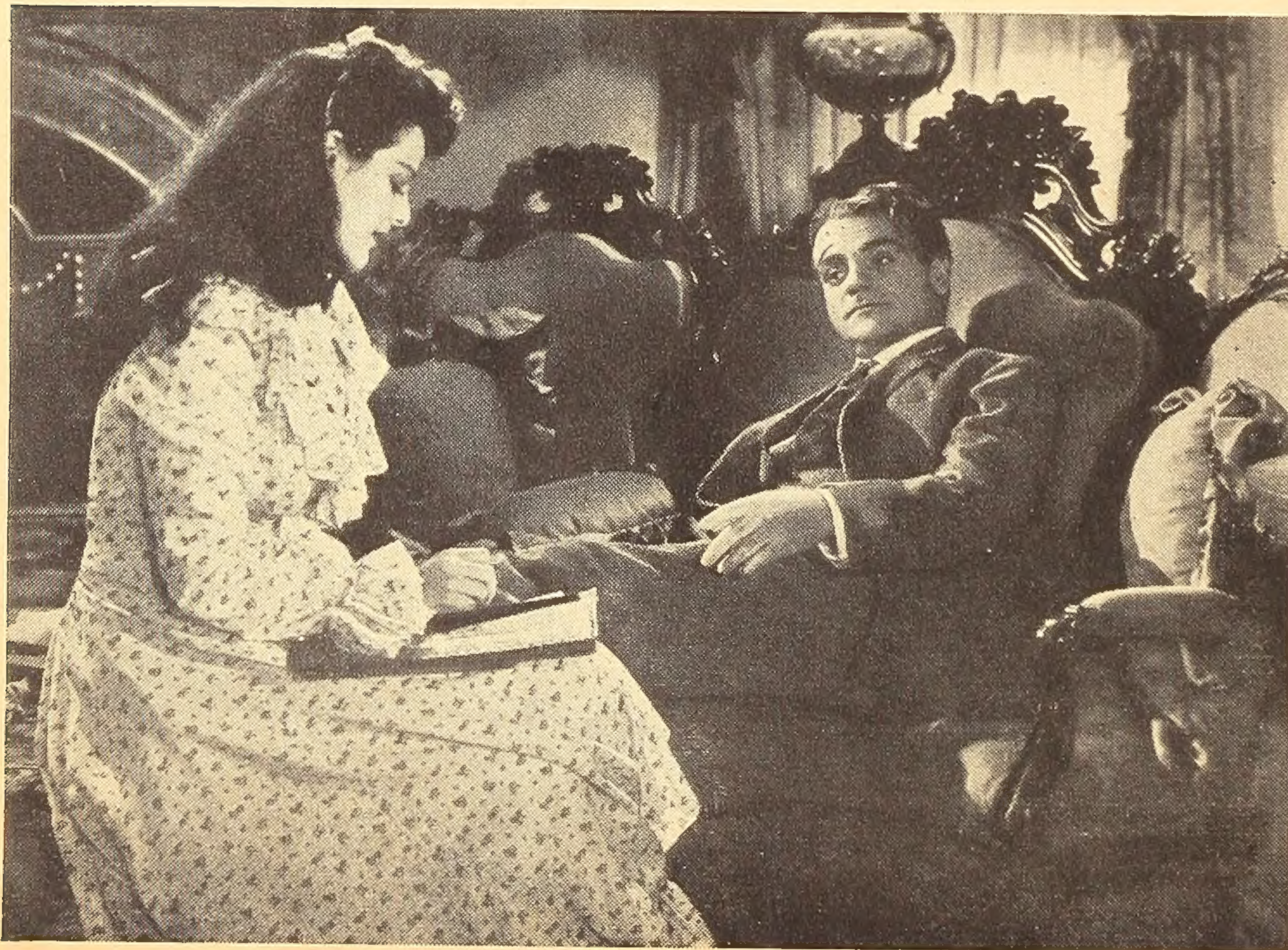


When tramp Tom Richards (Cagney) is arrested, newspaper owner Mrs. McLeod (Grace George) has him released on parole.

Dougherty threatens them when they refuse to print an editorial favoring him. An attempt is made on Vinnie McLeod's life.



An ex-newspaperman, he joins her crusade against Dougherty (Edw. McNamara), who's exploiting the helpless townsfolk.



Mrs. McLeod's pretty niece Jane (Marjorie Lord) betrays her deep love for Dougherty's son Pete (Bill Henry) during a heated battle with Richards.

For sake of love-struck son's happiness, Dougherty leaves town; Mrs. M. calls off fight. Pete and Jane are reconciled. His job done, Richards exits.

**HERE'S THAT AGE OF INNOCENCE
WITH THAT GLEAM IN ITS EYE!**



IT'S THE naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"... and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising...swell

Lubitsch fun!



Ernst Lubitsch's
PRODUCTION

HEAVEN *Can* WAIT

in Technicolor

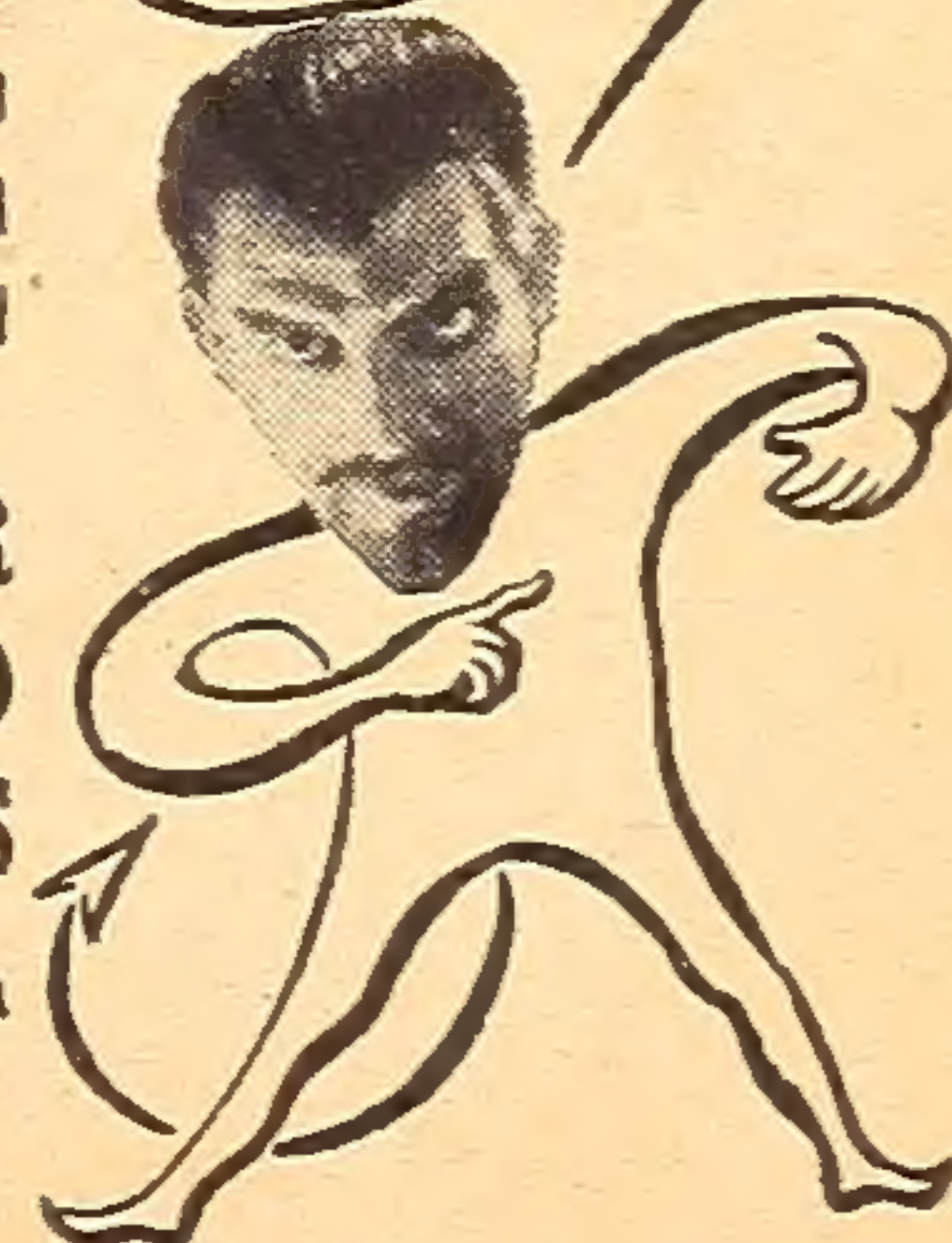
GENE TIERNEY • DON AMECHE

**CHARLES COBURN • MARJORIE MAIN • LAIRD CREGAR
SPRING BYINGTON • ALLYN JOSLYN • EUGENE PALLETTE • SIGNE HASSO
LOUIS CALHERN • HELENE REYNOLDS • AUBREY MATHER • MICHAEL AMES**

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch • Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson

Based upon the Play "Birthday" by Lazlo Bus-Fekete

"I'M IN IT, TOO!"



A **20th** CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**SEE WHY MILLIONS OF
FANS HAVE MADE HIM
THE MOST POPULAR WESTERN
STAR ON THE SCREEN!**



Among all the
movie cowboys—
none can ride
like Roy...
None can
sing like
Roy! He's the
best of them
all!...See him in his
newest—and greatest hit... see him
in action—hear his melodies—get
a movie thrill you'll long remember!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER SMARTEST HORSE
in THE MOVIES
SONG OF TEXAS

SHEILA RYAN • BARTON MacLANE
HARRY SHANNON • PAT BRADY
ARLINE JUDGE and BOB NOLAN
and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

SONGS "Moonlight and Roses" • "Rainbow Over the Range"
"Blue Bonnet Girl"—and many more!

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 6)

and she likes him immediately. Mrs. McLeod knows about tramps, she feeds and lodges them regularly. She is especially interested in this one, and when he's arrested for vagrancy, she tells the judge that he's working for her on the newspaper. She does it because that's the kind of thing she's always doing. It's part of being Vinnie McLeod.

The reason tramps are tramps is usually quite simple. They like it. Richards likes being a tramp, and he doesn't like the idea of working in an office, even for a charming little lady like Mrs. McLeod. But he soon sees that Vinnie has gotten herself into a jam she can't get out of alone. Somebody's got to help her or the whole crazy crusade for truth and freedom will go under. Nobody else dares to, so it's up to a guy named Richards.

The opposition forces, dominated by a burly Irishman named Dougherty (Edw. McNamara), think they have things pretty well under control. The graft is rolling in with delightful regularity. People in town are too blind, or too easy going, to realize the situation. There is only Mrs. McLeod to worry about, and she is so far in debt that soon they will be able to take over her newspaper and foreclose the mortgage on her house. Dougherty's son, Pete (Bill Henry) is engaged to her niece Jane (Marjorie Lord), and he thinks that should be a softening influence on the old lady.

But they hadn't counted on Richards. His arrival is like throwing a match in a box of fireworks. Things immediately begin to happen, and a lot of them are things that Dougherty doesn't like at all. There are shots in the night and a runaway horse and a jail break led by a fascinating character called Gashouse Mary (Marjorie Main). Whatever happens, Richards is right in the middle of it. By now he is completely devoted to Mrs. McLeod, and, as he remarks, when things are going bad that's no time to quit. He and Vinnie see it through together.

"Johnny Come Lately" is a story of 1906, but it could just as well be 1943. Cagney plays Richards with a sincerity that is dramatically effective, and Grace George is completely charming as Vinnie McLeod. These two are a combination that we'd like to see go on together—they are perfect contrasts in every way, and the result is excellent. Edward McNamara is good as the politician who can't understand Vinnie but admires her even when she defies him.—U.A.

P. S.

The title stems from an authentic hobo slang expression; means a greenhorn, a novice... Picture is the first independent major production of Cagney Productions, Inc., a new company headed by Bill Cagney as president. Jimmy is vice-president and top star... Jimmy takes a beating in this one. Even gets slapped by a woman (a switch on the Cagney theme). During the fight in a careening buckboard, he got walloped across the back of the neck with a whip. Later on, he broke a small bone in his thumb when a policeman's club landed on his hand during a fight rehearsal... No more breakaway furniture is available (used to be made from vitally needed balsa wood), so studio carpenters had to hollow out legs of a chair Jimmy throws through a window. No sugar-candy glass is left, either—not even single

thicknesses of plate glass. Jimmy had to toss the four-legged hunk of furniture right through the double-thicknesses of glass. Did it perfectly in four takes.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

You've heard a lot about New York's Stage Door Canteen, and what you've heard has probably made you wonder. The real canteen isn't open to anyone not in uniform, but here it is on the screen, and you'll love it.

There are 48 stars in this picture, one for every state in the union. You've never had so much for your money in your life. Go ahead, name a star or two—I'll bet you a quarter they're in it. Katharine Hepburn? Sure. Harpo Marx? Complete with blonde. Gypsy Rose Lee? She's there, too. Something for everybody, and you're bound to have fun. The high spot for me was Ray Bolger's dancing. For you it may be Katharine Cornell playing Juliet to a young soldier's Romeo, or Kay Kyser's band.

A story is woven through this Milky Way of stars. A love story, tender and heart warming, of a soldier called "Dakota" (William Terry) and the girl he finds at the Stage Door Canteen. Eileen (Cheryl Walker) is ambitious, and on the surface a little hard. She thinks the canteen will be a fine place to meet the right people—and she doesn't mean soldiers from Dakota. But her attitude soon begins to change. She gets a part in Paul Muni's new play, but somehow it doesn't seem half as important as the way "Dakota" looked at her last night.

Cheryl Walker is a new discovery, and she's something to shout about. William Terry, Marjorie Riordan, Lon McCallister and Margaret Early give her excellent support. And don't forget—there are those 48 stars!—U.A.

P. S.

Feeling that "Stage Door Canteen" will be a historical document 100 years from now because of World War background and tremendous talent in the picture, the producer arranged to have pic placed in vacuum-sealed can and buried in official Washington and London vaults to be opened in 2043. Cast includes 40 greats of stage, screen and radio... \$5,000 govt. ceiling on sets was brain-buster since pic had to be made in both New York and Hollywood. That meant all sets had to be made in duplicate. Since food was included in \$5,000 budget, Canteen doughnuts were of plaster, sandwiches were blocks of wood, coffee was plain water tinted with lamp black coloring. Sets and props amounted to \$3,000, phenomenally small for Hollywood.

PRELUDE TO WAR

When do you think this war began? That's easy, most of us would say—December 7, 1941. But we'd be wrong, according to the U. S. government's short feature, "Prelude To War." It actually began in September, 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria. With the first shot fired by the Japs on the sleeping Chinese garrison across the border, the hounds of war were unleashed.

To have a world peace, you must have a world that wants peace. There were at that time three separate groups in the world that wanted war. This picture shows their slow but sure rise to a power

which threatens us all. They were Nazis, Italian Fascists and Japanese.

We didn't take these groups very seriously. We went to the newsreels and laughed heartily at the little man with the Chaplin mustache and a lock of hair dangling in his eye. But he told the Germans they were supermen, and they believed it. We had hysterics at the sight of Mussolini, thumping his chest like Tarzan and spouting promises of conquest. The Japanese people bowing low before their puppet emperor on his white horse were amusing—not threatening.

But it hasn't turned out to be so funny. The laugh, it seems, is on us. And now we may well remember a speech made during the Ethiopian war by Haile Selassie. A dark, bearded, little man in white robes, he addressed the League of Nations thus: "My people will fight on, while we wait for help from our tardy allies. But I say to you, without bitterness, if that help does not come, it will one day mean the death of the western world."

Help is coming, at long last—help for Ethiopia, and Poland and China and all the victims of the three aggressors. The United Nations are aroused, and the forces of freedom are on the march. They will never halt till victory is won!—War Department, distributed by War Activities Committee.

P. S.

Originally reeled by War Department as training film to introduce green draftees to things military, "Prelude" is first of series of such technical pictures to be flashed before paying public . . . The 6,000,000 sailors, soldiers, Marines on land, ships, off-shore bases (even on Guadalcanal) who saw the picture were so enthusiastic that government and film big guns decided it was lively enough for us civilians! . . . Fifty-three minute of prints were straightway turned over to OWI by War Department for use by the War Activities Committee, Motion Picture Industry, who are footing distribution expenses . . . Fifty-three minute film is made up of newsreels and confiscated films assembled by Lt. Col. Frank Capra, head of special photographic unit of Signal Corps, assigned to Special Services . . . Large hunk of commentary, narrated by Walter Huston, was penned by Maj. Eric Knight, who was killed in plane crash this last winter.

DIXIE

That Crosby certainly gets around. Zanzibar, Morocco, and now here he is way down south in the land of Dixie. He wears sideburns and a top hat, but he's still the same nonchalant Bing, and his voice is as soothing as ever.

He's smoking a pipe now, and, being Bing and absent-minded, it gets him into

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While cashiering in a Hollywood restaurant, a star whom everyone knows stepped up to me and said he was expecting an important phone call. As he walked away, I laughingly called after him, "But, sir, what's your name?" He turned, looked very serious and perhaps a little hurt. "My name's Jimmy Durante," he said.

That was the last time I tried to be funny . . . with a comedian!

Alice Walker
Oxnard, Cal.

BOGART!

He's back from 'Casablanca', girls! -And more wonderful than ever!

Three Loves
IS THERE ROOM IN HIS HEART FOR ALL OF THEM?

A FLAG!

A SHIP!

A WOMAN!

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

with
RAYMOND MASSEY
ALAN HALE

JULIE BISHOP
DANE CLARK

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson • Based on a Story by Guy Gilpatrick • Additional Dialogue by A. I. Bezzerides and W. R. Burnett

It's the **WARNER** kind of Hit!



More Swimming Days!

Tampax is a real vacation help

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

GONE are the days when a woman would not go near the water at certain times of the month . . . For the user of *Tampax* has discarded entirely the external pad and belt worn beneath the swim suit and has adopted instead the principle of *internal absorption* for her sanitary protection . . . Whether the suit is wet or dry, *Tampax* remains invisible, with no bulging, bunching or faintest line!

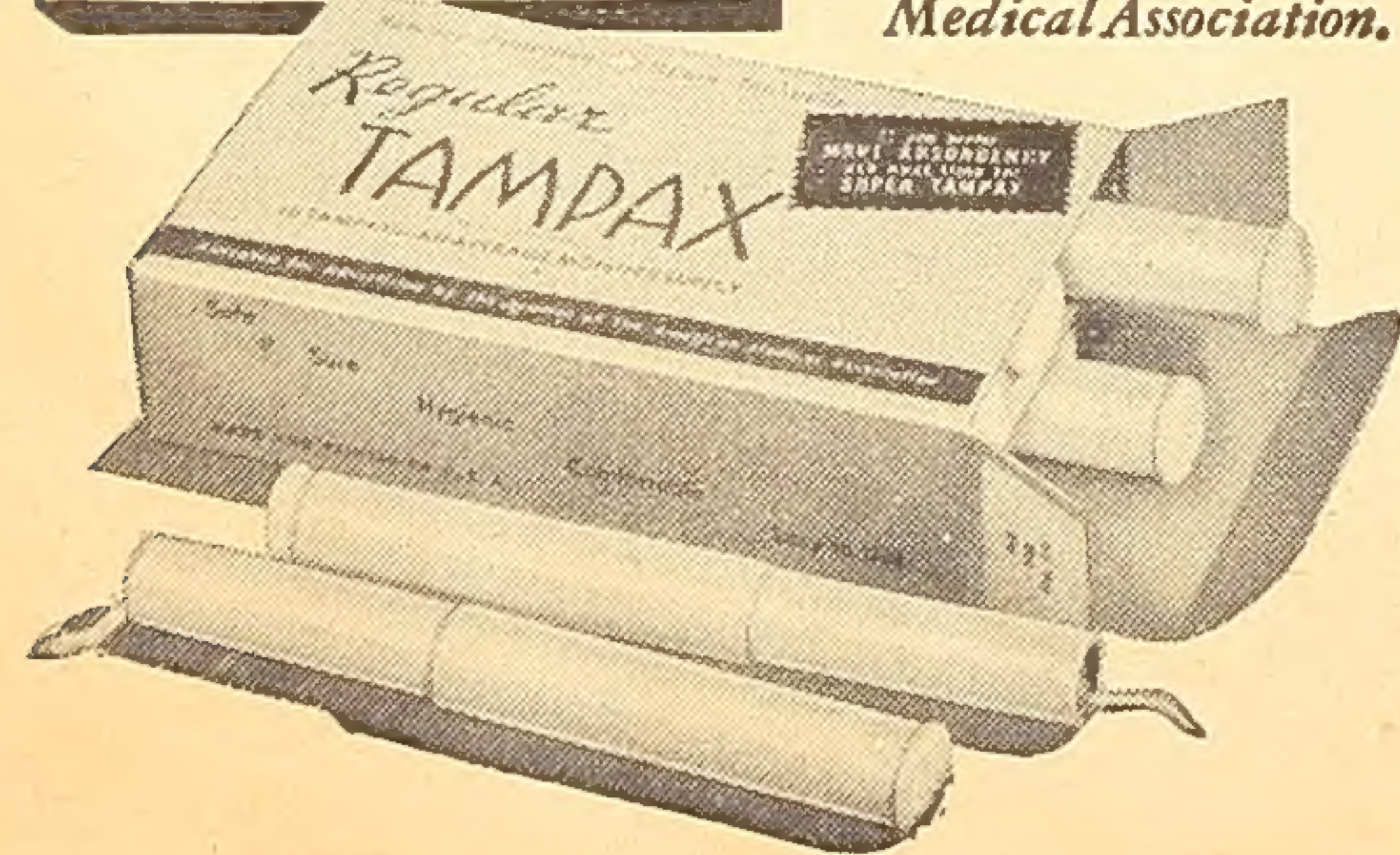
Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal . . . Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because *Tampax* is worn internally and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous . . .

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies*: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package lasts 4 months, average. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



a lot of trouble. That pipe and the clang of fire engines seem to be practically inseparable. The smell of smoke permeates "Dixie" from the first reel to the last, and through it Dan Emmett (Bing Crosby) smiles his carefree way.

Nobody can help liking Dan, even when he does things like leaving his pipe burning on the table in his girl's house while they go out by the river to pitch a little woo. When he and Jean (Marjorie Reynolds) get back, there's no house—just ashes. A trip for his health seems indicated to Dan, and he journeys around the country, followed by fire bells, whistles and smoke. He and an accordionist named Mr. Bones (Billy De Wolfe) join forces, and eventually Dotty Lamour turns up, as Millie, the landlord's daughter. She's in dresses this time, instead of a sarong. Maybe that's why Dan remains immune to her charms. He's still in love with the girl back home.

Remember the old minstrel shows? Even if you don't, you're going to love the one Dan and Mr. Bones put on in New Orleans. It makes such a hit that Dan has money enough to go back and marry Jean, who is now crippled by paralysis and in a wheelchair. Dan still loves her, and they tour the country together, eventually getting together again with Millie and Mr. Bones.

Dan has been working on a little tune called "Dixie," and he introduces it in New Orleans. As the minstrels sing, the audience joins in, but smoke is curling across the stage. That pipe! The minstrels sing louder, but above the song the clang of fire engines is heard—hold your hats, boys, here we go again!—Par.

P. S.

This is Bing Crosby's first Technicolor picture . . . Dottie Lamour swathes her torrid torso in tight waists and hoop-skirts . . . Marjorie Reynolds wears drabber costumes, plays most of the picture in a wheel-chair . . . Origin of the term ham actor popped up when Crosby and his fellow minstrels are shown in one scene cutting strips of rind and ham fat to help take the burnt cork off their faces . . . Running gag in the picture has Crosby carelessly leaving pipes around that start fires. Opening scene shows his wife-to-be's home burning slowly to the ground. Two days before production halted, Crosby's own home smoldered into oblivion, but Bing swears it was only a coincidence.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Henry Van Cleve (Don Ameche) is trying to talk his way into hell. Not, admittedly, the usual procedure, but Henry, who has just died of a heart attack, is sure that hell is the place for him. People have always told him he'd end up there, he explains to the Devil, and he'd hate to make a liar out of them.

"That's all very well," says the Devil (Laird Cregar), "but what are your qualifications?"

Well, Henry tells him, there's the matter of women. There have been a lot of them in his life, although only one of them counts. That's Martha, his wife. . . .

The first time he met Martha (Gene Tierney) she was engaged to his cousin. But Henry falls madly in love with her and persuades her to elope with him. Eventually they have a son, Jack—and eventually, too, the little question of other women comes up. None were important, Henry maintains stoutly, but you know wives! The Devil nods sympathetically.

Martha, it seems, wearies of Henry's fanciful explanations for his peccadil-

los and goes back to her family in the middle west. Henry goes after her, but finds her immune to all his pleas for forgiveness. Well, he tells her sadly, perhaps she's right in leaving him and taking young Jack. Already the boy shows signs of being a chip off the old block. Why, only the other day he had two little girls fighting over him. Martha grins proudly in spite of herself and demands details. Before she knows it, she's on her way back to New York and happiness.

After her death many years later, the lonely Henry paints the town as bright a red as his declining years will permit. The heart attack ensues, and the doctor prescribes absolute quiet. But there's some champagne in the house, and the nurse is a beautiful blonde. . . .

Well, says Henry, that's how it was. The Devil looks at him reflectively. "Have you tried up above?" he inquires. Henry is sure it would be no use. But the Devil thinks Martha might put in a good word for her husband. Suddenly hopeful, Henry steps into the elevator.

This is light-hearted nonsense with the gay Lubitsch touch, and a cast that includes Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Allyn Joslyn, Spring Byington and Helene Reynolds—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Gene Tierney, who plays an understanding wife to Don Ameche, is a faithful real-life wife to soldier husband Oleg Cassini, spent all her spare time on the set writing love letters to him—romance at 1,500 miles. Evenings she worked on a screen story for a Betty Grable musical which Fox is considering . . . Michael Ames' ambition has been to play in pictures with Gene Tierney, realizes his dream in this one, playing role of her son . . . Laird Cregar just out of a Hollywood hospital where he was sent to reduce, is now a shadow of his former self at 260.

WINTER TIME

As cool and sparkling as iced champagne, this is the perfect picture for August. Sonja Henie skates gracefully through it, and she has a beautiful, shiny, new leading man, Cornel Wilde. Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero provide the laughs—slapstick, maybe, but who cares as long as they're laughs? Romero trying to sneak through the dining room of a Canadian resort hotel clad only in a suit of long winter underwear gives us the funniest scene in years.

That Henie girl can certainly make with the skates! You think you've seen her at her very best, and then comes a new picture where she tops every previous performance. She plays Nora, a Norwegian girl who is in the United States with her uncle, wealthy Mr. Ostgaard (S. Z. Sakall). They are told they must go to Canada and come in on new quota numbers. Skip (Jack Oakie) tricks them into going to the Chateau Promenade, a snowbound, run-down old hotel owned by his friend, Freddie (Cornel Wilde). Uncle almost has apoplexy when he sees it, but Nora has a heart attack of a different kind when she sees Freddie. He's for her, and they'll stay right there if she can arrange it. She talks her uncle into buying the hotel and getting it into shape to attract tourists.

The catch is that this keeps Freddie so busy he has no time for her. Whenever she looks for him, he's in a huddle with the beautiful blonde press agent (Helene Reynolds). Brad Barton, who sings with the orchestra (Cesar Romero to you) would like to console her. There's

(Continued on page 12)

Add thrilling glamour to your beauty
...in just a few seconds



Claudette Colbert

IN

"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

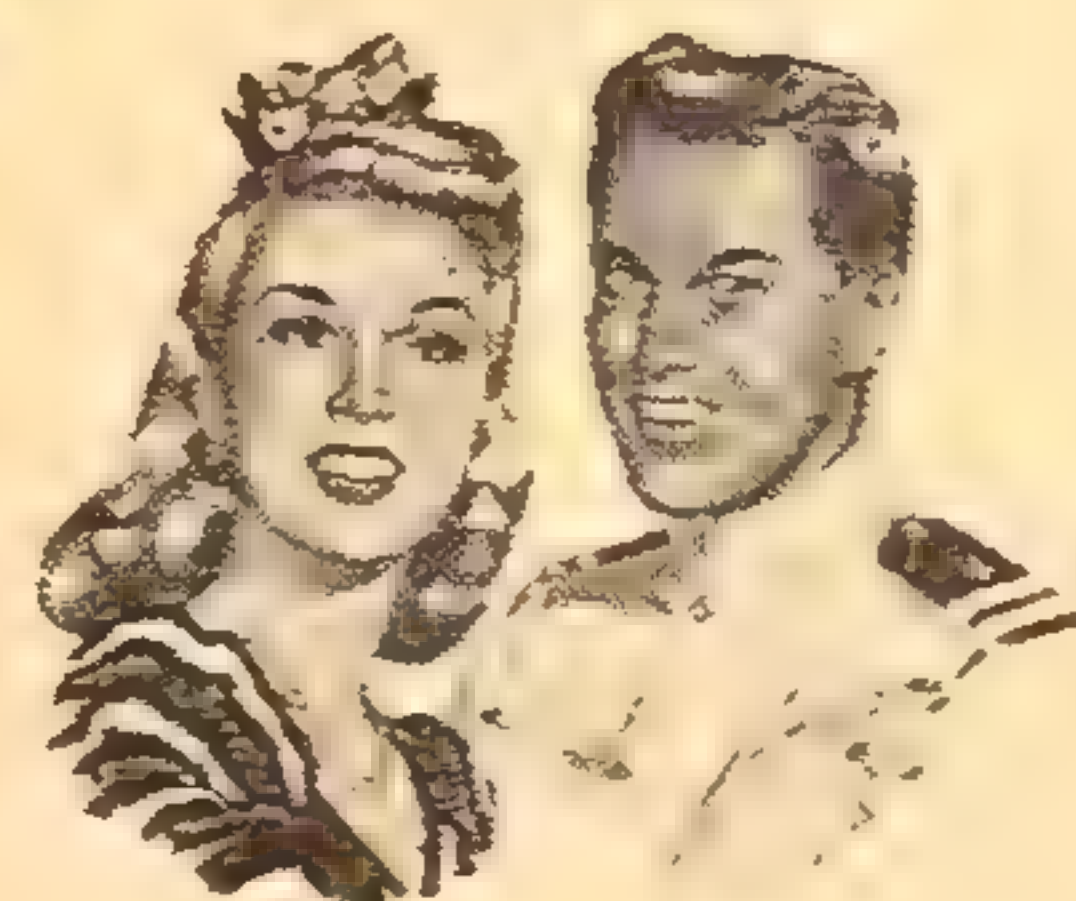
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



★ *It creates a lovely
new complexion*



★ *It helps conceal tiny
complexion faults*



★ *It stays on for hours
without re-powdering*

Yes, you can now give your natural beauty new glamour, new loveliness in just a few seconds...and you, yourself, will be utterly amazed and thrilled at the transformation. Pan-Cake Make-Up imparts a lovely new complexion, smooth as a pearl and flawless...and it stays on for hours without re-powdering. Try this glamour secret of the screen stars...originated by *Max Factor Hollywood*...and discover the miracle make-up that millions of girls and women are talking about.

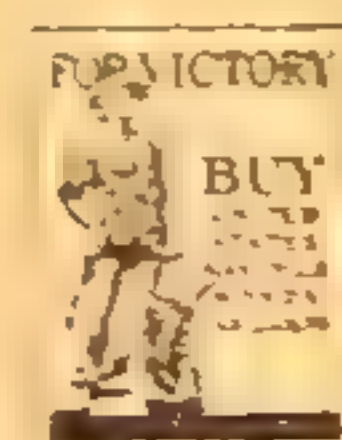
PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

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Mary's last letter
is really
"TERRIFIC"
(Pst! She read this book)



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No longer will your letters be dry, awkward and uninteresting. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS** shows you how the most common things can sound interesting—will help you express your personality in your letters. This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show just how to write letters from beginning to end. Included are scores of model love letters by world-famous people—lists of useful synonyms—common errors, and how to avoid them—the correct spelling of many catchy words—many other important letter-writing hints. And remember, with each book you receive a **ONE MONTH'S** supply of your personalized writing paper, **FREE!** Stravon Publishers, 342 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

MONEY-BACK OFFER!

We believe you can write real love letters that click with the help of this amazing book—but we want you to be the judge! Examine the book for 10 days at our expense—if not delighted with results, return it and your money will be promptly refunded!



MAIL COUPON TODAY

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342 Madison Ave., New York City**
Send book, "How to Write Love Letters," in Plain Wrapper, together with free Monogrammed stationery. If not delighted, I may return this purchase in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

- () Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c plus few cents postage.
() I enclose 98c—send postpaid.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

nothing like a pretty young heiress, Brad always thinks, but his style is considerably cramped by Flossie (Carole Landis) who saw him first and wants no muscle-inners. Besides, Skip is right there to protect Freddie's interests while Freddie is busy putting on the big ice show.

Nora is a super hit in the show—everyone says she's as good as Sonja Henie! She gets an offer to star on Broadway, and since she thinks Freddie is giving her the runaround, she agrees to marry Brad and go to New York. But Flossie has something to say about that—and Skip—and, at long last, Freddie!

So there you are, chums, head over heels in a snowdrift. Feeling cooler?—**20th-Fox.**

P. S.

Sonja, who is a world champion skater and has won the Olympic skating honors three times, has another champion as a co-worker in "Wintertime." Cornel Wilde holds 22 fencing championships. Sonja studied fencing from him during the shooting of the picture with an eye toward future ice numbers.

... Sonja's favorite pastime of playing cupid (75% of her original troupe are married to one another) had to be discontinued for the duration. There was only one eligible man left in the cast, and he was drafted at the close of the picture. Ninety percent of her original male troupe is in the service. Henie has made two U. S. tours since Pearl Harbor. Has to give professional performances but always buys 500 to 2,000 seats each performance for servicemen—has given 110,000 soldiers, sailors and Marines free tickets to her ice exhibitions!

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

The first time Fred Astaire saw Joan Leslie on the screen he said, "There's my new dancing partner." Fred got his way, and when you see him with Joan in "The Sky's The Limit," you'll heave a sigh and say, "This is it!"

It's the kind of show most of us are looking for these days, anyway. All about an ex-Flying Tiger who is back in America to join the Naval Air Service. But it's far from a war picture. The story takes place in the interim between the welcome-home-heroes parade and the day Fred Atwell (Fred Astaire) has to shove off in a bomber for Australia. An awfully short interim it is, too, with Fred marking the days on his calendar and trying to straighten out his love life before he leaves.

Not that his love life is complicated—in numbers, at least. It's all tied up with one girl, a beauty named Jean (Joan Leslie), who takes pictures for a magazine. As soon as Fred sees her, he starts trying to get into the pictures. Unfortunately he has shed his uniform for a cowboy get-up which, while it rescues him from parades, impresses nobody, least of all Jean. She gives him the brush, but he keeps turning up in odd places, including her own kitchenette.

Eventually she is fascinated by this combination of nerve and romance, and by now Fred has fallen deeply in love with her. However, he thinks she would be better off married to her boss, Harriman (Robert Benchley), the solid citizen type. Jean feels that two hundred pounds is almost too solid, and anyway, she loves Fred. But guys who ferry bombers to Australia are apt suddenly to have widows, and Fred decides to duck out and let her forget him.

Harriman figures out the set-up, and you'll like the way he plays Cupid. In

\$1 FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

We love getting letters. Who doesn't? But unlike other people, we're offering you an out-and-out bribe. Send us a letter containing an inside story about a movie star, and we'll mail you \$1, if we use it. Naturally, it must be a **TRUE** story about a Hollywood star whom you've rubbed shoulders with or pursued for an autograph.

Send us as many as you like, and for each one we use, you get \$1.

We'd better tell you in advance that we may edit or revise any story we use and will return your letter only if you send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hop to it, and mail your incident today to **MODERN SCREEN**, 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.

fact, you'll like the whole thing, especially Fred's dance on the bar, which is breath-taking, even for Astair.—**RKO.**

P. S.

Fred Astaire's trickiest dance routine was the glass-breaking number. Truly dangerous, the dance involved kicking over and breaking more than 3,000 glasses and bottles and hurling a bar stool through a huge mirror. One slip and Mr. A. would have been seriously injured, but he came through rehearsals and six actual takes without a scratch... Joan Leslie became 18 just ten days after the picture began, which meant she didn't have to take time out for formal schooling. She spent all her spare time studying, anyway, preparing herself for entrance exams at U.C.L.A. ... Bob Benchley wrote a great deal of his own dialogue and is solely responsible for the speech he makes on "Bottlenecks." Did weeks of research for it.

ATTACK BY NIGHT

How long do you think a member of the Underground lives? In Norway the average is six months. But the Norwegians are a realistic people—they know they must meet force with force even though some of them die. Nicole (Merle Oberon), the heroine of "Attack By Night" is like that. She has worked for the Underground a year now. It's inevitable that soon suspicion will fall on her, but she goes on with her job.

It's a particularly disagreeable job, too. She has had to become the "friend" of the German Commandant, Major Dichter (Carl Esmond). She has thus obtained important information which the local oculist sends out written on spectacles, in invisible ink. But her own people consider her a traitor.

Eventually Nicole realizes that Dichter suspects her, and the Underground sends word to London. A British Commando is sent over to dispose of Dichter. The Commando is Colonel Alan Lowell (Brian Aherne) who is chosen because he knows that locality well. He also knows Nicole well—they were in love, before the war called Alan back to England. They are still in love now, and when Alan is wounded and captured, Nicole desperately smuggles him out of the hospital and to her own house.

But Dichter has grown more suspicious. The net is closing in. Unexpectedly he tells her that they are to be married on Thursday night. Nicole is

(Continued on page 14)

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther.



10¢ PLUS TAX

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

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SAYS **Kleenex**
AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND

for each statement we publish
on why you like Kleenex® Tissues
better than any other brand.
Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.



I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get
out of ordinary boxes? With
KLEENEX it's pull a tissue and
up pops another, ready for use!

(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)

**WHAT!
NO
KLEENEX?**



IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT
OF **KLEENEX**, PLEASE BE
PATIENT—HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY.
QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED,
BUT WE ARE DETERMINED,
REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO,
TO MAINTAIN **KLEENEX** QUALITY
IN EVERY PARTICULAR!



**VITTLES
FOR
VICTORY**

No more
stained
dish towels
at canning time
since I wipe the top of each filled
jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX**!

(from a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)

**WHO CAN FORGET DELSEY?
—SOFT LIKE KLEENEX**

Hope there'll be
no shortages
after the war

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



sure a trap of some kind awaits her, but
what can she do but accept? She knows
that another event, too, is scheduled for
Thursday night—a Commando raid on
the German oil tanks near the town.

There's a fast, thrilling climax that will
have your pulse doing a jitterbug routine.
Merle Oberon gives a strong performance
as Nicole, and you'll fall in love with
Brian all over again.—Col.

P. S.

The 300-man task force performing
future Commando tactics in the film
was made up of French-Canadians and
Irish Fusiliers. The action required was
excellent combat training, because the
men had to do the same things over and
over again until the director got a per-
fect take. Especially valuable were the
repeated maneuvers during the landing
of troops and Bren gun carriers . . . Merle
Oberon is godmother to His Majesty's
Submarine Oberon. Her picture hangs in
the mess hall of the huge submersible,
and she, in turn, has pictures of its crew
hanging in her dressing room . . . During
production, the cast and crew tossed a
surprise birthday party for Merle and
brought her hard-to-get coffee, sugar
and eggs. Everyone had been saving
part of his own small supply to give to
her . . . Brian Aherne spent all his spare
time at his ranch near Indio, California,
taking care of his hogs. He has 20, but
don't bother writing to him for pork
chops. Federal regulations forbid him
from slaughtering any of the animals for
meat.

**THE PRODIGAL'S
MOTHER**

Let's suppose you've had a fight with
your boy friend, a college freshman. You
want to tell him you're sorry, before he
does anything crazy, so you climb up
the fire escape of the boys' dormitory.
You open the window and climb in and
say "Danny!" Somebody stirs, and you
gasp! Because it isn't your boy friend
at all. It's a sweet little lady with white
hair! That's what happens to pretty
Lucy Stanton (Dorothy Morris) in "The
Prodigal's Mother."

There is, of course, a reason for the
old lady's being there. For one thing, it
isn't Danny's room—his is the next flight
up. For another, she lives there. The
dormitory used to be a hotel, and Mrs.
Freeman owned her suite. When it
was taken over by the University, she
refused to move out. Many years be-
fore, her son Danny had left home. She's
sure that some day he'll come back, and
she's going to be there waiting.

She is startled by Lucy's uncere-
monious entrance, but even more star-
tled to learn that in the room above is a
freshman named Dan Freeman. She
can't help feeling that perhaps he's her
Danny's son. When she sees him she is
sure of it, but she doesn't tell him so.

Dan (John Craven) likes the old lady
immediately, and she suggests demurely
that since they have the same last name,
he adopt her as a temporary "grand-
mother." She helps him with his studies
and eventually maneuvers a wedding for
him and Lucy in spite of Lucy's family

FREE OFFER!

How'd you like the mailman to bring you a nice fat copy of **SCREEN ROMANCES**, **MODERN SCREEN'S** sister magazine, just packed with exciting fictionizations of new films? Sure you would. Just fill out the questionnaire below, mail it in no later than July 15. First 500 entries get a free copy!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Ingrid Bergman	<input type="checkbox"/>	"Miss Measles, 1943" (Betty Grable)	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Truth About Linda's Marriage (Darnell)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Alan's New Girl! (Alan Ladd)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Army Wife (Dottie Lamour)	<input type="checkbox"/>	His Heart Belongs to Hedy (Lamarr)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Your Handwriting and You!	<input type="checkbox"/>	Gentleman Bob (Bob Taylor)	<input type="checkbox"/>
"For Whom the Bell Tolls"	<input type="checkbox"/>	Good News	<input type="checkbox"/>
Murder! She Says (Betty Hutton)	<input type="checkbox"/>		

Which one of the above did you like the LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

What 3 band leaders would you like to read about? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

My name is

My address City State

I am years of age.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

opposition. The day is approaching when Dan's father and mother are to come and visit him. From here on things move to a startling climax, as you'll discover when you see the picture.

John Craven who deserted Broadway recently for the movies turns in a fine performance as Dan, and there couldn't be a prettier Lucy than Dorothy Morris. But it's Mabel Paige as Mrs. Freeman who'll steal your heart away.—Rep.

P. S.

An entire elevator was constructed on one of Republic's sound stages, and all the scenes in it were completed without once having anyone get stuck between floors. . . John Craven is the son of the famous actor, Frank Craven. . . One of the biggest scenes in the film takes place around a Christmas tree. The day they shot it, in April, one of the electricians was called to the phone and told his son had just walked in, at home, after being at Guadalcanal for months. The cast insisted he take the tree home and hold a belated Christmas party for the young Marine.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was in the powder room of the Hotel Astor when a very beautiful girl entered and struck up a conversation with me. Later, when we returned to our tables, she introduced me to her escort, and I started to introduce her to mine but realized I didn't know her name. Laughing, she told me, "Turner's the name. Lana Turner."

Mary Shelko
New York, N. Y.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE

Martha Scott is young and lovely, and it's high time she had a fling at being a glamour girl. She gets her chance in "Hi Diddle Diddle" and, believe me, she makes the most of it. She plays Janie Prescott, a café society beauty who's engaged to a sailor.

You know how sailors are—a smile for every girl, and a girl in every port. Janie thinks Sonny (Dennis O'Keefe) is different. But she begins to have her doubts when he's late to the wedding, and from then on Sonny gets farther behind the eight ball with every reel. He and Janie get married all right, but his father, Colonel Phyffe (Adolphe Menjou) involves him in so many plots and counterplots that he has no time for a honeymoon. Sonny only has forty-eight hours' leave, anyway, and here it is vanishing, with Jane still a wife in name only. Meanwhile she's beginning to suspect him of an affair with a night club entertainer (June Havoc).

Colonel Phyffe has married a temperamental opera singer (Pola Negri) while Sonny was at sea. The colonel tries to keep her from knowing he has a grown son, let alone a daughter-in-law. Result: Janie is suspected of being her father-in-law's girl friend. It's all a little complicated, and made more so by Janie's mother, Mrs. Prescott. You'll understand why when I tell you that she is played by Billie Burke.

Dennis O'Keefe is exuberant, as usual, and Pola Negri stages a comeback as the opera singer. But the piece de resistance is definitely Martha Scott in a bathing suit.—U.A.

(Continued on page 18)

What to do with a Victory Garden

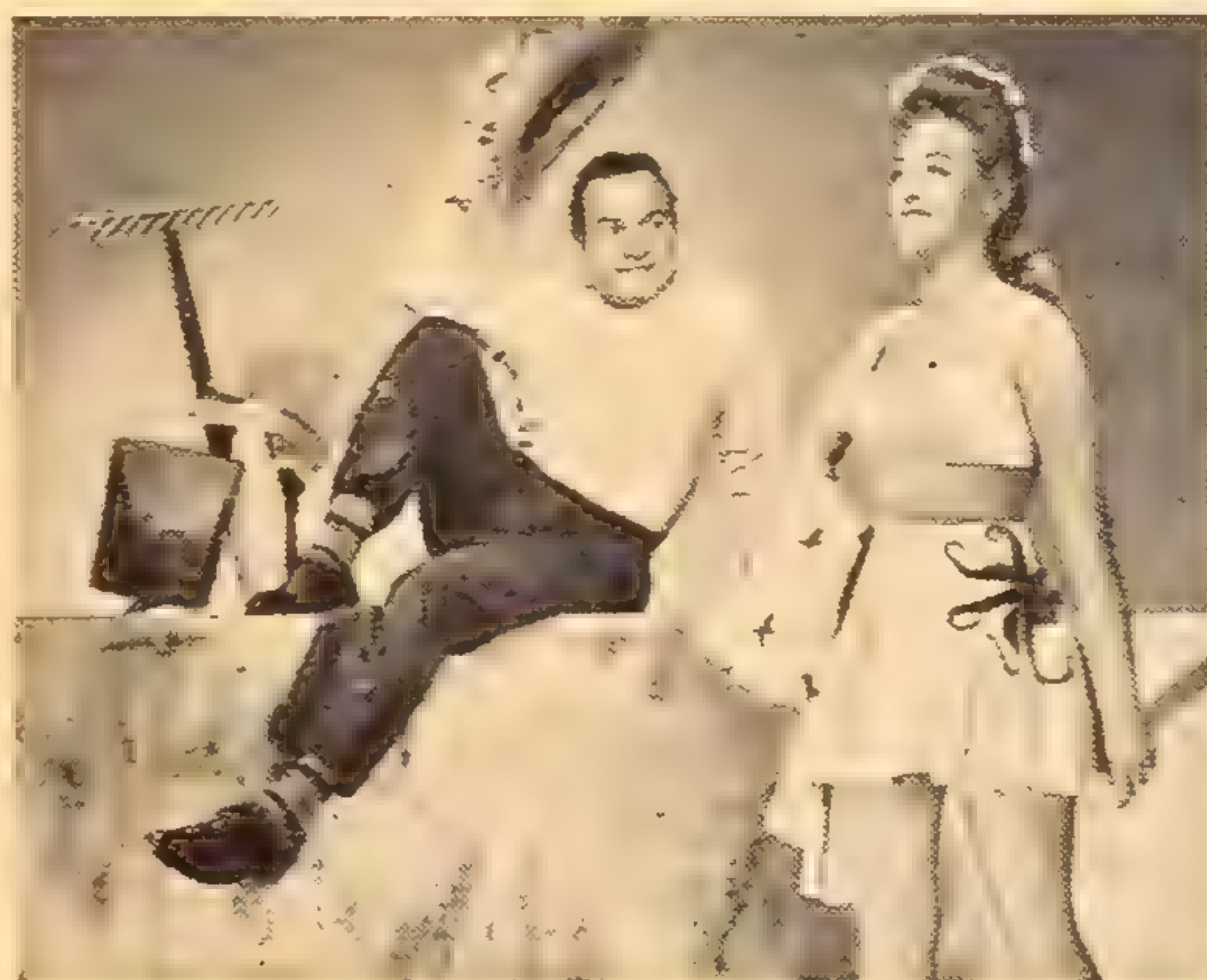
by BOB HOPE



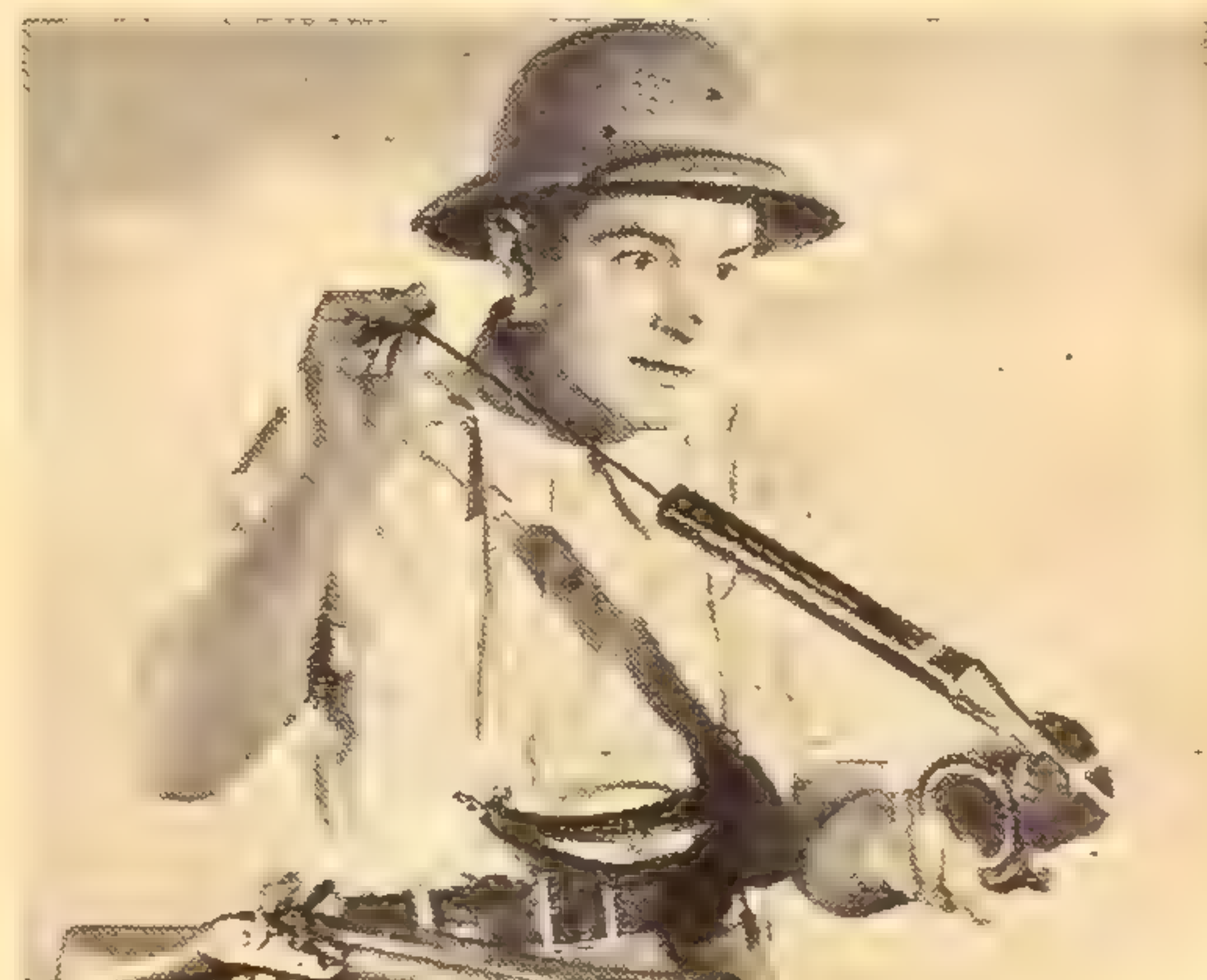
1. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright, sparkling smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.



2. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film removing tooth paste. This puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big broad smile and shine on your vegetables.



4. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent . . . the only tooth paste containing Irium.



3. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"



How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy. Film is what hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles are clouded when common-place methods fail to clean film away.



But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely and gently.

Co-ed



By Jean Kinhead

Let's make hay this summer!

**You'll harvest an incredibly
vital crop of food and a
gorgeous, healthy time for yourself!**

Summer was never like this, was it, chums? No guys, no gas, no fun, and weeks of it looming ahead. What to do with your bitter little self? Get a farm job, of course, and take it all out on the good earth. The United States Employment Service is jumping with jobs, and one of them's for you.

You won't make your first million at it, but you'll come up with a terrific figure, a tan like Rochester, and the moolah for your fall clothes. You'll work like the proverbial dog—don't think you won't. And you may not meet many dream men—the farmer's boy who was bronzed and beautiful was not 4-F. But you'll reek with health, and you will have fun. Here's the picture:

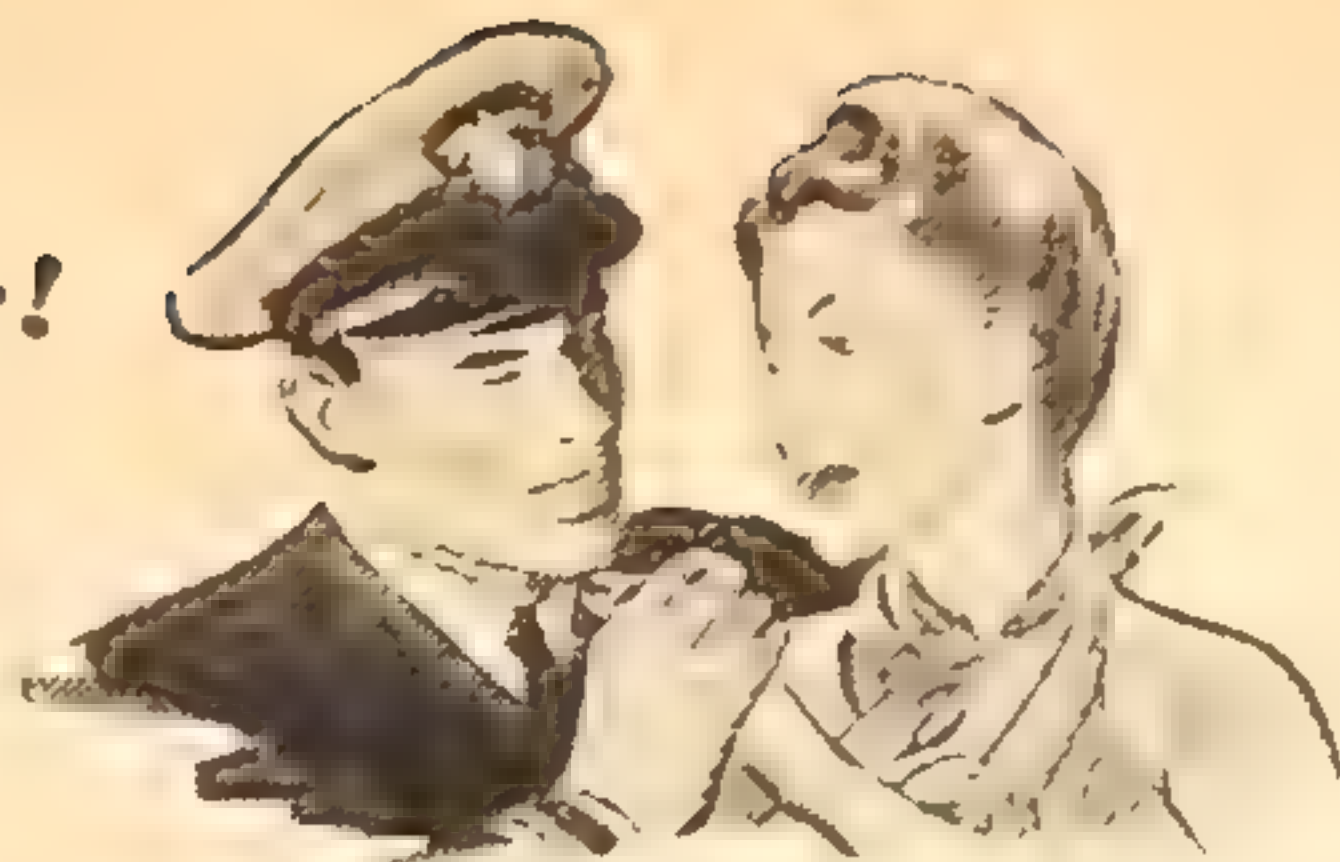
This year American farmers are expected to produce more than ever before. Besides the huge civilian population, there are millions of soldiers and sailors, and thousands of starving Allies to be fed. Ironically, there are between two and three million fewer farmers than in 1940. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has devised a program to meet the crisis, and part of it involves the assistance of half a million high school students. Half of these or more will be girls, and the bewildered farmers don't know whether to cross their fingers or throw their

hats in the air. Confidentially, they're doing a bit of both! Quite a mob of people, then, is counting on you hill-millies.

"Who me?" we can hear you gasping. "I wouldn't know a weed from a broccoli." That's okay. You're not expected to. All you need is a disposition from angels, a good health record (we'd recommend a check-up at the doc's) and enough patriotism to carry you through that first 5 A.M. reveille and those fiendish blisters on your sissy paws. Armed with said ingredients and a month or two of time (even a weekend or a few days is not to be sneezed at), go to your local United States Employment Service Farm Bureau or to your community farm agency and apply. You'll be put either in the Volunteer Farm Corps (for high school students) or the United States Land Corps, depending on your status, and you'll be entitled to wear one of the elegant insignias.

You'll be called promptly, but there'll be time to round up your rural regalia. You'll need two or three pairs of dungarees or shorts, three or four shirts (and if you have seersucker ones, you'll be able to wash them yourself without the ogre of (Continued on page 72)

You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!



No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*



FOR PLAY IN THE SUN—make your own "halter" from two huge bandanas. Knot them together behind your neck, criss-cross in front, then tie in back at waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in keeping—simple, practical, like this lovely, new "upsweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man when your hair has that lustrous, shining "live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



Soap film
dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

FREE CHARTS

SUPER COUPON

● How's your blood pressure? Can you stand a *terrific* bit of news? Listen! From now on, every chart but Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart will be given away FREE. How's that for "something-for-nothing"? Delicious, isn't it? Whiz through the following directions, study the brain-stormy charts below (this month's new one is starred), and then reach for a pencil. Ready?

1. CHECK the boxes opposite the charts you want.
2. SEND NO MONEY for any of the charts *except* the *individual* Horoscope analysis and the Super-Star Information Chart.
3. HOROSCOPE and SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART: If you want either of these charts, enclose 10c in either stamps or coins.
4. THREE CHARTS is all we can afford to enclose in one envelope. To get them send us one LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.
5. MORE THAN 3 CHARTS! If you want 4, 5 or 6 charts, send two stamped, self-addressed envelopes; for 7, 8 or 9 charts send us three envelopes, and so on.

ADDRESS: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

*Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 3.....☐

The third of our seasonal charts, guiding you toward sun-bronzed beauty, away from parched skin, streaky hair, peeling nose. Looking fall-ward, too, to a blessed Indian summer without fading sun-tan and undisciplined figure.

Don't Throw It Away.....☐

How to save and salvage not only for the government but for YOU. Care of your precious clothes and shoes . . . Mom's furniture, rugs and assorted treasures. This one's an absolute "must" for wartime living.

How to Write a Love Letter.....☐

How to keep your letters glowing, varied, exciting . . . how to bridge the miles between you . . . what to emphasize and what to avoid.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c).....☐

Your personality and life possibilities individually analyzed by the famous editor of "Horoscope," who'll be working from the chandelier if the stacks of requests mount much higher. Due to tremendous demand and the fact that this is a *personalized* service, we're forced to charge you 10c for it. Fill in your birthdate here. Year.month.....day.....

How to Lose or Gain Weight.....☐

Scientific as a test tube, but easy as apple pie to follow. Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight, eating your way to lustrous beauty and health.

Mind Your Manners.....☐

Charm, poise and accepted etiquette used as tools to guide you from your first canteen meeting to the dizzying climax of a wedding on leave.

Co-ed Fashion Chart No. 3.....☐

Summer fashions on a wartime shoestring. Where and how to buy.

Super-Star Information Chart (10c).....☐

A three-in-one affair, combining our former address chart, western stars and star data.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

P. S.

Adolphe Menjou spent all his spare time brushing up on Russian, one of the many languages he speaks fluently . . . Billie Burke, Dennis O'Keefe and Menjou spent all their spare time entertaining the American and Australian soldiers who came to visit the sets . . . Negri and Menjou staged a reunion luncheon the first day they worked together. Last time they met was in 1928, when both were acting in an Ernst Lubitsch production.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

Egypt, which used to mean just Cleopatra and the Sphinx, has suddenly become important to all of us. Rommel, the desert fox, is well known—and well hated. In Paramount's exciting desert drama, Von Stroheim is Rommel. It took a second World War to bring Erich back to the screen, as smoothly sinister as ever. He plays Field Marshal Rommel with a biting, effective irony.

The star of the picture is Franchot Tone, as the young British corporal, Bramble. This is Franchot at his best, which is very good indeed. Bramble is in the tank corps, but he is left behind during a retreat. He stumbles into a desert hotel, run by friendly Farid (Akim Tamiroff), and before you can say Sidi Halfaya, he is disguised as a club-footed waiter. Rommel and his staff take over the hotel, and they eye the waiter and his club foot carefully. Then they start asking him questions like "Have you anything new to report on the five graves?" It sounds like double talk to Bramble, but he stays deadpan and gives a noncommittal answer that gets him by for the moment. However, it's disconcertingly obvious that the dead waiter whose identity he has assumed was a German spy.

The French chambermaid, Mouche (Anne Baxter), is at first all for handing Bramble over to the Germans. As she gets to know both him and the hotel's new occupants better, her feelings go into reverse, and she decides to help him.

Bramble is determined to find out what the "five graves" are. He thinks they're important, and he's right—the success or failure of Rommel's advance depends on them. I won't tell you the secret because that's a discovery you'll want to make for yourself. But in the end there is a sixth grave to Cairo, and Bramble, now a lieutenant, stands before it, saluting.

Nice casting in this. Anne Baxter plays Mouche with vibrant intensity, and Tamiroff affords just enough comic relief.—Par.

P. S.

Major General Walton H. Walker's command, the Fourth Armored Corps and Desert Training Corps, cooperated in the filming of the tank battle scenes . . . Erich Von Stroheim supervised the designing of the uniform he wears as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. The candid camera Von Stroheim carried was the result of his own research reading on Rommel, an avid camera fan . . . This is Anne Baxter's eighth picture, and she uses the same French accent she made a hit with in "The Pied Piper." She had only three costume changes in the entire film, a cotton dress, a cotton skirt, plus blouse, and a \$2.06 nightgown . . . Franchot Tone returns to pictures after a long absence via this one. Wore a club foot disguise, a shoe with a four-inch sole weighing five pounds. Could wear it only 15 minutes at a time during the five weeks he had to work with it.

You'll win Smoother, softer Skin— on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Actual skin tests prove it!

Don't *you* want the charm of a fresher, more satin-smooth complexion? Then—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Proof of Camay's beauty benefits! Actual tests—supervised by skin specialists—show that the Camay Mild-Soap Diet helps soften and clear the skin—*of most women!* Yes—MILD Camay cleanses without irritation...

leaves skin fresher, smoother...day-by-day!

Tonight, change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet...to proper, *mild* cleansing! So soon—enchanting new loveliness comes to you!

"Try my skin care—Mild Camay,"

says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith, of Larchmont, N. Y.

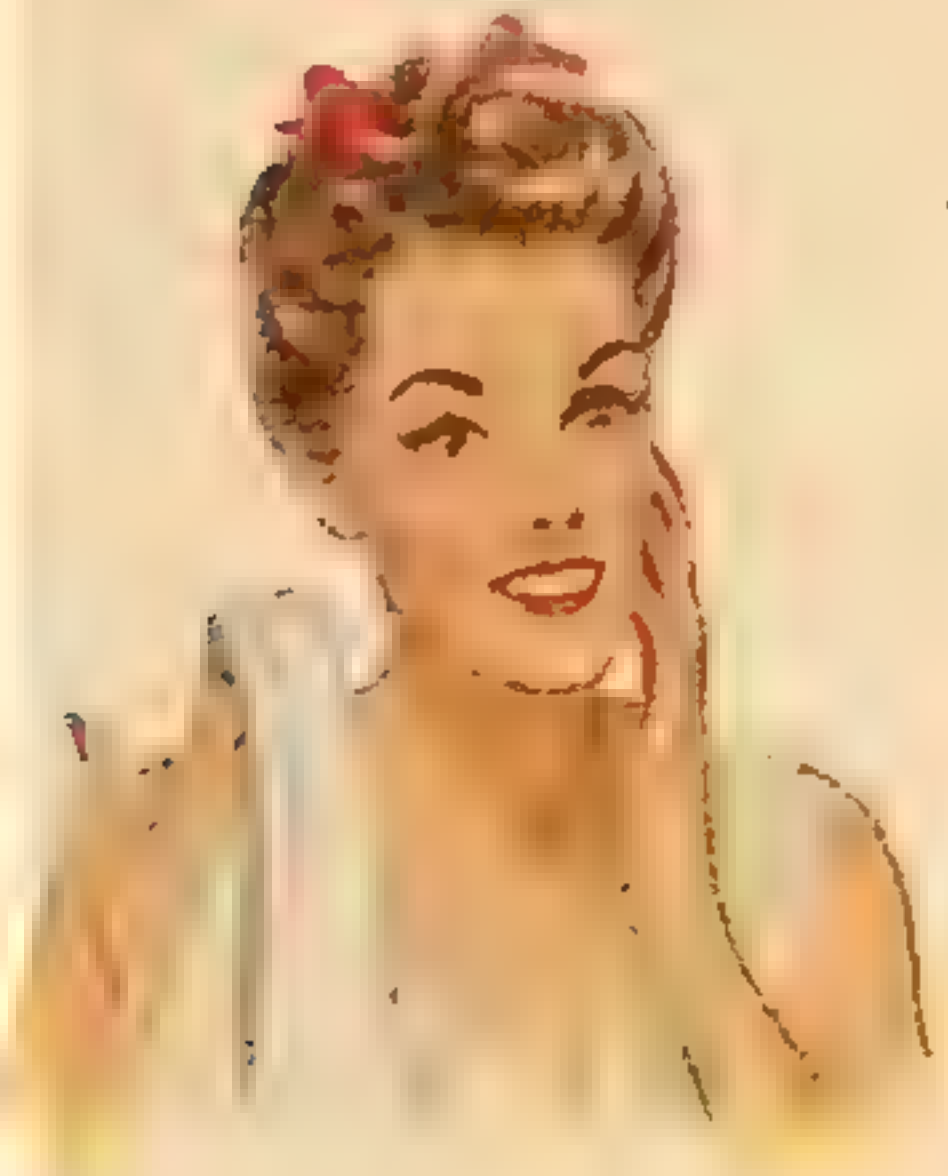
"I made my own test of the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. And my!—how much clearer and more velvety my skin seems."



—THE MILDEST EVER!

Take just 2 minutes a day—
on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

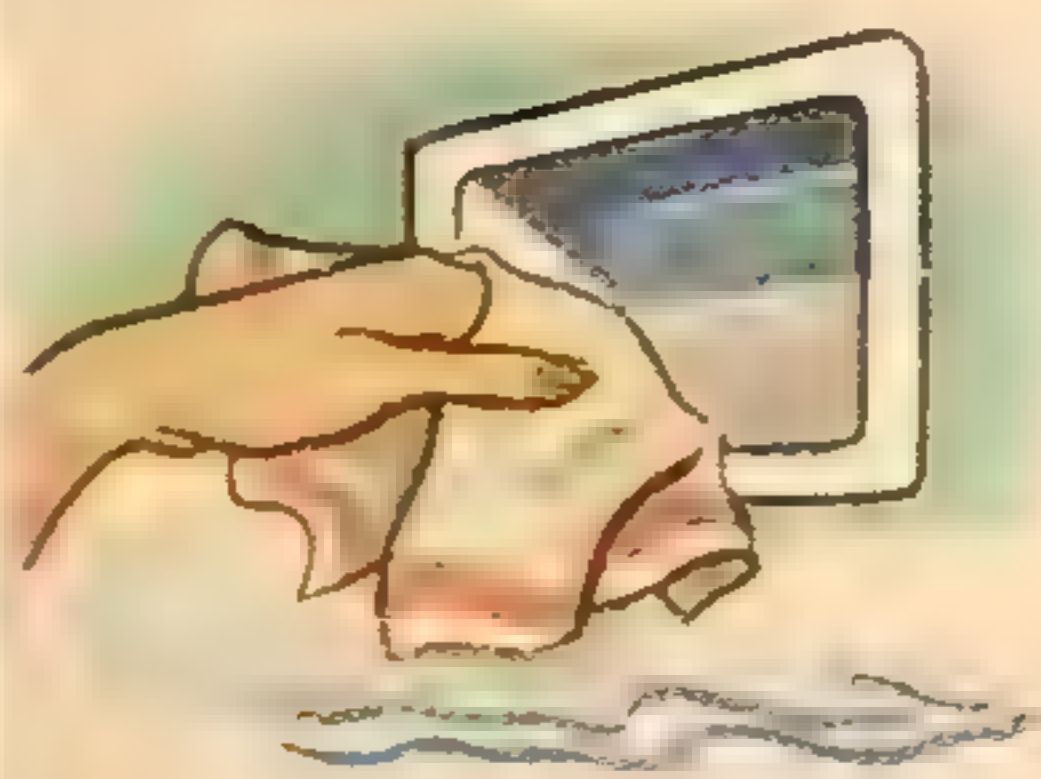
Skin feels so velvety-smooth. Looks fresher, clearer day-by-day! One quick minute with Camay—night and morning—does it!



Smooth Camay's fragrant lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Apply cream if you like.

SAVE for WAR!
Camay "Soap-Savers"

for More MILD-SOAP
cleansings from every cake!



Keep your Camay dry!
After lathering—put Camay back in DRY soap-dish! Wet soap-dishes waste soap.



Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from an old washcloth. Put Camay slivers inside. Grand for lather!



ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT
UNDER THIS ARM...

PUT FRESH, THE NEW
DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM,
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!



Use
FRESH
*and stay
fresher!*

- See how effectively Fresh #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty or greasy. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that Fresh #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.



Three sizes
50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

LET'S look at it this way. You're doing all right, now. You still have your home life. You still have your job. Chances are you are making more money than you ever have before. Sure, you have a lot of worry. Taxes are terrific. Prices are high. Rationing is a nuisance.

But, so what? You're still well off. Better off than any average person in the world, outside of the U. S. A. Better off than a lot of your countrymen, too. How about those eager youngsters, giving up their futures? How about the older men with wives and children, now far from home. They are giving everything. What are *your* sacrifices, compared to theirs?

BUT, it's *your* war, too. Your money, your property, your savings, your insurance won't be worth a hoot—IF we lose. Ever think of that? Your money is awfully important *now*, though—to help win. Your government needs it, *urgently*.

So how about it? Buy those war bonds—buy them regularly, every pay day. Ten per cent should be your minimum—and a little extra now and then. After all, war bonds are the *best* investments you can make—an investment in your country's future. And don't forget—it's *your* future, too.



As you've noticed, MODERN SCREEN'S price has just jumped from a dime to 15c. Ever since I heard the bad news myself, I've been thinking of something cheerful to say about that extra nickel. I read a story once about a poet who got his best ideas while shaving. I tried that this morning. And cut myself!

So—to heck with being cheerful. Instead, I'll just say what's on my mind. The news that we had to up our price was a kick in the teeth to all of us. For a whole year, we've been the only important fan mag selling for a dime. We were proud of that fact!

Now, raising the price is like running up a flag of surrender. But there it is . . . the cost of living has caught up with us.

Roast beef is high. So is asparagus. And *printing*. I wouldn't give roast beef or asparagus another thought for the duration if it would help. But printing—where are we without printing?

For that matter, where would you be (I hope) without MODERN SCREEN? Are you going to let a contemptible little nickel break up our beautiful friendship?

See you next month!

Al Delacorte
EDITOR

P. S.—There's a marvellous surprise for you on page 18!



By Ida Zeitlin



Ingrid (here at 6 mos.) would tidy Dad's studio, save her 50c a week

At 5, Ingrid was sensitive; remained so. Blushes when she muffs a line.



First two years of career, Ingrid made 11 Swedish films, starred in 9.

Ingrid Bergman

**The scorn and laughter of her own family couldn't
kill the dream in a little girl's lonely heart . . .**

Her father was Ingrid's world. He was gaiety and warmth and shelter and understanding. His eyes would smile down at her from what seemed an enormous height. Sometimes there'd be a special look in them. "You have your mother's face, Ingrid." Then the look would be chased by laughter. "But I think you'll grow into a giant like your father." Her mother had died when Ingrid was two. She had no brothers nor sisters. But only after she lost her father did she learn loneliness.

He was one of a family of 14, most of whom had gone to America. In Stockholm, Ingrid had five cousins. She played with them sometimes but more often, if father wasn't around, she played alone. The friends she invented never made her feel awkward or tongue-tied, as real people did. They didn't tease, they weren't

rough, with them she could talk happily for hours, and they always said exactly the right thing back.

When Mother died, Aunt Ellen had come to live with them, to look after Ingrid and the apartment. Aunt Ellen was Father's sister, much older than he and much more serious. She loved Ingrid and adored her brother. Ingrid called her mama. She wanted to call someone mama, and Aunt Ellen seemed the logical candidate. Being called mama rather discomfited Aunt Ellen, who was *Miss Bergman* and held the conventions in proper esteem.

Father was a painter by choice, a merchant by necessity. As in all climes and ages, the painter's art brought meager financial returns. So he lived by photography and a shop where he sold cameras and camera equipment. He (Continued on following page)

Below, Swedish "Intermezzo," film that brought Ingrid here. Now, when a new movie's adapted from novel, Ingrid reads book 3 or 4 times, covers margin with scribbled notes.



Swedish critics called Ingrid "a natural" after seeing her in "Only One Night" (above). In current pic, "Saratoga Trunk," she's black-wigged, fiery.

Ingrid Bergman

(CONTINUED)



Swedes starred Bergman in "A Woman's Face" years ago. With Maria hair-do still growing in, Ingrid feels like a shaggy sheep dog, covers her mop with 'kerchief.



Ingrid (above with Leslie Howard in H'wood's "Intermezzo") slaved 52 days straight in "Saratoga Trunk," was finally bedded with laryngitis. Pia, 4, has no accent, lords it over Mom who has!

was forever taking pictures of Ingrid, a most willing subject who loved nothing better than to pose. He'd take her with Aunt Ellen's spectacles slipping down her nose or his own hat perched on her head or togged out like a lady in clothes her mother had worn.

She couldn't remember when this dressing-up business had started. It went back beyond the dawn of consciousness. She'd dream up little stories and act them out, dance to her own reflection in the mirror, learn poetry by heart before she could read. After learning to read, she'd memorize whole plays and put them on—a grave, fair-haired child, doing all the parts from ingenues to ancients, content to be her own cast and audience, applauding herself, then taking a stately bow. It was her best-loved pastime.

Next to Ingrid and painting, Father loved music. He had a beautiful voice and sang with a famous chorus in Sweden. Once he went with the chorus on a tour of America. At first she thought she couldn't bear his being away, till he explained how badly he wanted to see his brothers and sisters in that faraway land, and that this trip would be like a gift from her if she'd be brave and cheerful. Then it became easier. And easier still after the postcards started—showers of postcards from all over America. One was so lovely—a picture of orange trees with people picking the fruit. "Some day you will come here to California," Father wrote, "and pick yourself an orange."

Because of his passion for music, she began very early to take singing and piano lessons. She couldn't honestly say she cared much about them. But to please Father, she would have endured worse. School was far

worse. She loathed it from the start. Like a small animal surrounded by enemies, she sat tense and quivering, utterly defenseless against she knew not what terrors. When the teacher asked a question, even though she knew the answer, she couldn't give it. Her voice stuck in her throat.

She grew used to it after a while and refused to leave, though Father said she might. Most parents would have insisted on school. Not Father. "It must be dreadful. Why don't you quit? You can have lessons at home, and that will give you more time for your singing." But *(Continued on following page)*

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" flung Bergman into first hussy role. Though spouse Peter's in California now, she's doggedly finishing hefty woolen sweater meant for his icy winters in Rochester.



Ruth Roberts (extreme right) was Ingrid's first Eng. coach, still harasses her about her j's and y's. But Ingrid flies through books faster than teacher, can cut through two an evening.



Between-scene strategy on "Casablanca" set, with H. Bogart and Ingrid tracing war on wall-sized maps! Ingrid clicks radio on at home before doffing hat!



First time Selznick called Sweden to talk to Ingrid, he was told Miss Bergman was busy. Later learned she was having baby! Selznick's girl Friday, sent abroad later to sign Swedish star, was amazed to find apple-cheeked, teen-ish looking girl.

Ingrid Bergman

(CONTINUED)

Ingrid was too young for such liberal views. All children went to school. She must go, too.

Opera was Father's delight. When Ingrid was old enough, he took her to "Haensel and Gretel." She sat through it politely, but it didn't really speak to her heart. Unwilling to hurt Father, she could tell him with truth that the music was beautiful. But the people, she thought privately, looked pretty silly.

One night he took her to the theater. By now she'd met many plays in books, and she'd heard of the theater, yet she never associated the two. Theater was a word, as opera had been a word before she saw "Haensel and Gretel."

The curtain went up. Not knowing what to expect, she couldn't at first believe her senses. These grown-up people seemed to be doing what she had been doing all these years for fun. For two hours she hung, transported, from the edge of her seat. When it was over, and Father touched her arm, she saw him through a haze. Her pulses throbbed and her brain was a tumult. This was something to be taken seriously, then.

Not a game for children, but something you could do in the world. She knew that one day she'd have to do something in the world. Father wanted her to sing. But if she could act! If all her life she could play this wonderful game!

"That's what I want, Father," she babbled on the way home. "That's where I want to go, that's what I want to do."

He smiled. He didn't say yes or no, just smiled. At 11, children want to be all kinds of things—pirates, policemen, fairy princesses. He continued to smile at her persistence through the months that followed. Sometimes he'd say, "It would be much nicer if you sang." Once he said, "We'll see." But mostly he was amused. Not Aunt Ellen, though. Aunt Ellen was shocked to the core. "An actress! Justus, you shouldn't even let her say such things!"

Justus Bergman died when his daughter was 12, and for a time her life ended with his. She went through the listless motions of living, but they made no sense. Houses and people and (Continued on page 28)



Cameraman Bob Coburn and Gary Cooper rode Ingrid on her chain gum-chewing, madness for Rocky Road ice cream (chocolate, marshmallow, nut affair). Ingrid's just learning tennis, spends Sundays 'twixt that and Swedish-language papers.



At Stage Door Canteen, she divvied last Pepsi with seamen from Texas and Scotland. Thought the swing stuff was solid but also takes symphony in large hunks.



At Ciro's, Ingrid filled Cedric Gibbons with stories of Pia's 4th birthday, how package arrived from Stockholm after 4 months, how it contained dress worn by 6 generations of Bergman tykes, how Ingrid had worn it on her own 4th birthday.



Ingrid's dad gave her stuffed cat once when she was very, very good. She's never let it out of sight since.

Lunching with our Ida Zeitlin, Bergman said she and Peter were mad for winter sports loved swimming together; she always talks Eng. to him, tho he answers in Swedish. Never uses perfume, sleeps in plainest Irish linen gowns, keeps hair softly permanented.



Ingrid Bergman (CONTINUED)

everything that had been real turned into husks. Like the poet who wrote those unforgettable lines, Ingrid was a stranger, afraid in a world she never made.

Little by little she learned to look desolation in the face, to adjust herself to that strange new world. She and Aunt Ellen moved to another apartment. Father was gone. There was nothing left but acting. Turning back to her plays and poems, she found that they still had power to absorb her and, by so much, to ease the clamor of her grief. Straight from school she rushed to their solace, as one might rush into protecting arms. Aunt Ellen wept, pleaded with her to give it up.

"The stage," cried Aunt Ellen, "is not for respectable girls. It's a dreadful, a dangerous life. Put your books away, child. Stop this eternal reading." You might as well have asked the wind to stop blowing.

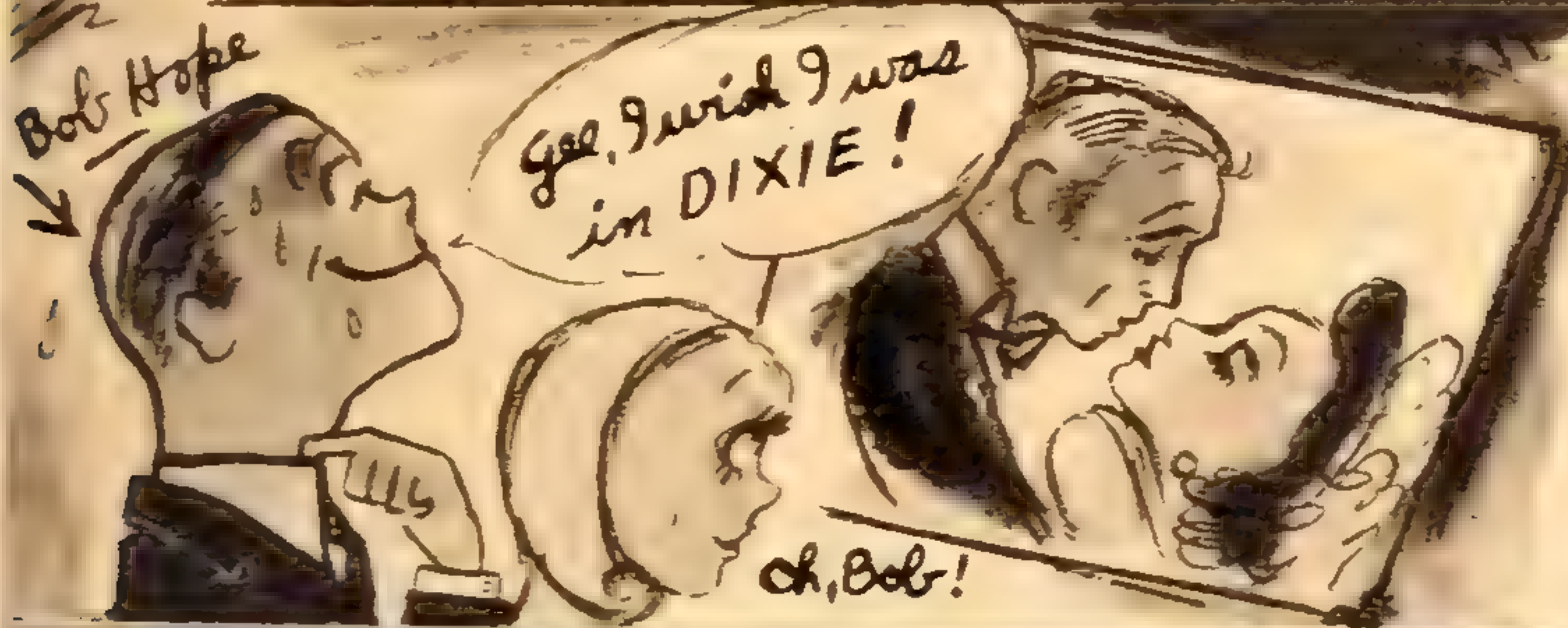
Six months later Aunt Ellen died in the night of a heart attack. Ingrid went to live with her father's brother and his wife and the five young cousins.

The cousins regarded her as an oddity. "Hello," said their eyes, "here's something a little old-fashioned." They brimmed with good will at first, because she was a guest and bereaved. But their animal spirits presently took the upper hand. As *(Continued on page 86)*

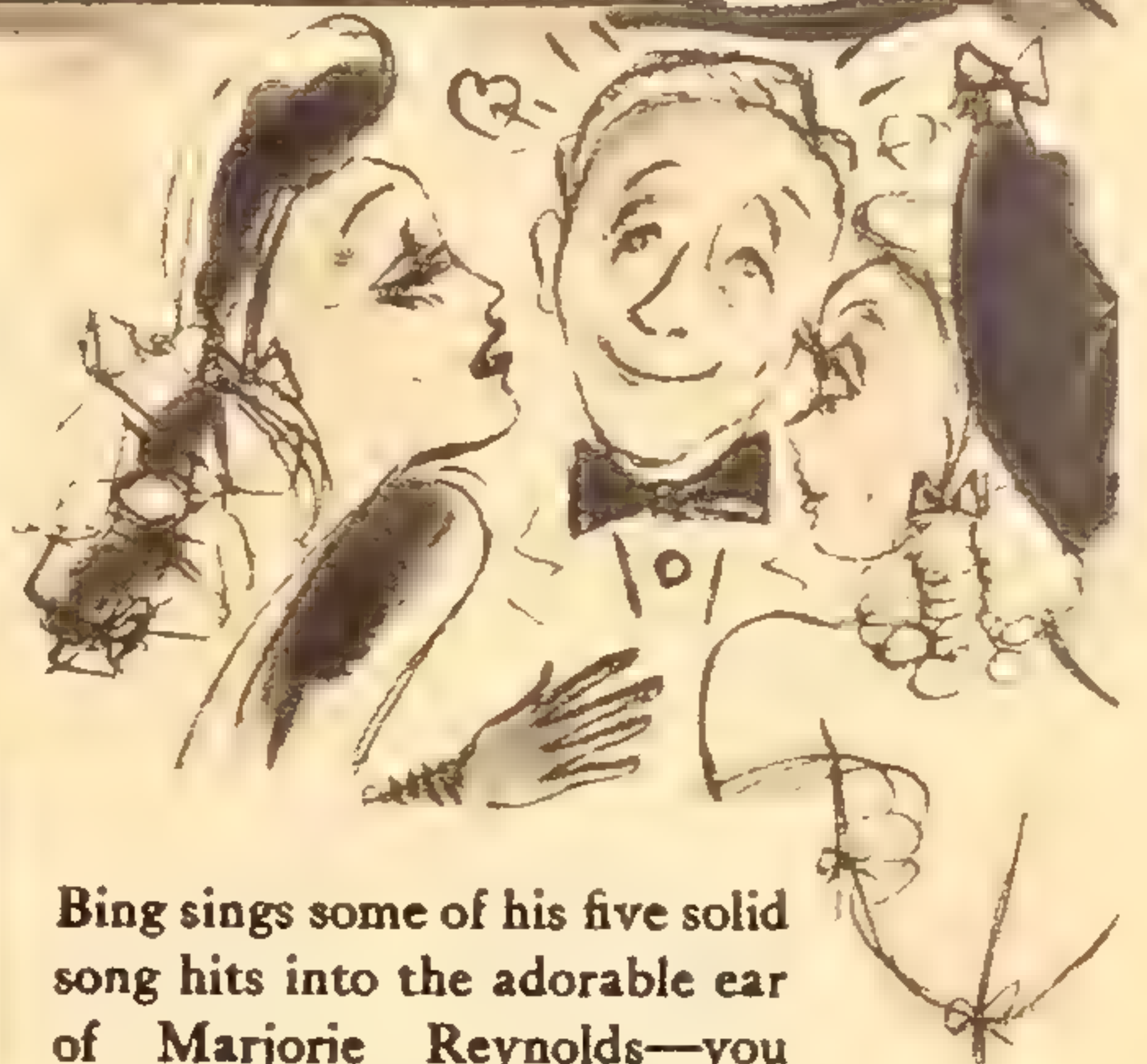


Ingrid budgets points and vitamins with cook each morning, markets herself when she can sneak the time, can't resist corn on the cob.

MELISSE GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS



Everything's going to be *Dixie* this summer. 'Cause "DIXIE" is the most wonderful musical Paramount has ever "mused." Bing looks simply super in Technicolor (his first appearance), Dotty's divine as a glamour girl of the old South, and I loved the romantic story of how that glorious song "Dixie" was born.



PARAMOUNT'S GREAT NEW MUSICAL *in Technicolor!*



with **BING Crosby** and **DOROTHY Lamour**



and **MARJORIE REYNOLDS** • **BILLY DE WOLFE** • **LYNNE OVERMAN** • **RAYMOND WALBURN** • **EDDIE FOY, JR.**

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware
Adaptation by Claude Binyon • A Paramount Picture

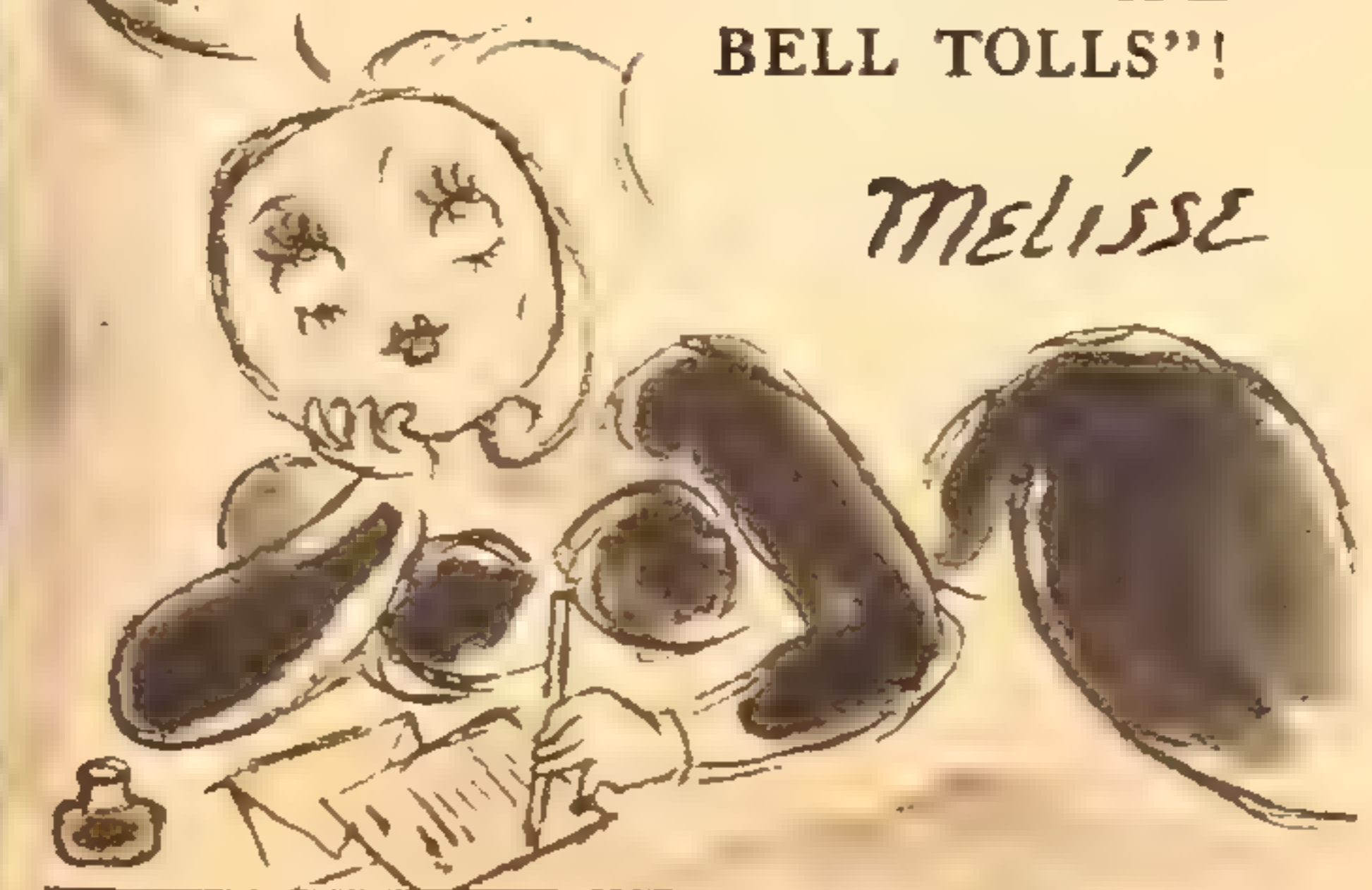


And those costumes! One of Dotty's was so beautifully billowy, she had to sit on *two chairs* in the studio commissary.



Where there's smoke there's Bing! And the fires he starts with his favorite pipe, and his stunning minstrel shows, are in most beautiful Technicolor!... It's gay down South in "Dixie."

Things you hear around the Paramount Lot... "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL" is nearly finished and it looks grand. "FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO" and "CHINA" are drawing tremendous crowds all around the country... And I've just dashed off my acceptance of Paramount's precious invitation to the World Premiere of "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"!



MELISSE

By Marcia Daughtrey

ALAN'S new girl !

When Alana checked in, Pvt. Ladd checked

out, with a temperature of 103! Three days

later, he was sending home house-sized

presents, palming cigars off on half his Co.!



To add to general commotion, the Ladd cook came down with German measles the day Alan brought home new Mom and daughter. Pride and joy weighed in at 8 lbs., 11 oz., April 22nd.



Ladds had baby scheduled for 1st anniversary but production lagged. They've zealously taken up amateur photography, are particularly proud of pic. above, of Sue and Alana at 4 wks.!

Private Alan Ladd had been ordered to report to Camp Callen, near San Diego, to appear on a Bob Hope broadcast being done before the men in that center.

As the drive is a long one to take alone, he made arrangements to meet Bob and Mrs. Hope at Capistrano, a midway point, where they planned to have dinner together, talk over news from the Paramount lot where Bob was working in "Let's Face It," and proceed to San Diego in a body.

After dinner, the party emerged from the restaurant and started to get into Bob's sedan. "I locked my door on the inside," Mrs. Hope said, being helpful.

"So did I," grunted (Continued on page 57)

Alan scorned double for 20-ft. dive in "China." Despite two flu attacks before, he dunked in ditch for days, escaped even snuffles. Above, at broadcast.





Your handwriting



THE PARTY-GOER: Big, sprawly, uneven letters.



THE ALOOF TYPE: Rounded, vertical letters.

It's easy as tick-tack-toe! A few cinchy rules,

*a couple minutes to spare—you can ferret out
secrets of your personality and your fellah's!*

Here's how, with H'wood stars for guinea pigs.

Maybe your last letter from your favorite Sergeant was hacked up a touch by the censor, and you're just about nuts for some information about him. Is he well? Is he terribly lonely? Does he love you? I'll show you how to fox the censor without in the least bit alienating Uncle Sam. Read his handwriting—and there is a sensible, scientific method that is easy to learn and gorgeously accurate! What could be more utterly the answer to a maiden's prayer?

Or a guy's for that matter? Remember that cute little trick you met on your last furlough, soldier? There wasn't really time to find out all you wanted to about her, but you could learn to know her better through her letters!

To make this more fun, let's learn this science of reading character from handwriting by studying the scribblings of some of your favorite movie stars.

Gals, does that jaunty flyer of yours write like George Montgomery? I think not, but don't let it

and you!



THE HEP CAT: Long, full, lower loops.



THE ARTY TYPE: Circular i dots.

By Shirley Spencer

get you. He wouldn't make too plush a pilot if he had George's large, sprawling script. There's a very

George Montgomery

special style of writing used by boys born to fly. It is small, cramped and neither beautiful nor legible. Maybe you've had all sorts of trouble trying to decipher the stuff. Very likely you've even been heckling the poor joe about it. Well, this should hold you. Said scrawl shows the quick, flexible, technical and versatile mind that a flyer needs when he's playing around in God's attic. You'll notice that his writing is tense, angular and modest, very much like himself. Don't think he doesn't care if his letters are nonchalant, brief and noncommittal. That's the way with those birds—just remember, real heroes never did have much to say. But, mind you, they *think* a lot!

Getting back to George, as we've seen, the sky is

obviously not for him. (He's a buck private now, hunting around for a niche where he can use his fabulous collection of languages to some advantage.) His big, uneven letters—like Betty Grable's—show a

Betty Grable

lack of concentration. Those two have to be physically active to be at their best. They're emotional and restless, and what they don't crave is solitude. Take the Montgomery lad . . . He went home to Montana last Christmas, expecting to trot around to all the old haunts, give the girls a whirl, see every last one of his cronies—and what happens? He's bedded with grippe. Rest and plenty of it were the doc's orders. George said okay, okay. Anything to get the doctor off the premises, whereupon he hung on the phone till he'd gotten hold of practically the whole town. They came over in shifts (Continued on page 79)

HIS HEART BELONGS

By Rosemary Layng



During engagement to 43-year-old Loder, Hedy said, "We've been going together for several months. Why wait till doomsday?" They're both devoted workers at Hollywood Canteen.



Never having ridden in her life, Hedy was first taken in hand by Geo. Montgomery who taught her Western saddle. Then Loder, ex-British officer, came along and insisted she ditch it for Eng. saddle!



Hedy regularly holds open house for service men. While working in "Heavenly Body," her M-G-M dressing room was exact duplicate of her own bedroom at home!

TO HEDY

He's a very busy man, this Jamesy

. . . busy courting his adopted

*Mom with "dandelions," fighting bears
in bushes and injuns big as trees!*

His name was Jamesy; he was four; he was a very busy man. It was early morning with the dew still heavy on the grass, so he lifted his feet carefully and stepped along the path, picking flowers. Two days before he had picked a beautiful bouquet, but when he presented it, his mother shook her head in disapproval. "Those were baby plants, and you've pulled them out by the roots," she explained. "Don't you think it would be nice, after this, to let the little plants grow up so they would have twice as many flowers?"

He had agreed with this logical suggestion. Now he was being colossally careful to select only those flowers with a mature expression.

His fist turned vase for the blossoms, he trudged back into the house and (Continued on page 91)







Little red-headed Danny Reilly, in "Dixie," is Dot's secretary's son. Latest note to D. from sailor asked for pictures of her with PINS, for pin-up purposes.

Murder: When Bing, after coal-stoking scene in "Dixie," planted smudgy smack on Dottie's fresh-scrubbed face. Dot wanted no enqagement rina from her capt.



Dorothy's been wanting to do movie about waitress who becomes elevator operator, finally movie star (Lamour's own life). Above with Red Skelton on radio show.

By Farral Danton

Army Wife

All your rules go up the spout when a girl like Lamour falls in love. Imagine marrying a guy who bans orchids and umbrella-ish hats; even skips the diamond!

A Paramount studio workman hurried to a certain dressing room in Star Alley and lifted a name plate from a certain door. He carried the plate to the paint shop where it was given a fresh coat of white. Over this, black letters were inscribed: Having obliterated the name "Dorothy Lamour," a new name came to view: "Mrs. William Ross Howard, III."

Out in San Bernardino where one of the Army Air Depots is located, a certain captain parked his car. A nearby urchin, having read the local papers, yelled, "Hey, aren't you Dorothy Lamour's husband?"

The answer came back pleasantly but firmly. "No. Dorothy Lamour is my wife."

Those two incidents really (Continued on page 77)



1. In hills Robt. Jordan, American prof., (G. Cooper) joined Pablo (A. Tamiroff), Maria (I. Bergman) and Spanish Loyalist guerrillas.



2. "No time for women," thought Robt., "yet, how beautiful she is!" Fiery Pilar, head of band, (K. Paxinou) looks on knowingly.



3. Robt. lays plans to blow bridge. Nothing else matters. Cocking their guns, he, Maria and band prepare to repel Rebel planes.



7. "And tomorrow?" asked Maria. But Robert's mind was on tonight, on Maria. "I'll let my hair grow. I'll be beautiful for you," she said.



8. Robt. waited, tense. The Rebel sentries must be shot before the bridge could be blown. Pilar and others hidden nearby waited, too.

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

There was death on Robert Jordan's brief schedule. And love. Read how he met both in this most poignant love story of our time!

By MARIS MacCULLERS and KAY HARDY



4. Pilar calls husband Pablo a coward because he's insisted that Robert's plan would cause Rebels to hunt them in hills and kill them.



5. Maria spoke of the violence and torture behind her. "When this is over, we'll go home," Robt. said. "You'll be my wife, little rabbit."



6. As Maria talked, Robert could see the horror of that day . . . how Loyalists won town, took vengeance on Rebels with knives and clubs.



9. Pilar and her men diverted the Rebels, killing as many as possible while Robert crept silently toward the bridge to plant the dynamite.



10. He worked deftly, swiftly. In a moment the bridge would rip apart. A second's delay and he'd be crushed, with Rebels, under steel.



11. Escaping, Robt. is shot. He insists others leave and take sobbing Maria. He will stay, pick off a few more Rebels while he can.

STORY

After the long climb, he was tired; he could feel it in the stiffness of his legs and in the muscles of his back where the rucksack lay heavily, slung against the brace of his shoulders. He stopped and the old man ahead of him knew immediately that he had stopped and turned toward him.

"I will carry it from here," said the old man, Anselmo. "It is not much farther."

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, slipped the straps of the rucksack from his shoulders. "No," he said. "I will be only a moment."

"I will go ahead," said Anselmo. "I will tell them you are coming. It is not very far." (Continued on page 94)

PRODUCTION

Author Ernest Hemingway exchanged the rights to his best selling novel for a six-figure certified check from Paramount. The date was October 25, 1940, and Hemingway announced at that time that Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman were his choice for the leads. Took almost two years of high-powered juggling to make his wish come true. Both Bergman and Cooper had other contracts and commitments to fulfill before they were free to take the "Jordan" and "Maria" roles.

Before filming began, Producer-director Sam Wood and production designer William Cameron Menzies scouted the country, looking for location sites. Sun Valley was considered. So (Continued on page 101)



"Miss Measles, 1943"

That's what a sick bay full of feverish dough-

boys called Betty Grable. But Betty was in

a hospital bed for a far more serious reason!

● All through "Coney Island," Betty's side had bothered her. Last year she went to the hospital for treatment of an infected gland. The inflammation had been relieved, but the doctor had said that some day the gland might have to come out. Betty's the kind who hates to give up. "Oh, it doesn't amount to anything, Mother. I'll be all right in the morning."

From "Coney Island" she went into "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Mrs. Grable didn't say much. She's one mother who refrains from minding her daughter's business. Nagging's not in her line. Only when the time comes to put (Continued on page 83)



During production of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," Betty's stand-in, Angelina Blue, was out ill for several days. Her substitute, Virginia Maples, is one of George Raft's current distractions! Above B. with Director Irving Cummings.



En route to N.Y. Betty frankly told an admiring press she planned to see Harry James. Said she was his first fan way back when!



Was on Mail Call airing with Groucho Marx. All H'wood's talking about how Raft and Ann Sheridan discovered each other at fights!



Recently made Lt. Col. at Fort Bragg, she's unlike fellow officers in military profession—she gains weight while working!



Day after wedding Ann Miller and her mom gave reception in their home for 80 friends and relatives of newlyweds. Tiered wedding cake was topped by candy bride and sergeant groom!

The cynics were wrong about Linda's husband. Because they had only the bones of the story to work with. Here's its heart!



Cherished third party in household, Larry the canary, was loaned as morale-builder months ago when Linda was suffering from impacted wisdom tooth. Linda prays owner never shows up to claim him!

By Kaaren Pieck

The truth about Linda's marriage

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

All the papers said was that Linda Darnell, movie star, 19, had been married to Peverell Marley, cameraman, 40-odd. And people said what they generally say on such occasions. Tsk-tsk, they said, and youth ought to mate with youth, and why on earth should a girl with the world at her feet—? Because, of course, every movie star has the world at her feet. And it wasn't as though Linda'd been just another pretty girl. Linda was a queen; Linda had the kind of face poets dream about. What was her hurry, anyway? She was only 19.

That's what they said. But all their pet arguments added up to the wrong number.

From the day she met him, Linda had a special feeling for Pev. Not (Continued on page 99)



She never calls him Pev, always proudly says, "My husband." On day off from set of "The Girls He Left Behind," she visited wounded soldiers in San Francisco's Letterman Hospital.



Hedding trip was postponed till Master Sgt. Pev's furlough. Honey-moon apartment's furnished except for radio, records, books. Maid comes twice weekly; other days Linda cooks, cleans, makes twin beds.



House is littered with sketches and busts she's done of him in past 4 years. Altho he's over age, he's staying in Army making service films for Army Air Forces, First Motion Picture Unit.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Scotty's candid camera exposure of the stars . . . where they go, what they wear, whom they date on the night shift!



Cary Grant at Brown Derby with Diana and Bill Powell just back from Palm Springs, where he's been lolling for several weeks. With his son in Marines, they plan to adopt a French refugee child.



After Paul Henreid raved about his colored maid to the press, her fan mail from Negro soldiers out-soared his own! Above, at Veloz and Yolanda opening at Ciro's with Sally De Marco of famed dance team.



Not a soul spotted Lana Turner and Steve Crane night they went to the circus, because of her new dark hair! Even she couldn't get Steve and 2 captains past rigid M.G.M. commissary rules.



Weekend before Glenn Ford left for Marine Officers' Training, Quantico, Va., he concentrated on Ellie Powell, gave her another sparkler to remember him by.



Carole Landis' one consolation, with her new husband in London is his faithful correspondence and their good luck in getting letters through regularly. Above with John Garfield and Robert Paige



After finishing his role of corporal in "This Is the Army" Lt. Ronald Reagan's back with the Air Forces. His mails doubled since joining up. Fans are clamoring for more of Janie on the screen.



Remember the handsome Russian soldier in "Mission to Moscow"? He's Helmut Danfine, above, at Trocadero with Dolores Moran. No trumped-up story—he really did escape from the Nazis.



Annie Sheridan developed a sinus complication from "cornflake snow" on set of "Animal Kingdom" and was bedded a few days. Later helped Lt. Bruce Cabot celebrate winning his new gold bars.



Last March when Betty was voted best-dressed girl of the week, she was so proud she bought 100 clippings and lined her studio mirror with 'em! Above, on short-waved Command Performance with Rita Hayworth.



Feels as tho she's really arrived in "Morgan's Creek." In first 3 pics, she chased Eddie Bracken, but in this one he pursues her! Above, with Porter Hall and Eddie.



Plays the field, including ex-fiance Perc Westmore. Of all the glamour gals he met, Barbara Hutton's distinguished house guest, Turkish diplomat Chesky Pasha, was most impressed with Betty.

*She's daft over jewels and furs, hamburgers
and skee ball—this Hutton gal. And as
for sailors, it's a case of mutual adoration!*



Murder! She Says



By Jeanne Karr



Blonde Blitz gets biggest fan mail at Par.—4,000 letters a week! When she promised to buy a home for her mom, Mrs. Hutton advised the mothers of America. "Raise your child to be an actress, then live in comfort."

The Huttons never starved. Mrs. Hutton always saw that Marion and Betty got something to eat somehow. If they couldn't have roller skates or orange juice in the morning or graduation dresses when they finished junior high, they did at least get food.

It was a near thing once. They'd just moved from Lansing to Detroit, where factory jobs were said to be more plentiful. Weeks passed, and Mrs. Hutton could get no work. They were down to their last can of pork and beans. Betty will never forget the sound of her mother's dragging feet nor the look on her

face as she came in. "You girls go ahead and eat," she said. "I'm not hungry."

It wasn't the first time Betty's nerves had screamed Murder! and it wouldn't be the last. She hated their poverty with a deep and desperate hatred, and her love for her mother was heightened by a fierce protectiveness. "Some day," she'd cry, "I'll buy you a car to ride in. Some day I'll buy you a silver fox down to the ground."

Marion was two years older, but without Betty's drive. "She's a dreamy girl, (Continued on page 73)



By Cynthia Miller

‘GENTLEMAN BOB’

*Barbara, scared blue on her first flight,
tossing him good luck medals, stowing away
presents for him. Those are the memories
that will follow Lt. Taylor into the Navy!*

Any day now, you are going to pick up your favorite magazine or newspaper and study the picture of a happy, happy man named Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor. At first you won't recognize him because of a certain decapitated air; Bob is determined to be the possessor of a G.I. haircut which will reduce his coiffeur to a mere five o'clock shadow. His mustache, too, is scheduled to fall victim to a clean shave.

He has a number of reasons for this plan, some of them secret, but probably the outstanding one is that he wants to get into uniform and into his new Naval Air Force job with a thoroughness and dedication that must start with his head and end only with his black No. 9's.

He doesn't know yet whether he will be given an instructor's job, or a spot in the ferrying division, but whichever it is, his duties will involve flying, and that is Bob's idea of heaven à la king.

Bob and a group of workers on the "Russia" set were spinning air yarns just before he left to report for active duty. (There were several delays in the filming because in one sequence a child's orchestra was used. Shooting had to cease for a certain period each day while the small symphony specialists were herded, con spirito, into an improvised school room and exposed to lessons, con espressione.)

"One thing I don't think any flyer ever forgets," Bob chuckled, "is his first solo. Gosh. . . I went up and came down okay, once. Then my teacher said I was to do it again."

He went up, circled, made his approach and—according to everything in the book and all his previous lessons—he should have made a nice smooth landing. However, he could see that his air speed (Continued on page 75)



On Bob's birthday, director surprised him with cake and coffee party. When draft call came in midst of "Russia," he packed, said good-by. But studio had him deferred till finish!



On May 14, he and Barbara celebrated their 4th anniversary and au revoir at giant party. At that time, it was rumored he'd go to Great Lakes Training Center within a week.



Kathryn Grayson



By Fredda Dudley

Sonja Henie's keeping house for hubby Marine Capt. Dan Topping, in a tiny cottage at Laguna Beach, Calif., near his post. He's doing the cooking 'cause her studio banned k.p. ever since time she burned herself!



Listen for Mickey's new song, "Lord, Give Me a Man—Amen," introduced on his tour of desert Army camps—stiffest assignment in show business. Ex-wife Ava got her divorce in May.

GOOD NEWS

Bob Hope newest Gypsy Rose Lee rival!

Grable-James a combo. Ty Power made

Marine Loocy. Sonja Henie's dog ice-skates!

He was wearing his air cadet's uniform, of course, so he had difficulty making his way across the lot because everyone stopped him for a few moments of cordial chatter. Studio Saturday mornings are rather leisurely periods despite the fact that picture-making goes on six days a week; there is a relaxed, holiday spirit in anticipation of Saturday night—Hollywood is still a small town in that respect—and Sunday.

When he finally reached the star's dressing room, he found a slim blonde character wearing a tattered coverall and a grimy face. "Hello, darling," said Bob Sterling. "You look wonderful."

"I'm about to be shot," said Ann Sothern. "Or at least I think they're going to get to the execution shots today."

Bob had something other than the script problems of "Cry Havoc" on his mind and launched into a discussion. Things began to happen. Ann called for Maxine Thomas, her publicist; she sent for the hairdresser; she glowed and made plans (Continued on page 53)



GOOD NEWS

(CONTINUED)

and looked bewildered. She and Bob had decided, since they had already secured their license, to be married in Ventura on Sunday.

Maxine Thomas, composed and business-like, asked, "What will you wear, Ann?"

Ann's eyes widened and her smile matched. "I haven't given it a thought," she admitted, thereby establishing some sort of record for a bride.

However, when she emerged the next morning, she was wearing a two piece blue wool crepe suit. Bob, meeting her on the door step, observed, "Honey, you look beautiful."

"My suit isn't new," Ann said.

"A bride is supposed to wear something old," approved the bridegroom.

In several cars the wedding party set out for Ventura. They had covered perhaps half the distance when Bob uttered a roar. He had forgotten the license! So one of the cars turned back, secured the document and arrived in Ventura in time for a three o'clock ceremony instead of the originally scheduled two o'clock wedding.

Maxine Thomas checked the bride over before the service. Ann was wearing Something Old—her suit; Something New—her cyclamen gloves; Something borrowed—she secured a lace-edged handkerchief from Maxine; and Something Blue—her suit again.

It was a lucky thing that she borrowed the handkerchief because Ann wept quietly through the entire ceremony. A double-ring service was used, and she tried to place Bob's ring on the wrong finger. When the minister nodded to indicate that the time had arrived for the kiss to seal the vows, Bob took his new wife into his arms and held her for so long that the Reverend Mr. Theodore Henderson cleared his throat. "Ah, shall we—er—break it up?" he whispered. "There are a few more sentences to go."

Outside the church, an enormous group of fans had assembled. Someone conceived the idea of giving Bob a terrific military salute as he emerged with his bride. "It wouldn't be right," some authority piped up. "He's still a cadet. He won't be an officer for several weeks yet." So the bleachers compromised by waving enthusiastically and calling congratulations. "May all your troubles be little ones," shouted an approximate wit.

Ann had to return to work on Monday, and Bob's furlough was a brief one, but there will be time for a honeymoon later. Meanwhile, Ann and Bob Sterling are a pair of very joyous people. This is a good marriage, and your reporter is willing to predict that it will be permanent and eminently happy. Hear those bluebirds, people?

Baby Bulletins:

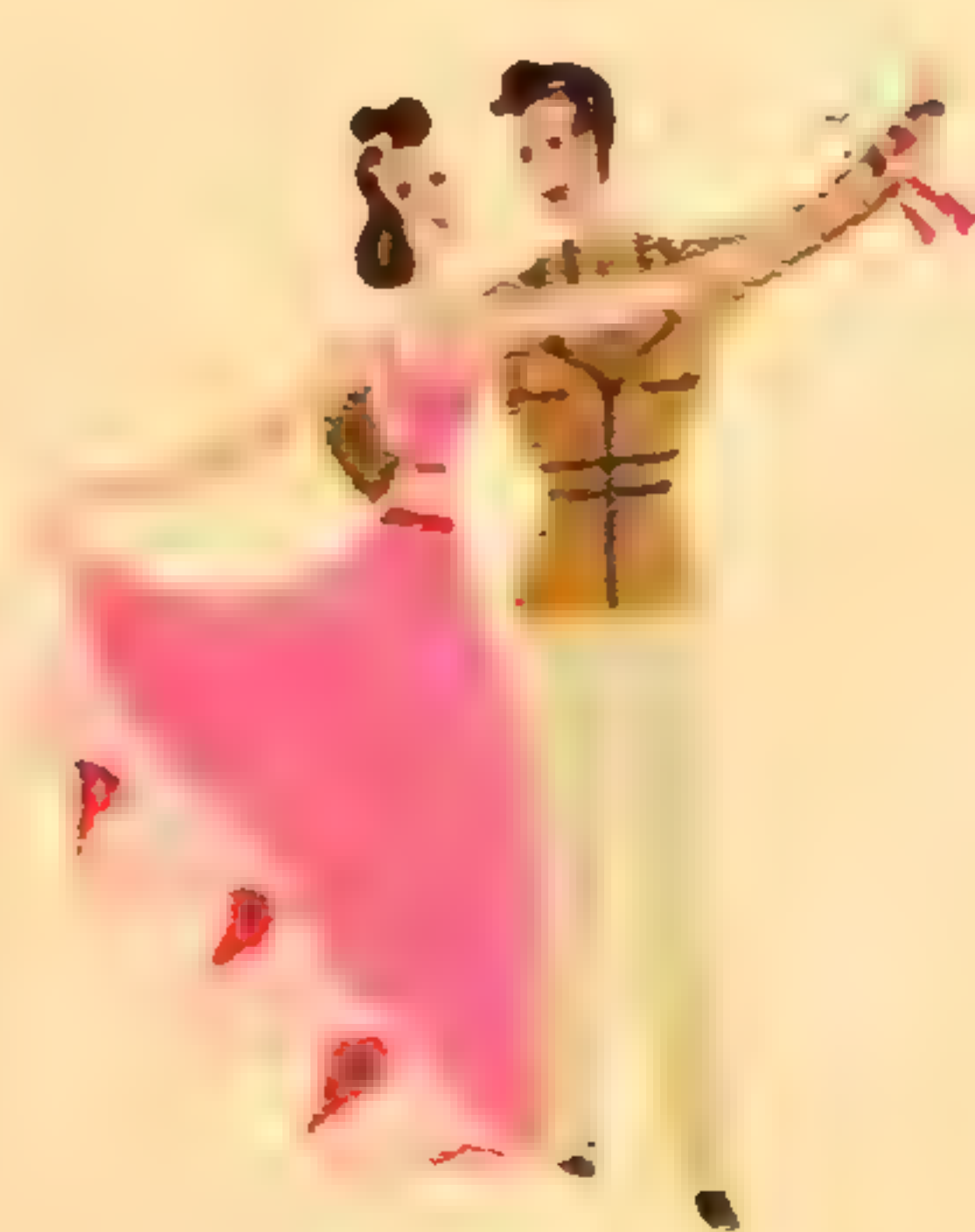
Brenda Marshall, like every other girl in the world, had always dreamed up miscellaneous scenes covering that moment when she should tell her husband that a newcomer was on the way. Now that the time had come, she learned that husband Bill Holden's leave had been postponed, and she had to tell him over the long distance wires. His reply was a yell of delight that reached Brenda without aid of the telephone.

In the midst of her happiness, Brenda had one small crumb of regret. She had just started work on her new 20th-Century Fox contract and will be able to complete only one picture, "The Night Is Ending," before her temporary retirement. Holden, Jr., is due in November. (Continued on following page)

Sweet Siren You!



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Peach Bloom—for that dewy, colorful look.

Rachel—a pearly, glamorous shade.

Brunette—vivid, alluring.

Dark Rachel—for that striking tawny look.

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The stormy Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont at Mocambo. M., hair 4 shades darker for pic, is queen of Univ. lot—rules from Dietrich's dressing room.



Joan Fontaine finished "Jane Eyre" same week she became a full-fledged American citizen. Straight-way put papers to use on trip across border to Mex.

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

Five-year-old Maria Cooper came to her father with a problem. She had discovered a loosened baby tooth, and she thought something should be done about it.

Gary procured the traditional string and tied it to the tooth. Then he began to have qualms. "I think perhaps your mother should do this," he said, but Maria shook her head. "You."

"Perhaps we ought to take you to the dentist tomorrow," he decided. Maria still shook her head. "You."

The chap who has lived through cinematic Indian tortures, Northwest Mounted Police raids, Spanish wars and various other uncomfortable experiences, quailed before his task, but Maria was adamant.

Gary fastened the string to a door knob and closed the door with satisfactory results, but he was a shaken character for an hour afterward.

* * *

20th Century-Fox learned that it was going to become a godfather a second time when Gene Tierney announced from Junction City, Kansas—which is near Fort Riley where her husband, Oleg Cassini, is stationed—that she was busy knitting blue booties. The wearer of same will make an appearance in October.

* * *

By the time you read this, Frances Neal and Van Heflin will be singing lullabies. Whether the newcomer turns out to be a boy or a girl makes no difference to Van, so long as the youngster has the excellent taste to have red hair like Mommy's. For Mother's Day, Van gave Frances a lapel pin, fashioned in the form of a pair of triangular slacks (high fashion for babies since the world began) from which dangled a pair of tiny baby shoes. In cloisonné it is inscribed "The Three Of Us . . ."

* * *

Lana Turner's hair is blonde again because Stephen Crane prefers it that way. Steve also hopes he's the father of a girl and that she, too, will be a blondie.

Spookiest of Orson Welles' magician acts at Army camps is whisking Rita Hayworth off into thin air before their very eyes! In Rita's latest film, "Cover Girl," she plays her own 60-year-old granny!



Mr. Guy Kibbee, a patient man, has been having ration point trouble. It seems that his young daughter, Shirley Anne, had heard a good deal about the grocery problems of those living in her neighborhood, so she decided to do something about it. She set up a small retail stand and there dispensed canned goods, filched from her family's cupboard. When Guy caught up with the racket, all his Pepsi-Cola—a rare item—had been disposed of, not to mention a can of peaches, one of apricots and some jars of sliced chicken. He had a talk with his daughter.

Afterward she was describing her problem to a girl friend. "My father is upstairs now, tearing his hair," she sighed.

The friend leered at her. "Are you kidding?" she said.

* * *

Miss Alice Faye Harris, Jr., made her official bow to the world recently when she was christened by the Reverend Mr. Harley Wright Smith at St. Nicholas Episcopal church in Encino. There were twenty babies christened at the same time, and all exercised the junior right to yell at the top of their lungs in protest. In telling about it afterward, Alice said thoughtfully, "But I think *our* baby didn't cry *quite* as loudly as some of the others . . . or maybe it was just a bit more musical."

At any rate, Alice, Jr., now hums. She is crazy about the radio and will sit quietly teetering back and forth in time with the music while doing her best to follow the tune. Because Alice wants to be with the baby every possible moment during these months when she is developing so rapidly, Alice announced her retirement from the screen. That brief statement, printed in the daily papers, brought on a flock of postal headaches. Practically ever member of the armed forces, not to mention a quantity of frantic civilians, wrote to Alice in stunned protest. Staying home with your baby is a fine idea, was the gist of the correspondence, but what about us? We need you, too. Come on, Alice, don't leave us.

As this goes to press, the decision is still in the making. Alice would like to do a slightly different type of picture—a romantic comedy without too much music for a change, or a dramatic part. Perhaps the final answer will be largely decided by future studio story policy.

* * *

Baby with the longest list of tentative names was Rosalind Russell's son. Before he arrived on May 7, weighing 8 pounds, 1½ ounces, he had been tagged "Christopher," then "Carl" in honor of his grandfather, Carl Brisson, then "Russell." As things stand now he will be called "Fred, Jr." We'll let you know if there are changes.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henreid were invited out to dinner one night; after deliberation, the invitation was accepted. However, whenever social usage would permit, Paul glanced surreptitiously at his watch. Finally he arose, after a glance at Lisl, and made his excuses. "We want to get home to see the baby get her ten o'clock feeding," he explained. "My daughter is so cute when she is hungry."

Which statement introduced Miss Monica Henreid, a very young citizen who has been adopted and installed in the Henreid nursery.

* * *

One of the October days you'll pick up your pet mag and find a picture of Cobina Wright, Jr. (Continued on following page)

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'Soon's Vic McLaglen finishes his current crop of films, he's off to stock his 670-acre ranch with cattle. Above, at son Andrew's wedding to Margarita Harrison.



Back from Eastern camp tour, I-A Red Skelton's awaiting call to arms as buck private. Since split, dates model Muriel Morris; wife Edna trades gags with Army looney.

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

Yes, Cobina—whose husband, Lt. Palmer Beaudette, Jr., is in the South Pacific and didn't know the news until long after practically everyone else had been notified—is planning on dating the stork this fall. Since Cobina is a Jr. and her husband is a Jr., the baby is going to have to be Jr. Jr. or Jr. II. It's just a question of which looks better.

* * *

Some time ago Ray Milland purchased all the exotic equipment beloved of home carpenters and installed the stuff in a garage work room. There, he whirled buzz saws and chiseled out various items of furniture until he got mixed up with a blade one afternoon and nearly lost a thumb. That settled it. No more carpentry for Mr. Milland.

Recently Franchot Tone was a visitor at the Milland house (for the purpose of discussing poultry raising). As the two men returned from the fancy Milland poultry apartments, Franchot happened to glance into the garage and see the cob-web-gathering workroom. "Hey, what a layout," he gasped. "What a swell bunch of equipment."

A deal was made. The contents were transferred to the Tone garage, where Franchot is busy making nursery furniture for his expected heir.

* * *

Along in 1963 you present-day jitterbugs are going to feel a new thrill along your hardening arteries when this new musical sensation with her hundred-piece girls' band begins to beat it out. The melodies and tempo will be styled in the Goodman manner, and the name of the beauteous twenty-year-old switching the air with the baton will be Rachel. Yowsah, Benny Goodman is now the proud papa of a six pound, one ounce musician whose premier yowl, according to nurses, was uttered in a C chord.

* * *

Veronica Lake, at once the most sensible and the most unpredictable of glamour girls, has just finished giving the press and her studio the dithers. In an interview with a national magazine writer, she un-ched two minor details of biography (*Continued on page 63*)



In line of duty as guardian of Cover Girls working for Col. prexy Cohn's put a regular Gestapo guard around their house. One of them, Nora Eddington, skirted rules, dated Errol Flynn

ALAN'S NEW GIRL!

(Continued from page 31)

Bob. The keys were still in the ignition.

After a conference, Bob and Alan canvassed the business district in search of a store, still open, in which to buy two lengths of stout wire. This obtained, they returned to the car and went through a series of fancy poses in an attempt to trip the door locks. Gradually, the curious gathered.

The messieurs Hope and Ladd removed their hats, loosened ties and collars. They perspired freely. It was some 20 official minutes, by which time half the town had gathered to see the fun, before the doors were opened.

slow freight . . .

So, a few weeks later, Private Alan Ladd was given a brief furlough by the Air Corps, out of respect for that accomplished aviator, the stork. However, his furlough was drawing to a close and the flier with the twin rudders hadn't landed with his passenger.

Delmar Daves telephoned one evening to ask Alan and Sue to see the sneak preview of "Stage Door Canteen." Mr. Daves and Alan have long been close friends, and Sol Lesser is also one of those high on the Ladd guest list.

He and Sue went early and secured excellent seats in the very center of the centermost aisle. They sat through "Lucky Jordan" for the fifth time.

Then the preview started. Sue, watching the picture, still thought she heard the distant flapping of wings.

"Gosh, Delmar and Sol are going to think we're walking out on their production," Alan groaned.

"They'll understand when they hear our news in the morning," Sue whispered.

So, from the very center of the theater, in the full glare of many of the leading lights of Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd managed to crawl over other previewers and to make their way to the lobby where they telephoned the doctor. This was at 11 o'clock.

At 2:30 A.M., Miss Alana Sue Ladd was sleeping quietly in the nursery. At 3:30 A.M., Miss Ladd's mother was looking quizzically at Miss Ladd's father.

"You look all worn out," she said.

He had already notified half of Hollywood that he was a father. On several calls, when he had found it necessary to look up numbers, Sue herself had taken over the telephone and dialed a friend to proclaim, "The baby's here. She's a girl, and I feel wonderful."

Now, studying her husband's moist forehead, Sue said, "I think we've called everyone who is interested. Honey, you're sort of quiet. Is anything wrong?"

In the manner of a new mother since the world began, Sue plucked at the covers for several moments. Diffidently, haltingly, she asked after a pause, "You're glad the baby is a girl, aren't you? You aren't disappointed because she wasn't a boy?"

He arose quickly and came to her side. Looking into her dark eyes, he said, "I'm crazy about her. She's wonderful, honey. Don't ever say that again."

Sue rested her hand on Alan's forehead and looked at him more closely, then she rang for the nurse. "Will you please take Alan's temperature?"

The nurse, being practical, took Sue's temperature first. It was normal. Then she took Laddie's. He was running a fever of 103 degrees.

The nurse summoned the doctor, who

promptly ordered Private Alan Ladd to his home and to bed for three days.

On the second day of Alan's absence, Sue received a huge box of flowers in which there was a card reading, "Because our happiness is now complete, and because I love you so terribly much."

On the fourth day, Sue's hospital door slowly nudged itself inward to reveal a stack of packages behind which moved a determined—an overburdened figure in khaki.

Santa Ladd . . .

With infinite care, Alan closed the door—using a cautious knee and heel. Then, his eyes still on the pretty girl in the hospital bed, Private Ladd moved to a stand and deposited his bundles.

He selected the largest box and lifted the lid to reveal a satin comfortable.

"But how on earth did you think of this?" gasped his astonished wife.

"You like it?"

"What a question! It's much prettier than anything I've seen in years."

Alan grinned. "I just remembered that you said a comfortable was one of the final touches we needed in our room. And I bought this to go with it," he added.

The "go-with-it" turned out to be a white wool robe, light weight, very soft, very warm. Appliqued on the skirt was a series of blue satin love knots.

Box No. 3 contained a blue-grey sports coat, veddy veddy swank. And Box No. 4 revealed a dark brown clipped beaver coat.

Every girl who has ever had a child will appreciate the thoughtfulness that inspired Alan's buying clothes for the new mother. Sue hadn't bought a single thing for herself, with the exception of a few maternity dresses, for a year.

Box No. 6, and the last of the lot, was a tiny thing, no more than an inch square. On top of the cotton padding there was a folded note saying, "To my mommy from Alana Susan." And beneath that cherished card was a tiny gold heart for Sue's charm bracelet.

Her brown eyes misted, Sue drew her husband's face down to thank him with all the sweetness of which she is so completely capable. "Now," she whispered after an interval, "go down to the nursery and check up on your daughter."

He was gone what seemed like time enough to plant and harvest a Victory garden. When he returned at length, he was beaming. "It seems funny to say this about a little tiny baby," he confided, "but she actually looks like me!"

"I hope she grows up to look exactly like you, darling," his wife glowed.

Alan sat down, the responsibility of being a new father swathing him in thought as thick as a deep-sea diver's suit. "Another thing," he mused. "The nurse let me look at her feet, and they are exact miniatures of mine. I think she's going to be a swell swimmer."

When Sue began to giggle, he looked up in some surprise. "I really think so," he reiterated.

"I think she's going to be an actress," said the little lady's mother.

Not all the telephone calls were from friends or studio people. Sue had left a request at the hospital switchboard that all calls be put through to her. She doesn't like the chi-chi thing of having telephone callers queried about their identity, then announced. So, when the

telephone rang, she simply answered.

"Is this Mrs. Ladd?"

Sue said it was.

"You don't know me," continued the voice, growing more breathless with each syllable. "I'm just a fan of yours and Mr. Ladd's. I wanted to ask how you're getting along."

Sue said she and the baby were fine.

The voice, now five octaves above normal, asked what the baby had been named. "But I thought you were going to call her 'Victoria Susan'!"

That had been the plan until the day before the baby was born. But Alan had felt that Victoria Susan was a huge label for such a tiny person, so he had wanted to shorten it to Vicki Sue.

She received dozens of cards from everywhere in the United States, and—by parcel post from New York—a three-foot teddy bear that can be wound up to play a lullaby. This gift was accompanied by no card, so Sue hasn't been able to write a thank-you letter.

When Miss Ladd was six days old, she and her mother were moved to the Ladd home. Alan had rented a standard hospital bed for Sue and had it installed in their beautiful blue bedroom. "It looks weird," Sue told him, "but it was nice of you to think of the nurse."

Alana was installed in her own private room, a gay nursery done in yellow, white and blue. There is already a small bed, a tiny dressing table, a play table and a rocking chair installed against the day when she will be large enough to abandon her blue and white bassinet for a young lady's boudoir.

bathinette blues . . .

On that first day at home, Sue told the nurse, "We'll have to figure out some way to give Alana her bath comfortably. A friend gave me a bathinette, but when I started to clean it, I found that the rubber tub section had gone to pieces. I've shopped high and low, but I haven't been able to find a replacement."

"We'll manage," said the nurse in that capable way that crinkles with starch.

Her genius at ad libbing a baby's bath tub wasn't needed, because the first thing she saw when she entered the nursery, was a gleaming new bathinette. There was a card on it reading, "To Alana from Dad with love."

On her seventh day in this interesting world, Miss Ladd looked up in the general direction of the gentleman who was holding her, and gave out an expression which her father proclaimed as a grin. "She'd be a glamour girl if she only had her hair fixed a bit," he said.

The nurse explained that the only thing lacking in Alana's wardrobe was a baby brush, one with very fine bristles.

Somewhat later, Sue asked the nurse where Alan was. "I don't know," was the answer. "He left in quite a hurry about two hours ago."

Another hour elapsed before Alan parked his car and came upstairs, a-grin from ear to ear. "Fine way to spend my last day of furlough. I've been to practically every drugstore and baby shop for miles around, but I finally found it," he gloated, holding up a white brush.

At the door he turned to wink at his wife. "I hope," he said, "that I never have to use this on any spot but her head."

We will let you know about this and other developments in a later issue.

"Put Magic in Your Make-up"

By Carol Carter

*Make-up is a beauty-maker . . . as
any bright girl knows. Here are
Hollywood hints on how to use it!*

● Vacation-bound? Or Victory-gardening in the back yard? Whatever your mid-summer plans, they'll go all the merrier if you plan-for-pretty! Says pert Dona Drake, "The surest way for any gal to put magic in her make-up is for her to learn correct application. A hit-or-miss lip-sticking job never brightened anyone's life." 'Tis true, we agree. And so we have gathered together for you some first rate cosmetic-cues from out Hollywood way!

Beauty Base

Comes sultry weather, but you'll look really fresh and



Dona's in "Let's Face It," but here she turns a shoulder. Reason: to apply lotion.



After every face-creaming, Dona makes a beauty point of always using a skin freshener.



Par.'s Dona Drake has slim legs and pretty feet . . . here she's treating her dancing toes to a coat of bright polish. A pedicure is a summer "must"!

inviting. There's no special trick to it—except the magic of today's make-up bases. Take special care with your powder base, so that your skin will stay dewy fresh no matter how the mercury bubbles.

With every new make-up of yours, be sure to apply your skin-matching foundation base—either in cream, stick, cake or lotion form—and blend it carefully, evenly. Begin your application at the neck and smooth upward. It's really beauty-wiser, don't you think, to have face, neck and throat match?

As to color. Remember that you've probably been tanned by the energetic summer sun . . . decide upon a complementary sun-warmed color for your make-up. If "beauty under the sun" is causing you any complexion worry, turn, my pet, to page 60 where the Beauty Dept. has an answer for each and every problem.

Lipstick-Lure

When you've given yourself a complexion as pretty as a filmland belle's, you'll want those lips of yours to share in the glamour. And what's more, you'll want that glamour to stay with your lips, no matter how many Pepsis you down these thirsty, sun-scorched days. It helps lots if you know a few swift Hollywood application tricks!

First, decide upon the "ideal" mouth for your type. Then pattern your own as nearly like it as possible. If your lips are too grimly thin, give them an added bloom by bringing the color slightly beyond the natural lip lines. If your lips are too full, stop the lipstick a little inside the outer borders. Could be that you think your mouth is too ear-to-earish (though Hollywood girls rather prefer wide mouths). If that's your problem, stop the coloring a little before the ends of your lips. To give added width and expression to a too-tiny mouth, extend the color a bit beyond the corners. Be sure to slant the "addition" upwards, not down. That way you'll avoid a sad expression.

After you've decided upon the perfect mouth for you, the idea is to apply it artfully. Here's another Hollywood magic-trick that will help: Draw your lip outline carefully with either a special brush or pencil. You're sure to get a smooth even line. Fill in the outline with (Continued on page 102)



LINDA DARNELL, IN "THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

How her luscious SUMMER Skin-Tone
can be YOURS



Linda Darnell says—

"For the sun-kissed look that can keep eyes turned your way, I've found nothing to equal this gorgeous Sun Peach shade of Woodbury Powder. You see, while Woodbury shades blend with skin-coloring, of course, they don't stop at that. They give just the right tone for glamour. And Woodbury Sun Peach brings the rich, clear, rose-gold glow that means summer allure."

Honeymoon ahead—

Girls, there's man-appeal for you in Woodbury shades. For film directors helped create them. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture-refinings, they give a smoother, younger look. Exciting summer shades: Sun Peach, Tropic Tan, Brunette. Other shades include: Rachel (Hedy Lamarr's choice), Natural (Veronica Lake's choice). Boxes of Woodbury Powder \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY POWDER
Color-Controlled

NEW! Matched Make-up. Now with your \$1 box of Woodbury Powder (any shade), you also get rouge and lipstick in matching shades—at

BEAUTY TIPS FOR THE

Sun

● It's the season when beauty flourishes . . . and short-sleeved, low-necked dresses display healthy, copper-colored suntans. Though they be real or faked (acquired under the summer sun or poured from a bottle), they're mighty becoming. Besides being a wonderful health builder-upper, a flattering outdoor glow is bound to intrigue your favorite male, and that's important!

When the week-end rolls around, gather your sunburn cream, lotion or oils and set up residence in your back yard. If you're a city dweller, the roof top may be your spot. Or could be you're fortunate enough to be near a beach. Those of you who can possibly spend time tending your home-grown radishes and tomatoes will find Victory-gardening gives you an excellent chance to acquire a tawny, golden color. But wherever you do your sunning, set about it intelligently!

TAN WHILE YOU CAN

If it's a-gardening you must go, slather on one of the sun-filtering creams or transparent lotions in generous dabs over your face, neck, arms and legs. Even if you're just doing

(Continued on page 98)

By Carol Carter

Paulette Goddard, of "So Proudly We Hail" fame, helps herself to a luscious, gypsy tan by smoothing on sun lotions and creams.



MY SKILLET'S best friend is Mazola . . . it fries food so deliciously, digestibly, economically. I save precious butter for table use.

MY BISCUITS seem to have wings—they're so light when I use Mazola for shortening.

FRESH SALAD DRESSINGS are so quickly and easily prepared with Mazola—I wouldn't *THINK* of serving any other kind.



BIG BARGAIN
Saves Points!
Saves Money!

Mazola now comes to you in a crystal clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.

MAZOLA SERVES AND SAVES 3 WAYS

PRESSED from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America's finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is *all* food value.

For all frying, Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It sears over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

For shortening, in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

For all salads, Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That's why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.



Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

Other Fun-to-Fry Hints

Eggplant cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, shallow-fried in Mazola . . . sliced green (or ripe) tomatoes dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola . . . summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola . . . scallions chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola . . . sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola . . . new cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.



To discover the advantages of Mazola-for-shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins.

Fluffy Mazola Muffins

$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Argo Corn Starch
3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Mazola

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola) $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.



Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals. Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

Mazola French Dressing

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

Variations

Spicy: Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.

Chiffonade: Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons each chopped beets and green pepper to above.

Can you date these songs?



War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention . . . Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



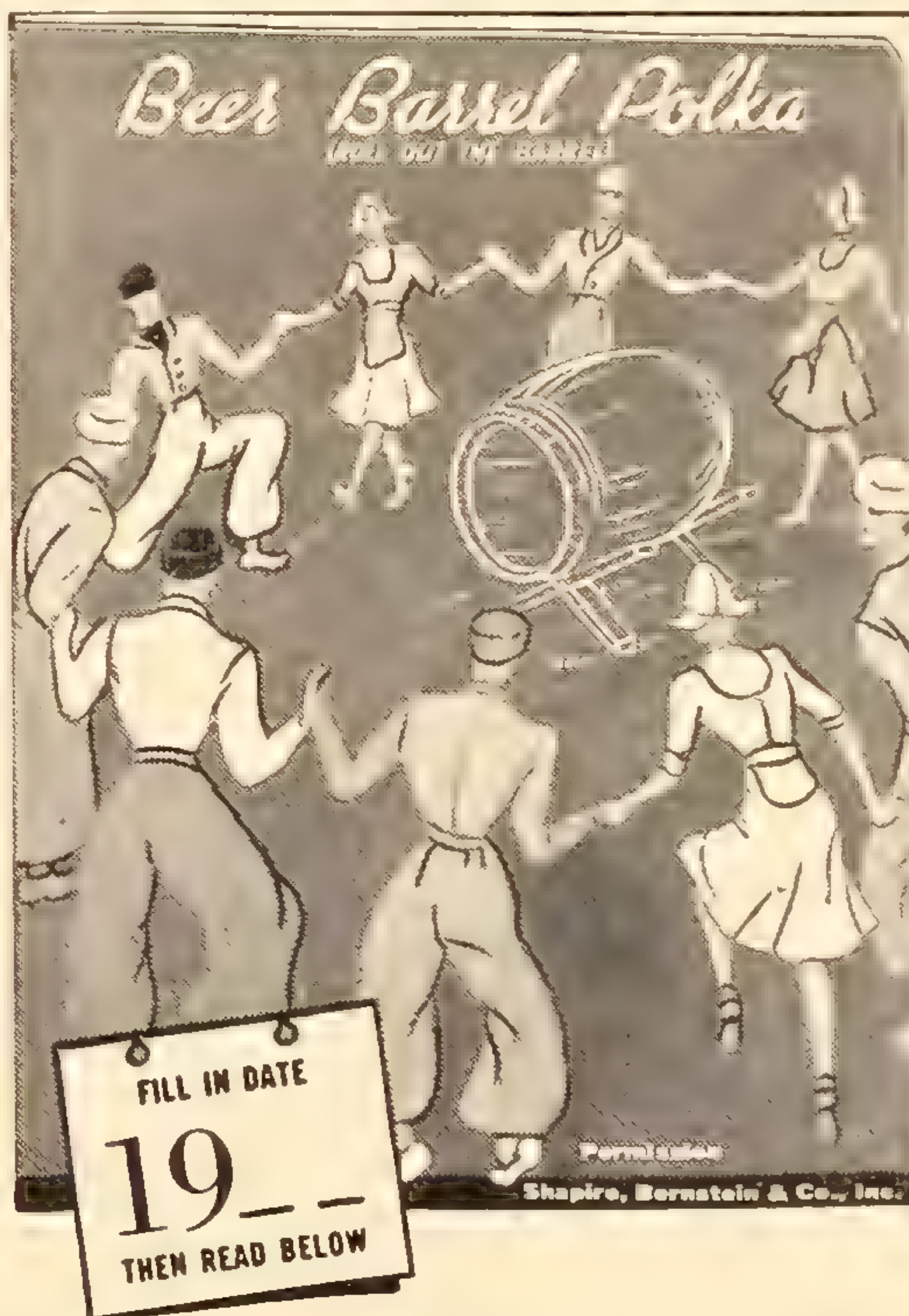
Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio. Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection . . . disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.



"Flaming Youth." Women plucked eyebrows; discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, *narrower* pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners . . . softened gauze, for greater comfort.



Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby . . . don't cause telltale outlines.



Jitterbug Era. A king and queen ate hot dogs in America. New York's World's Fair: parachute drop and Aquacade. The Conga. Bustles. Wasp waists. "Cigarette silhouette," and women in 1939 grateful for the latest Kotex improvement: a snug, softer, *cushioned* pad with a double-duty safety center to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours.



It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in *this* war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 56)

that had been bothering her for a long time. In the first place, she wasn't born at Lake Placid as she had said for years, but in Brooklyn. In the second place, her name wasn't Constance Keane but Constance Okelman. The name Keane is that of Veronica's step-father who is as beloved as any natural father could be.

These items clarified, the press asked Veronica about those motherhood rumors. Nothing to them, she said. Absolutely absurd. The press shook its columns and wondered, mindful of the fact that Veronica denied the impending arrival of her daughter, Elaine, until a scant eight weeks before that young person was cooing in her basket. On that occasion Veronica had kept her stork commitment secret because she wanted the gamine part in Preston Sturgis' picture "Sullivan's Travels."

This time, much the same situation prevailed. Veronica was ambitious to play the Javanese girl in deMille's "The Story Of Dr. Wassell." But once the rumor was started, Veronica seemed unable to squelch it. Still sighing over the dark-skinned part that she would have to relinquish, Mrs. John Detlie announced that late August or early September would find a second occupant in Elaine's nursery.

* * *

Remember when Butch Romero built his house with an extra suite to be decorated at some time for a bride? Well, a lady is going to occupy it at last, but don't jump to conclusions until you finish this item. She is a very small girl, the infant daughter of Cesar's sister who is moving into the Romero house for the duration.

When you read this, Cesar will have been in the Coast Guard long enough to be saltier than delicatessen mackerel. And the enlistment in the Coast Guard will step up considerably when word gets around that Butch is one of the most entertaining guys alive and definitely a good shipmate.

Double-Takes:

Gig Young, enlisted seaman in the Coast Guard, finally had time to get away from his base to see "Air Force," the picture in which he had the most satisfying part of his career. When he reached the theater, he found his name in lights on all three sides of the marquee. He stood there alone, in the glow of the neon, and stared just as you or I would.

The screening over, Gig emerged from the theater, unrecognized, and thumbed a ride in order to get back to his station. The motorists who picked Gig up had seen the picture the previous week. They said they thought it was swell and that young newcomer, what's-his-name Young, would make good. They discharged their passenger and told him good night. If he ever got leave and was lonely, they enjoined, he was to call them up. They gave Gig their names, but they didn't ask his.

Gig waved them out of sight, then walked the remaining distance to his station, smiling.

* * *

Your reporter had luncheon with Miss Fontaine on the "Jane Eyre" set one noon. She is tucked away comfortably in Tyrone Power's old dressing room. On one side of the room there is a three-sectional mirror, hiding the wardrobe. Plastered up and down all over the mirrors were dozens of

small yellow squares of paper on which lines had been inscribed in red.

Investigation proved that each of these yellow squares contained a poem, written by one of the technical crew to Joan, who is always a favorite with the workmen. Some of the verses were neat, to wit:

I never saw a Vitamin
I never hope to see one.
But here's the plight that I am in:
I'd rather C than B₁.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 85 and 99 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 102 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at 5 points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 84 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at pg. 102 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Mickey's master
2. B.B. (also signifying Big Bruiser)
3. Little Colonel
4. Foiled Kitty Foyle
5. New baby . . . Alan-a
6. "Moider" she says
7. Johnny Eager
8. Out-crooning Crosby
9. Loves Ladd in "China"
10. Bogey
11. Elephant Boy
12. Payne's dame (past tense)
13. For whom no bell tolled
14. Burlesque graduate
15. Cowboy (in Pop's footsteps)
16. Perc
17. Dusky delight
18. 20th-Fox's star clown
19. Henreid's heart (cinematically)
20. Lover: Fr. version

(Continued on page 85)

Claudette Colbert, looking out of a back window, noticed a delightfully vacant spot that would be ideal for the culture of tomatoes. She drove down to a greenhouse and purchased several flats of small but thriving plants. She spent several hours preparing the soil, then setting out her plants. That night she counted her tomatoes before they were ripe.

She awakened the next morning to the twittering of enchanted birds. "Hmm," mused Claudette, smiling sleepily to herself, "the sweet things."

A second later realization struck. Leaping up, she glanced out of the window. The birds had finished a lavish breakfast of junior tomato plants, leaving havoc behind.

The Social Life:

A slim, lovely girl—her hair piled high in the manner of svelte little Helen Morgan—stood beside a piano for four hours at a recent Hollywood party, and sang. She sang Morgan's torchy "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine." She sang "Why Was I Born" and "Melancholy Baby." She said she had worked with Morgan in shows, and she knew the routine, the tricks, the technique.

It happened that Jimmie Fidler was in another room, so someone enticed him in to hear the singer. He was bowled over. "I didn't know that you sang!" he said to the brown-eyed girl dispersing mellow notes. He added, "Warner Brothers are really lucky. They own the rights to the life story of Helen Morgan, and they have the logical candidate for the part right under contract on their own lot. It looks like a natural for you, baby."

The singer?

You know her well, keeds. That beautiful button-nose, Jane Wyman. How about dropping a line to Warners' to let them know how much you approve of seeing Janie as the celebrated piano-sitter-oner, Helen Morgan?

* * *

House guest each week-end lately at the Arrowhead Springs bungalow of Captain and Mrs. Bill Howard has been incandescent Betty Hutton. She has been teaching Dottie to jitterbug for Dottie's part in "And The Angels Sing." After last week's jive session, Dottie was too tired to finish cooking the dinner, so Bill and Betty took over. After dinner, Betty did the dishes, then started to practice some jitter steps for Dottie's livelier education.

"I don't see how you do it," sighed Dorothy from the depths of the lounge.

"Easy," chirped Betty. "Zing, zing, zoot, zoot. I'm the fragile type."

* * *

Judy Garland and her best friend, Betty Asher, went to the beach one Sunday and took in the concessions. They tried the shooting galleries, the baseball games, the serpentine slide and finally the merry-go-round. A group of enlisted men, spotting the gorgeous Garland head, had formed a tentative queue. When the merry-go-rounding started, they watched Judy's determined attempt to catch the gold ring. "Atta girl, Judy," one of them called when she emerged triumphant.

Judy looked down and smiled. "Want to ride with me?" she called. This was like asking a lady, whose goat has just eaten her ration book, if she wants a case of canned goods.

So Judy ordered practically a mile of tickets and she, with a platoon, rode ten trips. Afterwards the entire gang lined up at an ice cream counter, and Judy treated them to cones. Everyone had fun—Judy most of all.

Brass Buttons:

Captain Clark Gable is, according to latest dispatches from London, accompanying American bombing crews on their missions
(Continued on page 66)

No. 7. "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

MODERN SCREEN

How to Win Out in your **BIG MOMENT**



by
LORETTA YOUNG

Star of Paramount's
"CHINA"



1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!

2 It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials every day. **ACTIVE** lather removes dust and stale cosmetics thoroughly—gives precious skin protection it needs.

3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.



4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your tender moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're *beautiful!*"

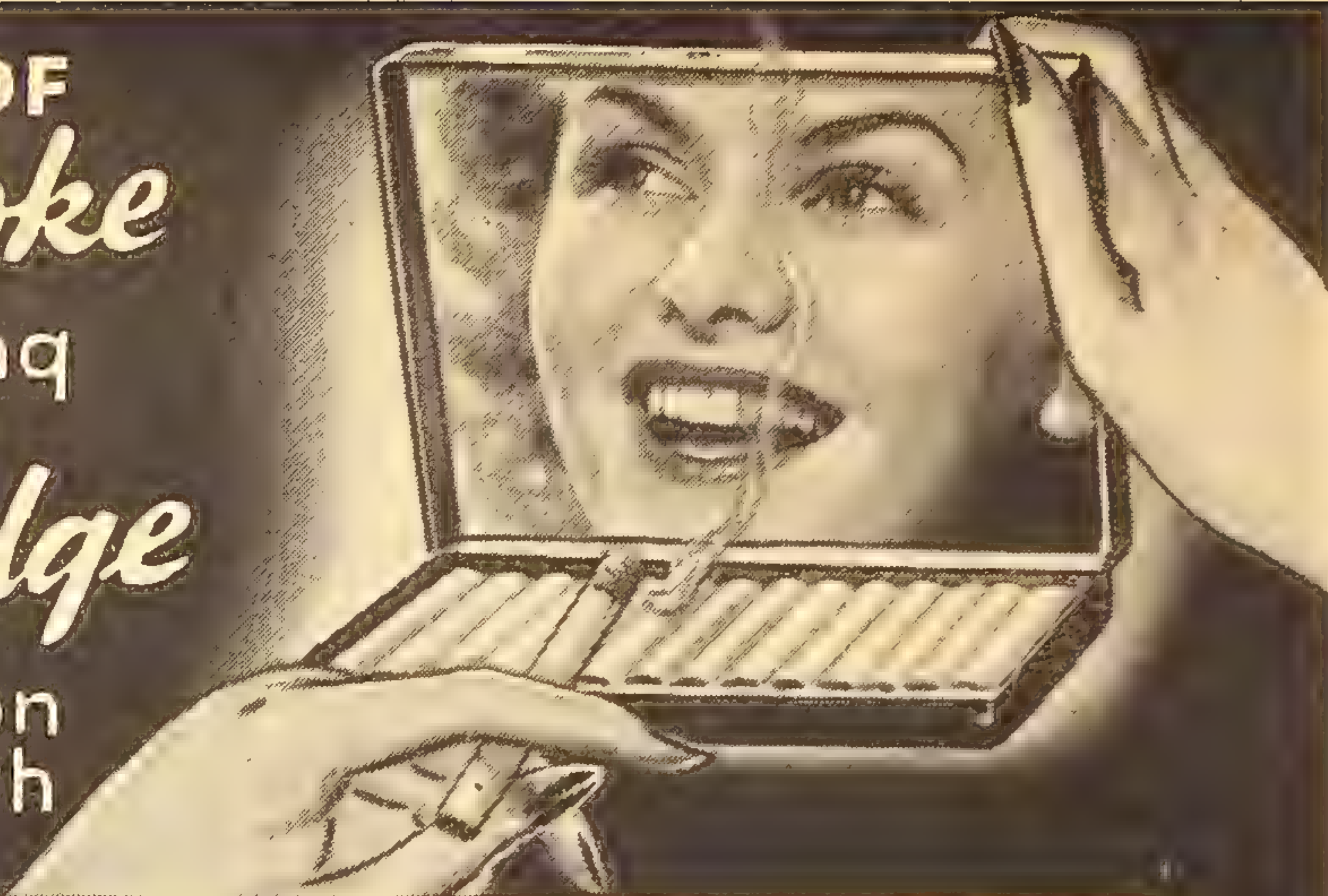


IT'S SMOOTH,
ADORABLE SKIN
THAT WINS
ROMANCE AND
HOLDS IT! YOU'LL
FIND DAILY
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** WITH
LUX SOAP A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY AID!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.

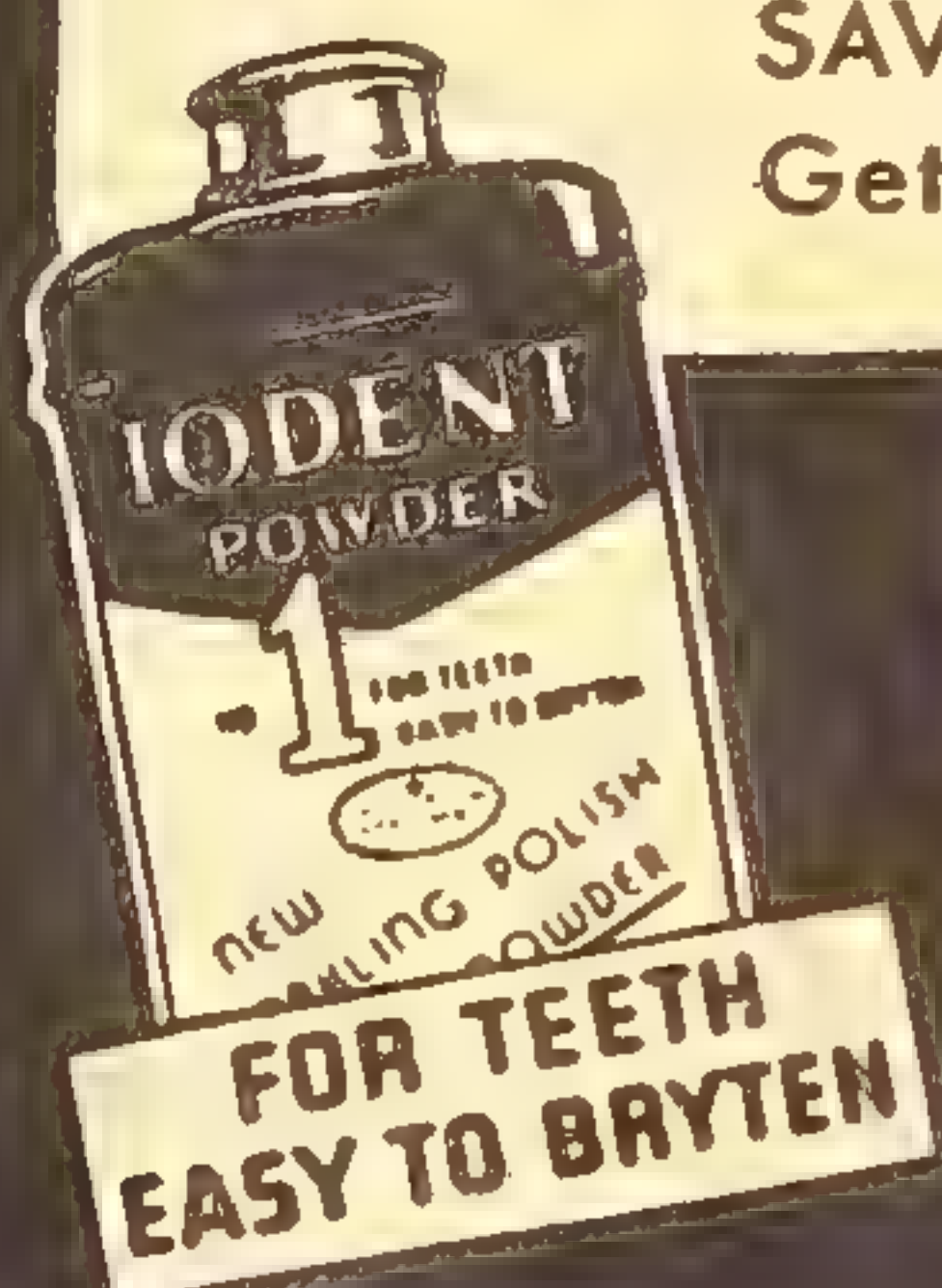
**A WISP OF
Smoke
A warning
wisper
Smudge
may be on
your teeth**



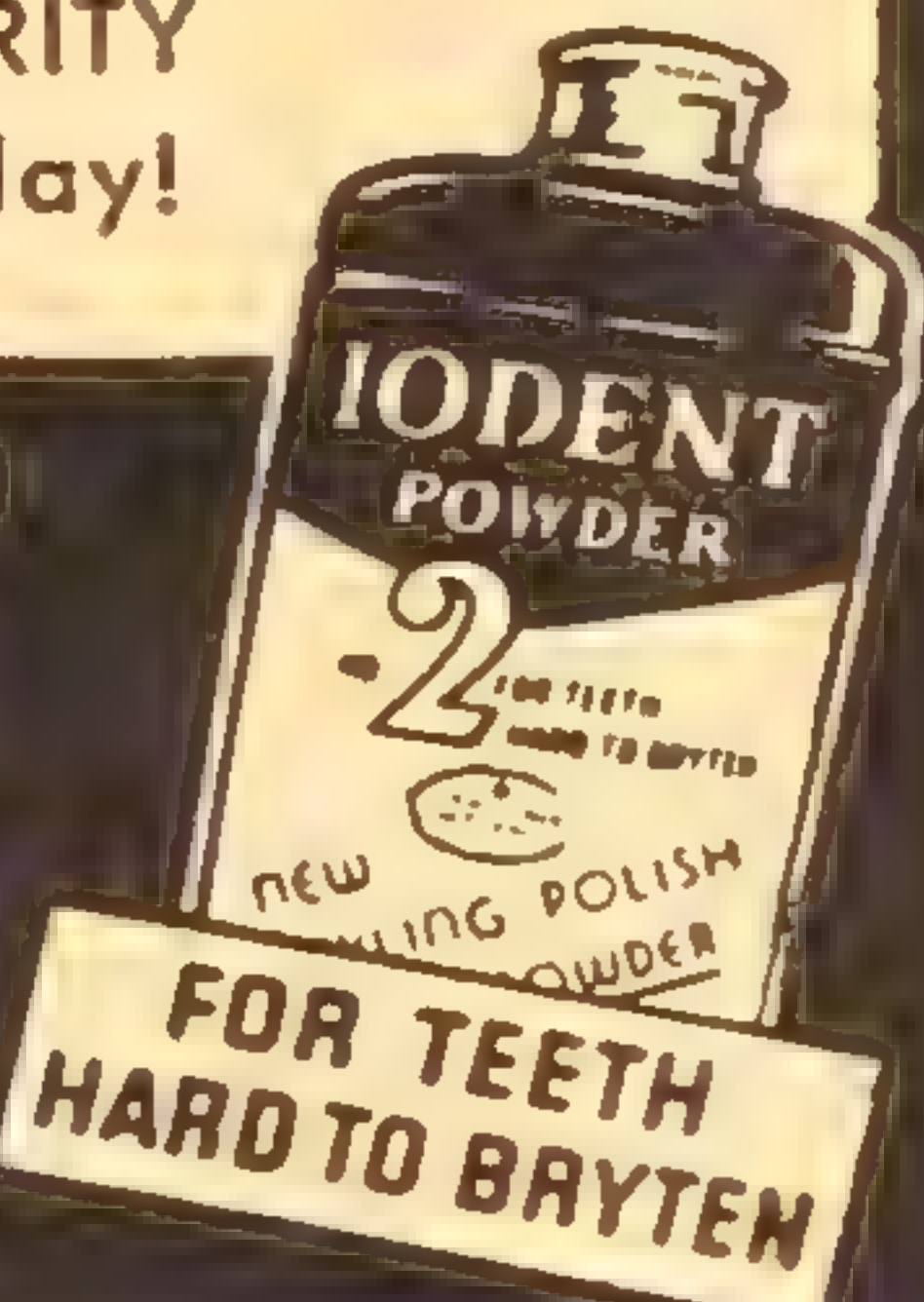
Start using Iodent Paste or Powder at the first sign of telltale smudge on your teeth. Iodent No. 2 is made by a Dentist especially to clean hard-to-bryten teeth and Iodent No. 1 is made

for teeth that are easy to bryten. Iodent Powder has all the desirable qualities—safety, effectiveness, refreshing flavor—which has made Iodent Tooth Paste famous for over twenty years.

SAVE with SAFETY for YOUR SECURITY
Get War Bonds and War Stamps Today!



IODENT
TOOTH POWDER
or
PASTE



GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

over France and Germany. With the knowledge so gained from actual experience, he will be able to direct training films for flying fortress gunners now being prepared for overseas duty.

Did you know that Lt. Tyrone Power of the Marine Corps was graduated with the standing of 17th man in a class of 142?

Greer Garson got the thrill of her life one night when she and her mother were seeing a newsreel showing the landing of troops and supplies in the Aleutians. Participating was Ensign Richard Ney.

Coxswain Victor Mature did the New York night spots with Choo Choo Johnson after having placed a pyrotechnic telephone call to Rita Hayworth. The next day, Rita announced that her wedding plans with Victor had been indefinitely postponed. Bumble Bee in the ointment: Orson Welles.

Air Cadet John Payne is currently stationed at Independence, Calif., undergoing a course of intensive Air Corps training.

While Craig Stevens was in Los Angeles on a three-day pass, he and Alexis thought they had tickets reserved for a play. However, when they arrived at the box office, there were no cardboards reserved and none available. Just as they were turning to leave, a dejected private clutched Craig's sleeve. "Here, buddy, I'll sell you my tickets," he said. "My girl friend was supposed to meet me here, but she didn't show up. Yours did, so you get the break."

For Lt. Bill Holden's birthday, Brenda secured, among a number of other things, an autographed photograph of Gary Cooper—a gesture that pleased Bill immensely.

Newcomers You Should Know:

Jennifer Jones, who is starred in her first picture, "The Song of Bernadette." As the inspired little French girl who became a saint she has had an intensely difficult task, but awed photographers have been going around the studio, telling one another in astonished whispers that here is an actress who never takes a bad picture. No plane of her face is other than lovely. And, because of the connotations of the part she is playing, Jennifer is wearing neither false eyelashes nor lipstick in the picture.

Dorothy McGuire, from the New York stage, is another newcomer who is making a hit at 20th Century-Fox where "Claudia" is being screened. She's the sort of girl who drifts around on Cloud No. 7. She knew nothing of camera technique when she started, and her first day was made terrible by a fit of mike fright. The next morning she came back with a lower lip thrust out and performed like a veteran.

Dane Clark made such a hit in "Action In The North Atlantic" that you will probably be seeing him in scads of Warner Brothers pictures. His first job in a theater was that of spear-bearer at \$12 per week. One Sunday he had a chance to play on a pro football team for 50 bucks so he told his manager that his father was ill and he would have to take care of him. Just two things occurred to blast this mild deception: He returned to work on Monday bearing an interesting cleat mark on his cheek, and the sport sections carried an exciting photograph of Dane Clark in possession of the ball.

Words to the Wise:

Did you know that the Betty Grable-Harry James romance may well be serious. . . . Ida Lupino has a cure for insomnia: "I lie quietly counting Lupinos coming through a gate." . . . Shirley Temple is having her first young romance with a nice San Francisco boy. . . . Bob Hope, appearing at a bond rally in New Orleans, did a strip tease down to his shorts, thereby selling half a million dollars of bonds. Look out, G. R. Lee. Hope has written a book, too, you know. . . . Sonja Henie owns a dog named "Skippy" that has been gumming up the works on the set of "Wintertime." Skippy is supposed to remain in Sonja's dressing room, but each time he hears his name, he lunges against the door until he sets himself free. He hears his name often, breaking up a take, because Jack Oakie's name in the picture happens to be Skippy. . . . Betty Hutton has decided not to buy that house for Mom. Real estate values too high at present. There is no truth to the rumor that Betty and Perc Westmore are singing in rhythm again. Perc is going to marry vivacious red-haired Margaret Donovan whose legs, according to Bette Davis, are the prettiest in the world. . . . Deanna Durbin, that old party-giver for her fellow workmen, recently gave a wedding shower for Sally Wohl, her secretary. She's working hard in her new Universal picture titled "Hers To Hold" . . . Lou Costello is recovering from his battle with rheumatic fever and will be able to go back to work in September if he continues to improve.

Animal Kingdom

Ray Milland, having conquered the chicken raising business, is now branching out. He recently acquired a pair of rabbits. Now he is studying the multiplication table.

Nancy Coleman was sitting up in the still hours of morning reading "The Uninvited," a book to turn a longshoreman pale at high noon. Suddenly she heard an inexplicable rustling in the fireplace and, taking no chances on entertaining a zombie, began to scream the house down. Her mother came running in and apprehended the spook—it was a baby barn owl that had done a Santa Claus down the chimney.

Sonja Henie's dog likes to skate. No fooling. It follows her onto the ice, slipping and sliding like a freshman on a dance floor, and yelps until she picks him up and carries him along in her arms as she glides.

Sentimental Stuff

Van Johnson is so much better that he was allowed to go to Romanoff's for dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn to help celebrate their wedding anniversary. Incidentally, while he was still in the hospital, Irene Dunne came to call on Van one afternoon. His temperature had been normal, but the nurse—noticing an admiring flush—popped the thermometer into Van's mouth. A few seconds later she nodded to Miss Dunne. "You have a very stimulating effect upon Mr. Johnson; I'm afraid, in the interest of his temperature that you mustn't stay any longer."

Women Are Quaint Creatures Dept.

Guess who plays tennis with whom each day? Garbo with Hepburn. No fooling. Local photographers are slowly losing their minds in an attempt to think up some way to get candid shots of this activity.

* * *

Betty Grable had thought that "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" was finished, so she went to Palm Springs and got a thorough-going sun tan. Then she was recalled for retakes. Betty had to be done up in a white facial make-up, and for the dancing sequences, her bronzed legs were encased in pink mesh tights. Art, now, is a wonderful thing.

War, Women and Lipstick—



A recent portrait of
Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing “life” to your lips that defy both time and weather.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



TANGEE

WITH THE NEW
SATIN-FINISH



FOR THE MODERN MISS

By Elizabeth Willguss

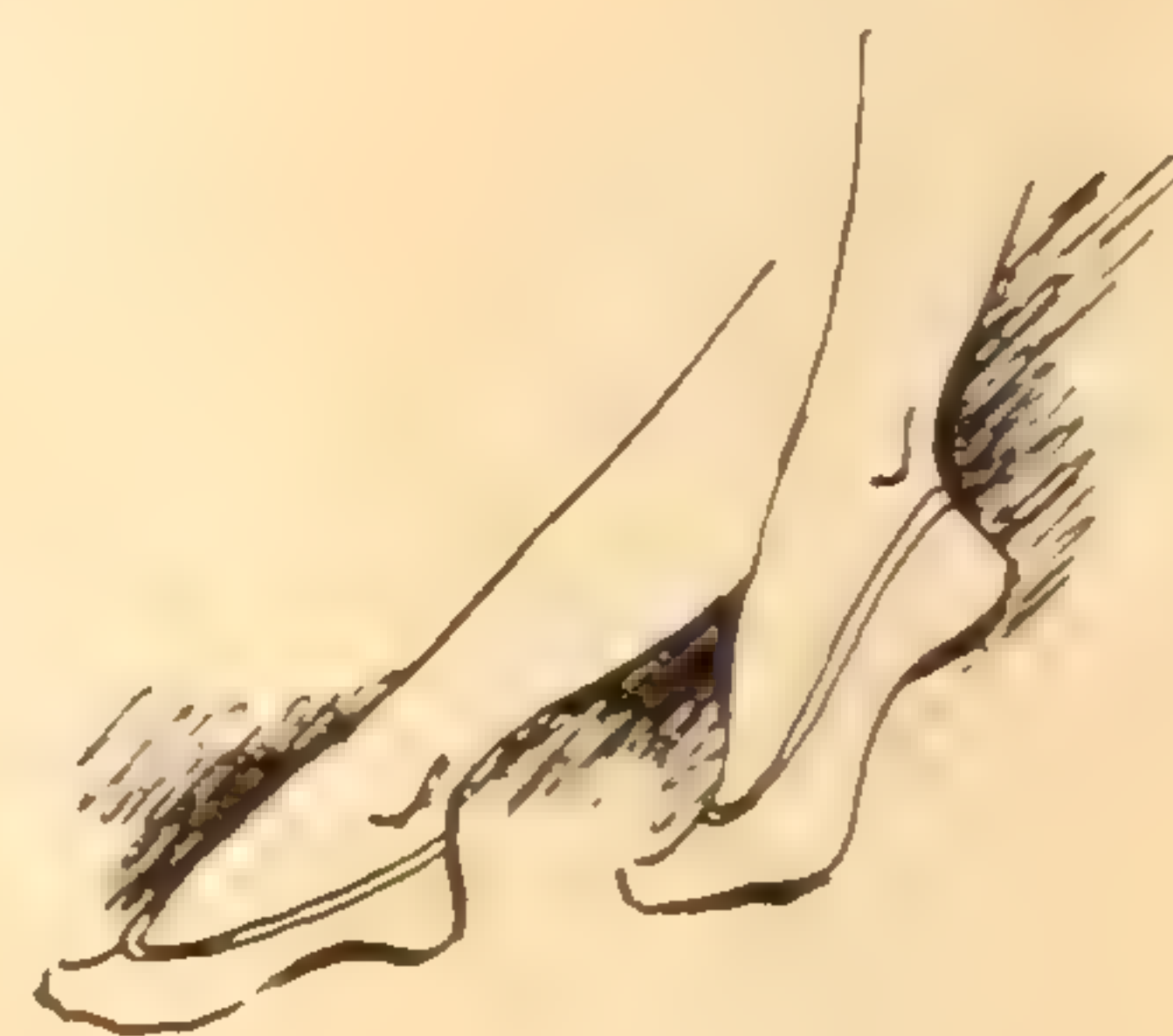
Ooh, a spot!



Well, do something about it. Don't wait. Even if you're down on a farm far from a dry cleaner and all your clothes are summer washables, anyway! No matter how careful, you'll spill milk down your front or juice from a ripe peach or upset the iodine bottle after fixing that thumb. So here are some special spot tactics for you summer Victory croppers:

- DO wash *milk* stains with soap and water.
- DO treat *iodine* to a whiff of ammonia.
- DO tamp *cooking oil* spots with dry cleaning solvent.
- DO give those letter-writing *ink* spots an equal dose of glycerine and water; on white fabrics, follow with scant ammonia and peroxide.
- DON'T expose *tannin* stains (coffee, tea, fruit, mustard, soft drinks) to heat or soap. Use water.

SUMMER HINTS . . .



Do they fit?

Fine stuff, the liquid hose you smooth on so expertly. But while you're saving stockings, you don't want your marathon tootsies and their lighthearted pumps to rub each other the wrong way, do you? Your answer is foot socks that *fit*, even without elastic tops. So five-and-ten shop your suntan Footlets in exact stocking size in cotton, lisle or rayon, and they won't slink into the heel!

Stay cool on the job



Let the temperature hit a steady 90. Let everyone else look damp and wilted. For yourself, though, choose *city black* with *frosted white*, and you'll be every bit as fresh after a day's work as you were at nine in the morning. Your "light colors are cooler" champions can go their namby-pamby way. You're smart. You'll take a sleek duco dot or a pin stripe and walk away with all the office compliments. Besides, you can slide neatly into fall by merely changing your summer white accessories!

Try these!

Now in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars," Ann Sheridan shows you how in a trim suspender dress.



If you don't own a jumper dress, you're way off somewhere. Think of your suit blouses and the possible changes! Don't rush out to buy now, however. Wait awhile, have your pick of the fall variety. Meantime, why not cut down an old dress?

Kay Aldridge, Republic's serial queen, who looked mint-julep cool the other day in her green dress and big brim, says, "If you can manage to *look cool*, you've solved half the problem." And, she adds, you do it with one solid color and no fussiness!

"Starched linen blouses in watermelon pink or pale blue will freshen up any summer suit." There's your tip from Ruth Hussey, M-G-M's star of "Tennessee Johnson." And even if you can't find such a luscious shade of linen, you can dye it just the color you want, can't you?

Rita Hayworth tells you...
**HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR NEW
 BLENDED MUSKRAT**

This is what she advises her fans: "When you buy furs, look for the Hollander mark — it means beauty that lasts." And that's true of all the Hollander furs — Featherlite Persian Lamb, Beaver, Hudson Seal-dyed Muskrat and others.



RITA HAYWORTH,
star of Columbia Pictures' forthcoming Technicolor production, "Cover Girl," sees that her furs have expert care. Many stores feature Hollanderizing — fur cleansing and rejuvenation by the very same methods used by Hollander in processing the original pelts.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOLLYWOOD'S PAUL HESSE

Rita Hayworth tells you
WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR OLD FUR COAT



Fur is Precious

That's why Rita gives the coats she no longer wants to friends, relatives or worthy charities. She won't let them idle their lives away when they can make someone else warm, beautiful and happy.

Fur is Precious

Rita often finds an old coat of hers has a lot of wear left in it. She advises you to do as she does: have it repaired or remodeled at the place you buy your furs to recapture your pride of ownership.

Fur is Precious

Every scrap of it can be used. Your local furrier, department store or specialty shop will be glad to accept your old furs for the **FUR VEST PROJECT**. They will make warm vest linings which are given free to our seamen.



THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES



The heroism of the embattled women of Europe who believe strongly enough in their cause to die for it, is embodied in Katina Paxinou's portrayal of Pilar.

GREECE

BY MARJORIE DEEN

A dynamic stage star, Katina Paxinou—as yet completely unknown to movie audiences but famous on the Continent—was the person finally picked by Paramount to play the coveted role of the indomitable Pilar in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." "There could have been no better choice for the part," you'll soon be hearing on all sides. Nor could there be a person more logical to represent Greece, in our series on *The Foods of Our Allies*, than this fine actress, known in better days as "The First Lady of the Royal Greek Theater."

At first Madame Paxinou demurred when we explained the nature of our interview. "In discussing the foods of my country," she explained sadly, "we can speak only in the past tense with regret, or in the future tense with hope. Of the present we must speak with sorrow and pity—and with a deep determination to do all we can to ameliorate the tragic lot of my starved and tortured fellow countrymen."

She then went on to describe the food relief program being carried out under the auspices of the Greek Relief Association—while at the same time urging us all to purchase the useful Atlas of War Maps sold for the benefit of this worthy cause; and to make any other contributions we can towards a program on whose continuing success depends the survival of an historic race.

Finally, however, Madame Paxinou did tell us about some of the native dishes of Greece which she thought would be popular with Americans. These specialties are necessarily of the simpler sort. Featured among them is Chicken Kapama—as prepared by the chef of one of New York's famous hostelries which caters with equal success to people of Greek descent and to those Americans who appreciate the semi-oriental undertones of Greek cookery.

A simple sweet like Hosafi—instead of the more familiar, but too-hard-to-make-at-home dessert, Baclava—could follow the Kapama; while Avgolemono might well precede it, if you would have an entire meal of Greek inspiration. Then too, if you wish to have a starchy food with the main dish, by all means follow their custom of serving—in preference to potatoes—rice cooked in such a manner that each grain stands out distinct from its fellows. Here's how it's done. And here also are other recipes for dishes long favored in Greece—to serve as reminders of a happier past and as signposts on the road to a brighter future for a brave and still active ally.

ADJEM PILAFF (Fluffy Cooked Rice)

Wash 1 cup rice through several waters. Drain thoroughly. In a deep, heavy saucepan melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add the rice; cook and stir until golden brown. Add 2 cups water (or 2 cups stock) and 2 teaspoons salt. Boil gently 25 minutes in covered saucepan, without stirring. Turn off heat, stir with a fork, cover with a doubled towel and allow to stand on back of stove, or in hot oven, for 5 minutes.



The recipe for Chicken Kapama, pictured here, was given to us by the chef of the Hotel St. Moritz—whose restaurant features, each day, dishes which are outstanding examples of the best in Greek cuisine.

AVGOLEMONO
(Egg-Lemon Soup)

- 3½ cups chicken stock
- 2 tablespoons rice
- salt to taste
- 2 egg yolks
- ¼ cup lemon juice

Bring chicken stock to boiling point. Wash rice, add to stock and cook until soft. Add salt to taste. To well beaten egg yolks add the lemon juice; beat together thoroughly. Dilute with a little of the hot soup, then add to remaining soup, stirring well as you add. Allow to stand several minutes over hot water. Serves 4.

KAPAMA
(Baked Chicken)

- 2 (2 pound) chickens
- ½ cup butter (or chicken fat)
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 celery stalk, sliced
- 6 small white onions
- ½ cup sherry wine
- salt and pepper, to taste
- 1 bud garlic
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 cups stewed tomatoes
- additional seasonings
- 2 whole tomatoes

Have chickens cut into 4 portions each—reserving the wing tips, neck and giblets which should be cooked in a little water to make the 1 cup broth called for in recipe. Place chicken portions in large skillet containing the butter or chicken fat. Fry on both sides until well browned. Remove chicken to casserole, add the carrot, celery, onion and sherry. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. To the fat in which chickens were fried add the bud of garlic (more garlic may be used if the flavor is liked—but care should be exercised so as not to “mask” the delicate flavor of the chicken itself). Stir in the flour and cook and stir until slightly browned. Remove garlic and add the strained chicken broth. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add the stewed tomatoes. Taste and add salt, pepper and also a pinch of mixed herbs, if desired. Pour this sauce over contents of casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes. Uncover, add the quartered tomatoes and cook 15 minutes longer. Serves 4.

MOUSAKA
(Meat and Eggplant Casserole)

- 1 large eggplant
- fat for frying
- 1 pound chopped meat
- 1 onion, chopped fine
- salt, pepper, bayleaf
- 2 fresh tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon butter

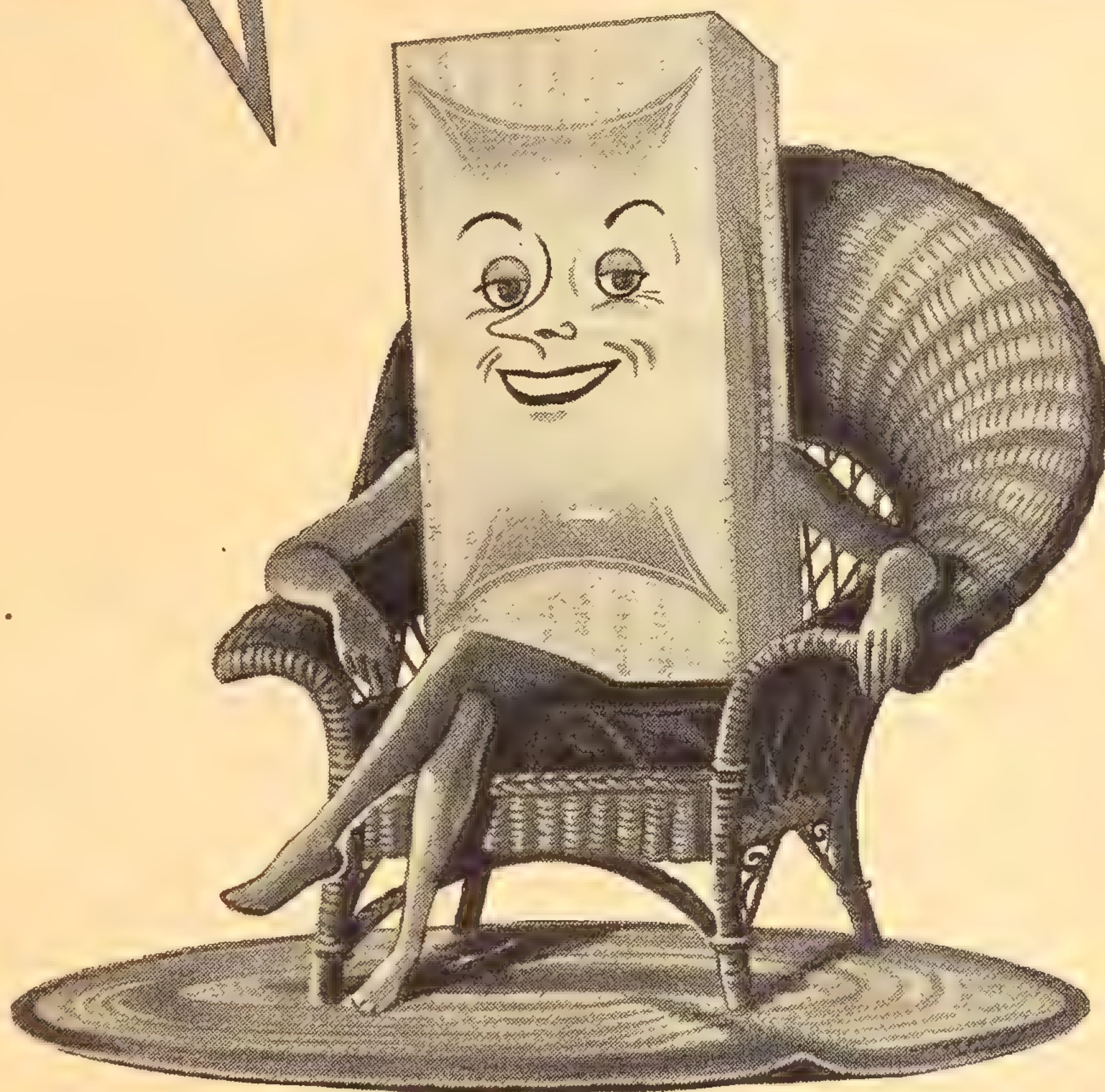
Pare and slice eggplant. Sprinkle with salt, place on a plate, top with second plate and place a weight on top plate. Allow to drain for 1 hour. Fry slices on both sides in a little fat, until well browned. (Eggplant may first be dusted with a little flour, if desired.) Meanwhile brown the meat and the onion in a little fat in a separate skillet. Add salt, pepper and a bit of bayleaf. Add the tomatoes cut into very small pieces. Cook and stir 2 minutes longer. Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with pre-cooked eggplant, top with a layer of meat, then add a second layer of eggplant. Dot with butter and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes.

HOSAFI

- 2 cups (1 pound) seedless raisins
- 3 cups water
- peel of 1 orange
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Wash and drain raisins, add water and peel cut into thin strips. Simmer 30 minutes. Add sugar. Chill well.

Now...let's talk about you



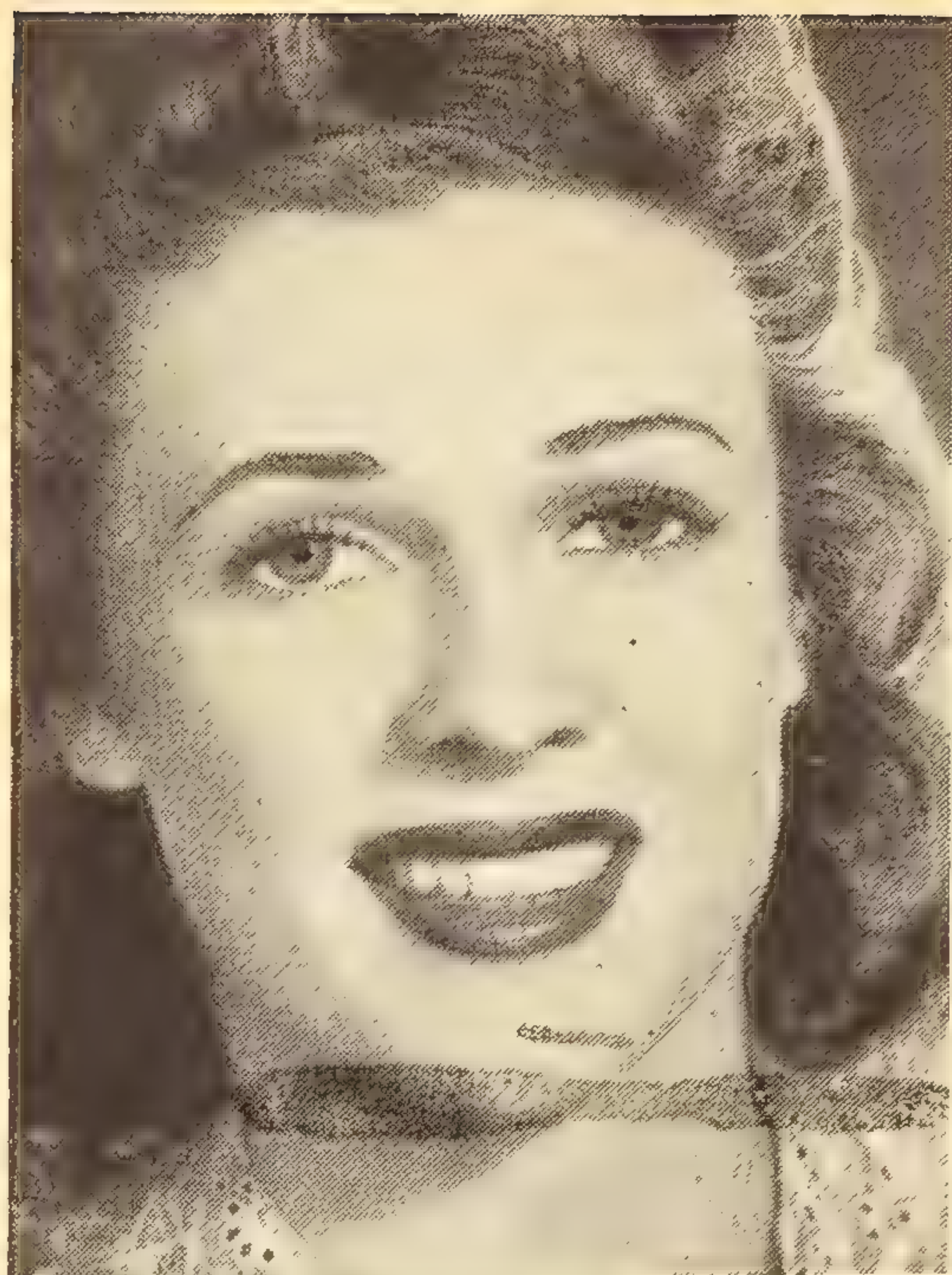
You've had your share of worries lately . . . what with shortages and soaring prices, saving 'points' and stretching pennies . . . it's a full-time job just to keep your family clothed and fed.

Then there's the weekly wash. More than likely you're doing it yourself. And now—the last straw—you can't always get your favorite laundry soap!

It's hard to be patient about these things. But—please believe that the makers of Fels-Naptha are doing everything they can to keep you supplied. Working day and night at it. If your grocer doesn't have Fels-Naptha Soap in stock today—he *will* have it soon. So *please keep on asking.*



FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



WOMEN WHO KNOW have a better chance for happiness!

**IMPROVED NEW
FEMININE HYGIENE WAY
gives continuous action
for hours!**

● Knowing the truth about feminine hygiene—the real modern facts—is bound to mean greater happiness for any wife! Are you sure your information is up-to-date?

Today you can know! Today no woman need trust half-truths. No woman need rely on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures—or risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Intelligent, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

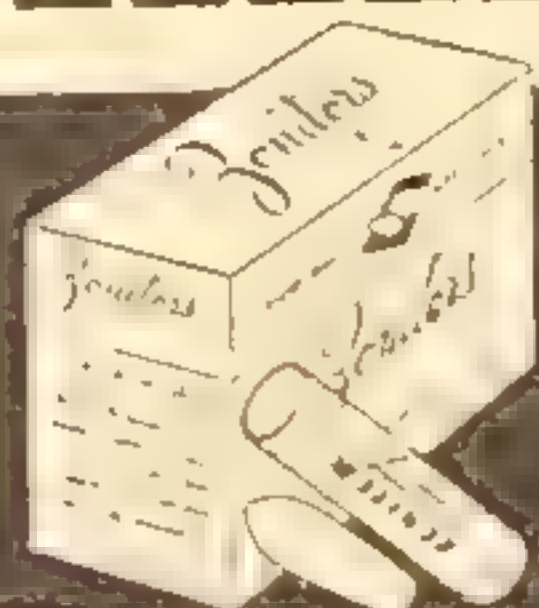
Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7809B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Zonitors
~ SO CONVENIENT



CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

ironing). Foot-wise, just about anything goes, they do say, as long as it's divinely comfortable. Moccasins and saddles are most popular, and some coupon-conscious gals wear no shoes a-tall. You'll need a bandanna or two to do up your hair on damp or windy mornings, and if you're going to live at the farm rather than commute, you'll need a few crisp cotton numbers for evening. We can't warn you enough against packing a lot of coy pinafores for working clothes. They couldn't cut less ice with the farmers.

One fine day you'll be called and asked to report for work. Perhaps to help out on a dairy farm, if you live in the cow country. Your chores may involve butter-making, running a separator (electrically, lest the mere thought put you out of commission), machine-milking, mixing grains and feeds and seeing that the cows eat their spinach. You'll be shown the ropes, so stop brooding over the thing. On a poultry farm, you'd feed and water the feathered friends, clean, grade, candle, and crate eggs and prepare poultry for market. On an agricultural farm, you'd pick the produce, wax vegetables, can 'em.

safaris cost dough . . .

If your state is a dairy country, and you crave to work on an agricultural farm, specify that in your original application. If you're a Westerner and you'd love to work in the East, write to the Volunteer Land Corps, 51 E. 42nd Street, New York City. They'll try to place you on a selected and supervised New England farm, having first blown you to a four-week course in agriculture at Farmingdale, L. I. If you're an Easterner with a yen to work in the West (that's human nature, you know), write to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in the capital of the state you choose, and ask for job data. However, unless you have some spare cash to throw around, don't undertake a long safari. You pay your own way, you know, and it mounts up.

Now, the vital question department: What about wages? They vary from state to state, but these are fairly typical. Thirty-five cents an hour if you work for a day here and there; \$30 a month plus roof and rations if you live at the farm. During harvesting, you're paid by the piece, so much per bushel of corn. Are the farms co-ed? Some will be, but the majority won't. Check with the Farm Bureau first if this matters, and assure your shocked parents that the farms are well house-mothered. Can girls of all ages co-operate? Yes, if they're hale and hearty. Child labor laws prevent the very little women from pitching in, however.

Here's one way to combine fun and farming. Get your gang of kids to sign up for work one day a week as a group. Bring a lush picnic lunch and your bathing suits. When you knock off around four-thirty, hie yourselves to the creek for a long dip, then home to one of your houses for much food and square-dancing. Important point: Don't loaf on the job. You'll get fired ultimately.

A word or two of warning. Don't offer your services directly to the farmer, or you'll have absolutely no assurance of fair treatment or maximum pay. (If the farmer in the case is your uncle or something, ignore this, of course.) Don't, in a fit of misguided patriotism, offer to

work for nothing. You'll force the wage scale down. Don't fib about your prowess.

hey, you with the green thumb! . . .

If you're out of school and career-shopping, give a thought to farming. Seriously, it's going to be one of the professions for women. You see, the Department of Agriculture has analyzed the potentialities of female farmers and found them good. Ladies, it seems, have green thumbs and a way with animals. They are patient, dexterous and diligent—all of which adds up to this. You can, after a stretch at agricultural college, land a \$2,600-a-year Civil Service job as a crop production specialist or a junior soil conservationist. If you're interested in farming as a way of life—a peaceful, deep-down happy, profitable way, drop a card to your State Director of Rural War Production Training.

* * * *

Co-Ed Bulletin Board: This is the month to sneak up on that gorgeous MODERN SCREEN contest on page 64. What with everyone knee-deep in summer and lazy as anything, the time couldn't be riper for you. Give it a try right this minute. The prizes are as out-of-this-world as James on the trumpet, and we'd like nothing better than to send you one of 'em!

And here's another beautiful thing. The whole string of charts in our Super-Coupon (all but Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart) is being offered for exactly nothing, beginning now. No nickels . . . no box tops . . . no stuff. Super-Star Information Chart is simply staggering—combines three of M.S.'s former charts with miles of added dope on Hollywood people. For a dime it's a terrific prize. In fact, we expect the 100,000 we've printed to disappear in two winks, so take action, chum . . . and quick! Too, we've added fresh this month a beauty chart for making you a regular dream, in seconds flat! Leaf over to Page 18 for more Super-Coupon dope!

200,000,000 PLATTERS

Remember what your Saturday nights used to be like? A mob of you around a phonograph . . . a stack of records a mile high? A lot of those records are tucked in the attic now . . . cracked and dated and useless. A lot of guys are sitting around a phonograph in a camp, somewhere, playing "Java Jive" over and over and remembering those nights. In many cases, there isn't much besides a vic to brighten their evenings. Trouble is, there's a terrific shortage of discs. That's where you come in, with sleeves rolled up.

The American Legion—and their Auxiliary will buzz your bell sometime this month asking for old records and broken ones which they, in turn, will sell to record manufacturers as scrap. They're looking forward to 200,000,000 of 'em, and the money raised in this way will be used to buy brand new records for all servicemen both here and abroad. Better whisk through your stacks of records right now. And remember, it doesn't matter a bit how old or broken they are; they'll make simply luscious scrap.

MURDER! SHE SAYS

(Continued from page 47)

mother. She wasn't meant to worry. I'll take care of you both." For Betty, her mother's hands became the symbol of drudgery and heartache. Lying scarred and seamed and idle in her lap for a moment, they never failed to bring the tears stinging to Betty's lids.

Mother has the car now and the fur coat. She's married to the man who waited 16 years, because she wouldn't say yes till the girls grew up.

Marion's happily married and has a baby, so Betty doesn't have to worry about her any more either.

lady with a capital I . . .

The way things are, you'd think she wouldn't have to worry about herself either. At 22, she's covered considerable ground—from a Detroit tenement to Hollywood's plushy lap—from singing for pennies to stardom at Paramount. But there's a devil that keeps her keyed to fever pitch. Every goal is just a stepping-stone to the next.

She's always aimed for the top. Half-way doesn't suit her. As a kid in Detroit, she said, "Some day I'll sing at the Fox—" where the big shots sang. She wants to be a fine actress, because that's tops in Hollywood. She wants to be a lady, because that's tops in womanhood.

"I don't mean the kind of lady who's dull. I mean someone who has humor, has charm, isn't cheap. When you see Colbert, you don't say hello to her like you would to Joe Blow. You say it with respect. I want that look in my face like hers—that careless look."

That's Betty talking—the kid who was honest with herself from the day she could think, who looked at her plain freckled face in the mirror and said grimly, "Nobody thinks you're going to be anything but you. Well, maybe you're not, but I tell you one thing, my girl, you're going to kill yourself trying."

It's also her mother talking. Mrs. Hutton had her own goal, driving toward it with the same intensity that burns in

I want to Join the W-I-V-E-S



1 You see she was a very lonely girl indeed. There was no romance in her young life... 'cause she looked old and faded... and love stayed away. And it was all her face powder's fault... its shade was dead and lifeless... which added years to her age!



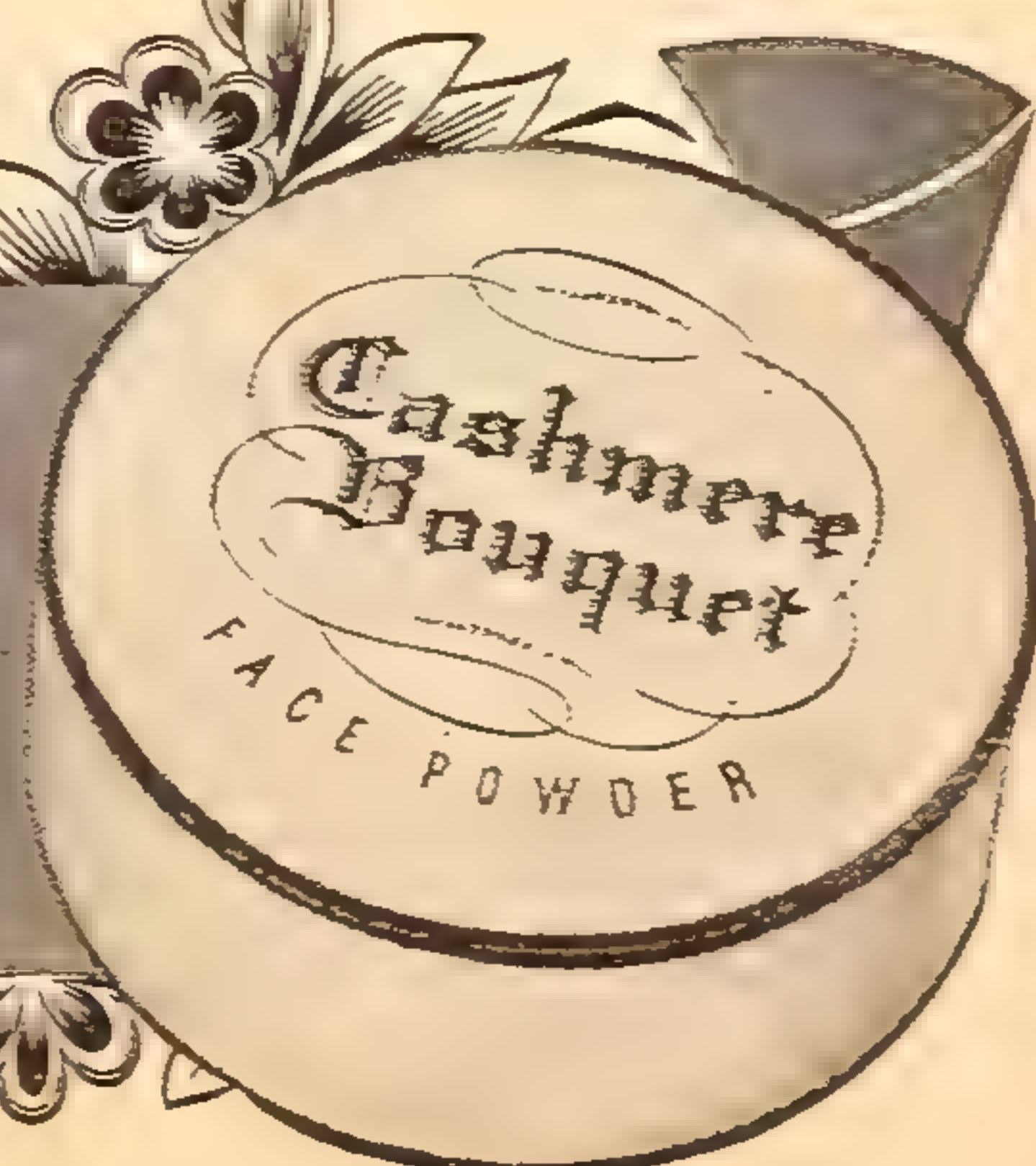
2 Then she tried a glamorous new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. What a difference! For these new youthful shades are perfectly matched to the vibrant, glowing skin-tones of youth! And, listen... there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the natural, youthful coloring of your complexion, too... no matter what your age!

3 Look at her now... our sad Miss is a glad Mrs.—thanks to that smooth, downy look of youth Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! What's more, this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours!

4 So glorify the youthfulness of your complexion! Thrill to the glamorous new allure Cashmere Bouquet can bring to your skin! You'll find a new, youthful shade that's perfect for you... in a 10¢ or larger size, at all cosmetic counters!



CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER
In the New Youthful Shades



Winners in MODERN SCREEN'S Contest No. 4

"Hello, Frisco, Hello"

1. Miss Edith Jacobs
Roslindale, Mass.
2. Mrs. Robert A. Swan
Portland, Ore.
3. Mrs. Thomas Parrish
Kalamazoo, Mich.
4. Miss Ruth Luark
Spokane, Wash.
5. Mrs. Betty Sullenger
Crestline, Kansas
6. Mr. Richard Swearingen
Lexington, Ky.
7. Miss Georgia Alderigi
Gallipolis, Ohio
8. Miss Billie Chenault
Wichita Falls, Tex.
9. Miss Louise Goldberg
New York, N. Y.
10. Mrs. Milton Thomas
Dayton, Ohio
11. Mrs. George Hales
Birmingham, Ala.

Betty. She'd been handicapped by a lack of schooling. Her girls wouldn't be. No factory work for them. Marion wanted to be a nurse. Betty was smart; she could be a secretary. Both respectable callings, something you could hang on to earn a decent living.

It almost killed her when Marion had to quit. Marion didn't want to quit. She really wanted to be a nurse. But as mother grew older, work grew harder to find, and the choice lay between stark necessity and a dream. So Marion quit and got a job in a drugstore. Well, Betty then. They'd both put Betty through school. Betty was a whizzbang at school.

At 12, Betty'd made up her mind to be a singer. Mrs. Hutton owned a guitar—one of the few relics of her girlhood—and had taught the children songs like "Dinah" and "Show Me the Way to Go Home." One night she took them to a restaurant patronized by her friends. Betty was moved to get up and sing, and when people clapped and threw money on the floor, her eyes popped. Money for singing! Zowie! This was for her!

She became a familiar figure at the rollicking Italian weddings, haunted amateur nights, where you hollered the name of your song to the orchestra.

But it wasn't only the money, it was the fun. Amateur nights were her substitute for the movies and skating rinks she couldn't afford—the color and music and tingle of life. She had a swell time up there on the stage—swinging into it, letting herself go, drawing applause.

Mrs. Hutton said, "So she's singing, so what? As long as it doesn't interfere with school."

She even agreed to let Betty go to New York one summer. "But only for the summer mind you." Fred Winegar, a bandleader, thought he could get some dates, with Betty as singer. Mrs. Hutton cooked enough chicken for their meals on the train, but nobody gave them chicken in New York. They were down to crackers and cheese when they finally got a date with a music publisher.

One look at Betty was enough. "How old are you?"

Her rouge and lipstick were too thick. So was her lie.

"Listen, kid. If you'll be a nice girl and go back to school, I'll pay your fare."

up popped fate . . .

To Betty he'll always be a prince, even if his advice stank. Back home, she plunged headlong into her singing rounds again. Now she ventured into night-clubs, took her crowd along so they could lead the applause. And one night fate

poked a finger into the pie.

The spot was appropriately called The Nuthouse and, after Betty's song, the head waiter came back, looking respectful. "Vincent Lopez wants you."

"Who's Vincent Lopez?" (That was the awful part. Hot bands were her dish. The smooth Lopez lay beyond her ken.)

"He's just playing at the Fox, that's all."

Her tottering legs took her to the bandleader's table. Next day he gave her an audition and offered her \$65 a week to go on tour. What did her mother say? What would you say if a blazing-eyed hurricane hit you with news of more money in a week than you'd ever been able to put by through years of back- and heartbreak?

Betty learned more than her songs on that tour. She learned about food and clothes, about good taste and bad, grabbing knowledge where she found it.

mom does it . . .

Billy Rose had engaged the Lopez band for the opening of *Casa Manana* in New York. On tour Betty had been all right, but hardly the hoped-for sensation. She'd been brooding over this, but brooding hadn't brought the answer.

They'd set her for the opening spot, the warm-up spot. She'd be pitted against names like Morgan and Richman and Lou Holtz. Out there in the audience they'd still be eating, so she'd also have food to contend with.

Her mother was with her. In the dressing room they knelt and prayed, as they do before every performance. Betty's no formal churchgoer. "I just talk to Him," she says, "like I talk to you."

Mrs. Hutton sat in the balcony, shaking. Betty came on and sang "A Tisket, A Tasket." The applause was mild. She was about to go off, having been told to do only one number, unless they clamored for more. Then she lifted her eyes—to her mother's smile, to her mother's thumb and forefinger rounding in an O. Unexpectedly, even to herself, Betty winked. And out front they laughed—That did it. It was only a laugh, but it sent power surging through Betty. She remembered Detroit—"like somebody feeding you a steak, like having wings—"

She broke into "Where's My Little Dog Gone," and blasted it in the style that needs no description today—hurled the music around, threw the microphone over, tore off the stage and on to the tables, had a wonderful time going mad and inviting the world and his brother to go mad with her. They did, too. They refused to let her go. She sang "Old Man Mose Kicked the Bucket," and then,

being only 16 and delirious, she broke down and bawled. That made the women clap harder in sympathy and nudge the menfolk to keep their big hams going. Lou Holtz had to come out and stop the riot. Past caring now, Betty grabbed the curtain and swung off on it like some exultant Valkyrie.

Billy Rose called them all backstage after the show for suggested changes. Betty's turn came last. Reaction had set in. She was scared blue.

The little showman narrowed his eyes at her. "Young woman, I've got just one thing to say to you. Don't tear my curtain down."

Next day he sent her a black fitted case by Elizabeth Arden—the first good thing she'd ever owned.

From 21 weeks at *Casa Manana* to vaudeville—to "Two for the Show"—to "Panama Hattie," produced by Buddy De Sylva. "Some day," said De Sylva, "I'll do a show for you." Out of many who don't, he's one who sticks to his word. Shortly after he became production head at Paramount, Betty got a wire. "Have a part for you in 'Fleet's In.'"

He calls her his pet protégé, and she calls him the boss, and for Betty's money, he wears a halo. Because he believed in her, she got her chance to slip from clowning into acting. Because she made good, she's landed the Tex Guinan plum, to follow "And the Angels Sing."

Her only objection to screen acting is the absence of applause. She thinks Hollywood's swell. She blows across the Paramount lot like a breeze, calls De Mille lover boy. She broke her engagement to Perc Westmore because he wanted to marry soon and she didn't. Her career came first. They're still on good terms, and she sees him now and then.

She's still mad about jewels and furs, though no longer about dripping them.

bell-bottom trousers . . .

She likes hamburgers and skee ball, and anything heavier than light fiction gives her a headache. She rents a bigger apartment than she needs, because she can't stand the hemmed-in feeling of her childhood. The maid's got to bring breakfast the minute Betty's up.

Her best friend is Doris, who's been her hairdresser since "Fleet's In." She doesn't have a good time with terribly sophisticated people who've put on an act so long that they wouldn't know their real selves if they met 'em in the dark. She despises people who come to your house and, if it's not big enough, look down their noses and say, how quaint. She likes Doris. Doris is down to her level, and Doris likes sailors, and Doris has a new sailor story every day.

Happy-go-lucky is not the word for her. The iron of her childhood has bitten deep. She's still running from nameless terrors, forever on the move. If something bad happens, it gets tied up in her mind with the place she's living in, so she moves to another place. She drives herself to sleep. "Hurry, hurry, you've got to be up at six."

Worse than anything, she hates being alone. When she hasn't a dinner date, she calls her mother and stepdad—or she runs over to Lucey's opposite Paramount and has a sandwich at the bar and talks to the philosophic bartender.

Try to probe her dread of being alone, and she turns on you the eyes of a tormented child. "I get lonely and lost and frightened. There are so many things yet to do that I haven't done—"

Like learning to be a lady, for instance. Well, we all have our own ideas of what makes a lady. For a very gallant one, I give you Betty Hutton.

ARE YOU NOSEY?

Like to know what goes on? In our new Super Star Information Chart we've got the straight dope on 511 stars, including band names and a special division for Westerns. Answers every question we could think of, from their pics and studio addresses right down to their love life. For a sample, here's what we've got on Alan Ladd.

NAME AND STUDIO	BORN	HEIGHT—WEIGHT	HAIR—EYES	NUTS ABOUT
LADD, ALAN, Par.	Hot Springs, Ark. Sept. 3, 1913	5' 9" 150 lbs.	Blond Hair Blue Eyes	Bad man roles
KIDS	LOVE LIFE	USED TO BE	LAST 4 PICS	BELIEVE IT OR NOT
2	M. Sue Carol	Trying to get in	China, Glass Key Lucky Jordan Star Sp. Rhythm	Was stage hand before break.
MOST RECENT EVENT	See Super Coupon on page 18 for exciting FREE offers.			
New baby Army—Corporal				

"GENTLEMAN BOB"

(Continued from page 49)

was too great to land; either that or the runway had congealed in a strip too small for Bob's plane. He poured on more coal, took on some altitude and looked down on the field where his teacher was doing plain and fancy nips.

Maybe, thought Bob, the wind had changed, so he flew down for a look at the wind sock. Nope, the wind was still coming from the proper department. "Make a landing approach from a thousand feet" his instructions had said, so Bob went back to a thousand and came in again. When he reached the approximate landing point, he still had too much speed.

By this time he was doing the heaviest thinking of his life. He was wondering why no one had ever equipped a plane with an anchor and a reliable stairway.

Being a patient soul, he tried a seventh time and had no difficulty at all in cutting down air speed and making a perfect three-point on the accepted runway spot.

As Bob climbed out of the plane, his teacher came sagging over on a pair of Leon Errol's knees. He also had an explanation: The day was so hot that strong and erratic air currents had been set up; just as Bob had tried to land, six times, the wind had swung around in exactly the opposite direction.

Bob summoned up a grin for the moment. "My thirteenth hour in the air... that must explain such a freaky thing."

After 35 hours in the air he earned his private pilot's license, whereupon he telephoned his mother. "How would you like to go for a ride with me?" he demanded.

"I'd love it," she said instantly, then she paused. "Do I have to look at the ground?" she wanted to know.

She took to flying like a bird—so long as she could look straight ahead into the sunset, or to either side into cloud banks. What she didn't particularly enjoy was the panorama directly below. "Down is such a long way," she observed.

When she landed she patted Bob's shoulder. "You're a good driver," she said. "Any time you can take me, I'd like to fly with you." This is known as family solidarity.

Ordeal by air . . .

When Bob broached the subject of giving Barbara passenger privileges in his plane she was grateful but unmoved. She explained that she liked solid earth. Things grew in it, and a person five feet two inches tall had no great distance to fall to reach it.

But the air—something else again. It didn't look like anything, yet aerial engineers insisted that it resembled, in its flow, the golden laze of molasses. It harbored thunder, lightning, hurricane, cyclone and simoon. Practically anything could loom out of air including clouds, birds, rain, hail and other planes. No thanks, said Barbara.

It wasn't until Bob had well over 80 flying hours written up in his log book that Barbara finally consented to a brief trial flight. She liked it—but not enough. She has never been up since.

Immediately afterward she bought a St. Christopher medal to be placed in the plane's cockpit; then she bought a second to be worn on a chain around Bob's neck. Then a new medal for fliers was introduced, and Barbara bought that.

Bob, while not superstitious, approves of any charm; although non-Catholic (Barbara is Catholic), he is grateful for blessed medals. "Anything she says is good for me, I'll wear. It's a fine idea."

香點請
糖美你
國給
口我

"WILL YOU GIVE US SOME AMERICAN GUM, PLEASE?"



YANKS SHARE A "BACK HOME" FAVORITE WITH THEIR ALLIES IN FOREIGN LANDS!

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile...a friendly gesture...are saying, "We're your friends" to people who don't speak our language.

That's why so many of America's men in uniform are offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands.

They're sharing a good thing and making good friends.

And if there are times when you can't get all the Beech-Nut Gum you want, it's because the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and abroad, come first of all!

Use your free time this summer to serve your country!

In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America's crops. Volunteer when your local Community Committee asks for help. Yes, you will be paid!



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package...with the red oval



"SOAPING"

**DULLS LOVELY HAIR!
HALO MAKES IT RADIANT!**

New-Type Halo Shampoo Reveals Hidden Highlights...Your Hair Sparkles

YOU will be thrilled the way your hair sparkles with all its natural color, the way hidden highlights are revealed the very first time you shampoo with Halo. Halo cannot leave dulling soap-film on hair. *This is a promise no soap or soap shampoo can possibly make.*

All soaps and soap shampoos—even the finest—leave soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap—therefore cannot cloud the radiance of your hair with soap-film.

Halo removes loose dandruff—rinses away completely without a lemon or vinegar rinse—leaves your hair easy to manage and curl. 10¢ and larger sizes.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



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So natural they even have half moons.

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



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To protect your nails against injury—splitting, breaking, or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives—women everywhere.
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NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
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winged plan . . .

It was a week or so later when Bob had his funniest mishap. He landed satisfactorily at a small airport, but as he taxied along the runway a determined wind sprang up—in answer to some gremlin's call—and began to nudge Bob's plane merrily into an adjacent field.

Bob's apprehensive glance noted that the terrain was planted to some sort of crop, but not until juicy morsels began to spatter against his windshield, and black seeds began to fly, did he realize that he was systematically manufacturing watermelon crush. It took Bob a long time to live this down, not only with the farmer involved, but with the pilots and crews at the airport.

On another occasion, when a picture company was on location in Arizona, Bob flew down to join them. There had been a good deal of studio opposition to his learning to fly, but once he had his private pilot's license, the censure died.

While flying happily through the Arizona sky, Bob felt that he was maintaining a very respectable air speed: 110 the speedometer read. Behind him he heard a zooming, and an Army plane passed him as if he had been a badminton bird in an April breeze. The Army pilot dipped his wings in greeting; it was a beautiful gesture and one that Bob tried, after a fashion, to return.

He was still brooding over the non-grace of his greeting when he made his landing in full view of the Metro crew which had come down in cars to meet him. To this day, Bob isn't exactly sure what happened. However, he did a beautiful ground loop that threatened to tear off a wing . . . all in the general direction of the Army plane which had landed some minutes before.

Despite the delight Bob takes in telling his friends, in detail, about his sloppy landings, his miscalculations and his general confusion, there is no doubt in anyone's mind that Lieutenant Taylor is a respectable pilot. Bob had over 100 air hours to fulfill the 50-air-hour requirement for the job he is to do.

Bob's friends sometimes say that his attitude reminds them of a story told about Gentleman Jim Corbett. As Jim Corbett was entering a hotel one evening he was jostled by a small, paunchy man of questionable sobriety. This character, instead of going on about his business, turned around and gave Corbett a violent tongue-lashing.

Corbett could have lifted the chubby one by his shirt front and set him aside with one hand; instead, he apologized. Afterward, the man with Corbett asked why he'd been so courteous.

"I can afford to be polite. I have the punch to back it up," Corbett answered.

So with Bob. He can afford to be funny about his rare mishaps because he so seriously hopes to deliver properly when the time comes.

As a combination fourth anniversary present and going-away gift, Barbara bought Bob his Navy luggage—stout bags of dark blue canvas. She selected them herself, and Bob was pleased pink; exactly, he told her, what he needed.

Bob, to celebrate the occasion, bought Barbara a fox jacket.

She lifted the lid from the box and said "Oh"—using space enough for about 20 words. "It's beautiful," she added.

She slipped into the coat and viewed herself in the mirror. Her ecstatic expression dwindled, vanished and was replaced by quizzical eyebrows. She didn't want to say anything, but . . . through the glass, she exchanged glances with Bob. He was moving his head slowly.

Suddenly they were laughing together. "Still it was a nice try," Bob said.

"You never know about a coat," Barbara said comfortingly.

"You can take it back and be given a credit," Bob suggested. "After all, on our fourth anniversary I'd like to give you credit for a lot of things."

For birthdays, anniversaries and holidays as long as Bob is in service, he and Barbara have worked out a unique gift solution. Barbara has established a special bank account, and each time she wants to give her husband a present, she will deposit in that account the amount she would logically spend.

sailor's booty . . .

When the war is over, Bob will have a neat nest egg. He is already thinking up possible purchases; mmm, might be nice to buy a new hunting dog . . . or some new guns . . . or a station wagon.

In addition to Barbara, another person is vitally concerned in Bob's military experience: Dion (Skip) Stanwyck.

Skip has decided, on the strength of Bob's goggles and leather flying jacket, that he too is going to be a pilot. But his inclination is to join the Marines in preference to either of the other two branches of service. "There's something about the Marines," he confided to Bob.

The night that Bob brought home his summer tan uniforms, Skip suggested a preview. "I'd like to see what sort of a looking Navy man you're going to make," he explained.

So Bob did a quick modeling act. Skip stood, legs wide and hands on hips.

Finally he nodded. "You're okay," he decided. But innate honesty had to be served, too. "Even so, I think Tyrone Power looks better. He's a Marine."

Bob promptly adopted this paragon. "In his last picture, Tyrone Power was a Navy man," he announced.

Skip nodded. "It would have been nice if, in your last picture for the duration, you could have been a Marine."

That made it game and rubber for Skip because Bob was all out of cards. His last picture, currently titled "Russia," will probably go through a number of name and address changes before it hits your local marquee. It is not, as you might judge from the present title, a story of Stalingrad or Rostov or any other beleaguered Muscovite vicinity. It is the story of a composer-conductor.

Albert Coates, the great Russian-born Englishman, has been coaching Bob in the attitudes of the symphony conductor.

As soon as "Russia" or reasonably exact facsimile is completed, Bob is to report for indoctrination training. Where, he doesn't yet know. He has only one plan. That last night in town—that last civilian evening, when the average man plans to visit some romantic rendezvous or favorite nitery—Bob is going to spend at home. He and Barbara will have a quiet dinner—"the food there is the best in the world"—and a quiet talk—"Barbara's company is the best in the world."

Probably a wandering set electrician, spoke the best possible send-off line for Lieutenant Taylor.

"There's a guy," observed the electrician, "who has never changed one bit from the time he hit this lot as a kid beginner up to the present when he's large potatoes. He doesn't have a mean bone in his body, nor a windy idea in his head. He's got manners. He's got a swell sense of humor, always telling stories, and they're the kind you can tell in mixed company, too. For my money, he's a prince."

And a Lieutenant (j.g.) in the United States Navy.

ARMY WIFE

(Continued from page 37)

tell as much about the marriage of Captain and Mrs. Howard as one could put into an entire novel. They indicate that a proud and self-reliant man of exceptional background has married a famous girl simply because she was the wife he had been waiting for. As for Dorothy, she has never asked more of life than a splendid husband and a happy home.

mutual adoration . . .

It all began one Sunday in November, 1942. A soldier stationed at San Bernardino happened to see Dorothy at Arrowhead Springs Hotel where she was resting, having just finished "Riding High." This military character knew there was to be some sort of entertainment on Sunday at the camp, so he asked Miss Lamour be requested to sing.

The officer in charge of entertainment deemed this a sterling suggestion and telephoned Dorothy to ask if she would oblige. She would, gladly. She was told that an executive officer would be sent to the hotel to fetch her.

And—you've guessed it—the executive officer was Captain William Ross Howard, III, of Baltimore, Maryland. Dorothy glanced at the height of him, the breadth of shoulder and the twinkling eyes, and she liked what she saw very, very much.

To manufacture conversation on the trip from hotel to base, Dorothy asked Captain Howard which of the 48 states was his home state. His answer brought forth the statement from Dottie that she had spent several weeks in his home town when her mother had been in the hospital last autumn.

They reached the entry to the air base in so short a time that the trip seemed to have been taken in the space between two heart beats. Just time for a girl to begin to think that this was a man with whom it would be easy to fall in love.

And Captain Howard? With a great deal of commendable male pride, he was undoubtedly telling himself that he wasn't going to be impressed by a movie star, no matter how natural, unaffected, and genuine she appeared to be at first meeting. No indeed. He'd wait.

He'd wait to decide, when he drove her back to the hotel that Sunday afternoon, that it would be very pleasant to have dinner with her that evening. Dorothy said yes, if he wouldn't have too long a drive back to base afterward.

"I'm living at Arrowhead Springs, too," said Captain Howard.

It comes up Fate, kids.

Between that first dinner date and the afternoon of April 7, 1943, when Miss Dorothy Lamour became the wife of Captain William Ross Howard, a good many things happened.

For one thing, Dorothy changed her mind about hats. She had always adored cartwheels, with now and then an ample bonnet that could have doubled for a beach cabana.

On their second or third date, Captain Howard expressed himself on the subject of big hats. The gist of this speech was simply ixnay. Shortly afterward, Dottie became the skull-cap specialist of Marathon Street.

Another thing: Dottie has always been known around Hollywood as the Orchid Kid; they were her favorite horticultural exhibit. Suddenly Something New Had Been Added. Bill Howard's favorite flowers were gardenias—because they have a glorious fragrance, whereas

Says MARJORIE REYNOLDS,
star of screen,
"Time-outs are few
and far between,
So when I get one
you will note,
Royal Crown Cola
wins my vote!"

See Marjorie Reynolds in
"DIXIE," a Paramount Picture
in Technicolor



Marjorie Reynolds has a double job these days—making pictures for Paramount and entertaining soldiers for Uncle Sam. So whenever she takes a moment off, Royal Crown Cola gives her a lift and a fresh start. "I took the famous taste-test," she says, "tasted leading colas in paper cups. I tried each one and picked my winner—Royal Crown Cola! Winter or summer, it's my favorite 'quick-up'!"

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA


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Best by Taste-Test!



BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

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**DR.
WEST'S
"25"**

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**IN CARTONS
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**FOR HEALTH
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DR. WEST'S "25"

Made by the makers of the famous 50¢
DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFT TOOTHBRUSH

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. **DON'T DELAY**—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY**.

RICHARD BROTHERS 49 WOODS BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILL.

Is Your Skin DARK, DULL, ROUGH?

**Let Nadinola, the 3-way treatment cream,
help make it Lighter, Brighter, Smoother!**

Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 3-way treatment cream that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar only 55¢, with money-back guarantee; trial size 10¢. Or write Nadinola, Dept. 31, Paris, Tenn.

orchids obtainable in California smell like ice in a vacuum.

Almost immediately Dorothy's taste in flowers veered in favor of gardenias.

The romance itself bloomed. At Christmas time, Bill and an officer friend were invited to be house guests of the Castleberrys. Dorothy and her parents had just returned to her Coldwater Canyon house, so celebrated this event with open house on Christmas Eve. Bill had asked her, in as roundabout fashion as a man can usually manage, what she would like for Christmas, and she had told him merely a picture of himself.

It sounded like a good two-way deal to Bill, so each gave the other a picture.

On Christmas morning, Dorothy and her mother awakened early to sniff the aroma of sputtering bacon and frying eggs. When, in robes and an anticipatory mood, they descended to the kitchen, they found that the Air Corps in the busy persons of two competent officers, had prepared a larrupin' breakfast.

In February, Dorothy and Bill went to the Academy Award Banquet together. She cautioned him in advance that she would know practically everyone there, and she hoped he wouldn't mind if she were kidded about her military escort.

old acquaintance . . .

As they entered the Grove, Dorothy saw Commander Jack Bolton advancing rapidly. She smiled vividly and started to say something light and charming, but Commander Bolton was obviously attending merely to the usual social gestures with her; his eager glance went right over her shoulder. "For heaven's sake—Bill Howard!" he jubilated.

From the ensuing flood of conversation, Dottie learned that Jack Bolton and Bill Howard had grown up a block apart and attended secondary school together.

One March night, Dorothy and Bill had a dinner date. It was a divine evening . . . but by that time this pair would have found thunder and lightning lovely as long as they were together. Bill started to say something important; something that most men find exceedingly difficult to frame in words. He managed a few phrases, then several uncertain sentences. At that moment, Dorothy was called to the 'phone.

The caller was Ted Whitehead, husband of Dorothy's best friend, Kathleen Coghlan Whitehead. Mr. Whitehead said that Kathleen was to be taken to the hospital that night, and he thought Dorothy would like to know this fact.

"I'll be there as soon as possible," Dorothy answered. She returned to Bill, explained her mission and left for L. A.

Several hours later, she was allowed to see Kathleen for a moment. Dottie had already observed, through the nursery window, the lusty young man who was Kathleen's brand new son and Dorothy's godchild.

"That's a wonderful baby," Dorothy said, chuckling. "I just want you to know that you and Ted, Jr., interrupted a proposal."

wedding belle . . .

The interruption must not have made much difference, because only a few days later, Mrs. Castleberry announced the engagement of her daughter, Dorothy, to Captain Howard. There were, the announcement stated, no immediate wedding plans. This is like saying that a hungry juvenile, catching sight of a box of candy, has no immediate intentions.

Scarcely was the ink dry on the statement before Dorothy and Bill appeared at the license bureau. Dottie

had some trouble filling out the forms. "What's my profession?" she asked her fiancé naively.

This indicates one of the nicest things about Dottie; she has never taken her sarrong seriously. Other girls in pictures, made a stooge for a pair of ace comedians like Hope and Crosby, would have cried for more dramatic parts, for scripts that gave them breaks and for a more extensive wardrobe. Not Dottie. She is, and has always been, Miss Easy Does It.

After Dottie's marriage, a friend said, "I imagine Dottie has more rooters hoping for her happiness than any other bride in Hollywood."

The day before the wedding was to take place, an agitated Captain Howard telephoned Dottie from San Bernardino. It seems that he had purchased a handsome new pair of officer's "pinks"—the light trousers worn for dress occasions with the O.D. blouse. And, just to get accustomed to the new clothes, Bill had worn them that morning . . . but, while going through the warehouse, he passed too close to an inquisitive nail.

"So I'll have to wear my old ones," Captain Bill allowed.

"That's right in keeping," laughed Dottie. "My dress is sort of old."

This was partly true. The dress was hyacinth blue crepe; she had worn it in "Riding High." It was one of the few Lamour wardrobe items capable of living a truly social life, so Dottie loved it with a consuming admiration. She asked Edith Head, her great friend and Paramount's gifted designer, if it couldn't be whipped into an enchanting wedding dress. Edith said it could.

The night before the wedding, Bill arrived at the Castleberry house with all his bridegroom trappings. Someone said, "It's bad luck for the bride and groom to see each other on the actual wedding day, before the ceremony!"

That was a pretty problem, but one that was brilliantly solved. The next morning, Mrs. Castleberry stationed herself in the upper hallway and called directions. She announced Dottie's turn to brush her teeth; Dottie's turn for a shower. Dottie going downstairs on an errand, and so leaving the coast clear for the groom and his best man. All in all it was a fairly frantic morning, punctuated by a traffic director's voice ringing through the house, but Bill and Dottie didn't catch a glimpse of one another until Dottie, on her father's arm, came slowly down the circular staircase to the strains of the wedding march.

Theirs was a double ring ceremony, with the bridal couple exchanging plain gold bands. The service was read by Captain E. I. Carriker, chaplain at the San Bernardino Air Depot.

There were only 26 guests invited to the wedding, but after the ceremony the newlyweds drove down to the Beverly Hills Hotel to receive 250 guests at the reception held in the Officers' Club.

The following evening Captain and Mrs. William Howard entered the dining room at Hotel Rancho Vegas—where they decided to spend their brief honeymoon—and looked for a table. A voice demanded, "Did you want to be seated?"

Dottie whirled around and uttered a delighted shriek. The query had come from the kidding tongue of Dorothy's publicity adviser from Paramount who had had no earthly idea where the Howards were going on their honeymoon, but who had personally come north to the famous resort for a rest. It just proves that in all states west of the Rockies there is no non-Hollywood spot.

That Dorothy Howard is becoming very much of a tradition of the Army

post is proved by two recent incidents. Upon entering the gates one evening to collect her husband, she stopped at the sentry's station to be identified. At approximately the same time a huge convoy of Army trucks came to a halt behind her car. The sentry was oblivious to this impatient military train. "My little girl would just love to have your autograph," he admitted. So, while the convoy waited—with extended necks and irate voices demanding some reason for the delay—Dottie signed a notebook.

On Sunday morning they attended services at the post church and were greeted by a private soldier. Saluting smartly he said to his superior officer, "Good morning, Captain Howard." Then he grinned at the Captain's lady. "Hi-ya, Dottie," he said.

So, if it's true that the ideal marriage is a mixture of dignity and laughs, of serious accomplishment and joyous escape . . . the Howards are just 49 years and 8 months away from a golden wedding anniversary!

YOUR HANDWRITING AND YOU!

(Continued from page 33)

(Mountain-to-Mohammed stuff), and for three days he held continuous court.

Betty Grable is likewise no hermit. She had more fun on her Army camp tour than she's ever had in her life. Saw hundreds of thousands of guys, and instead of coming home on the proverbial shutter like most of the stars, she checked in blooming but lonely. "Hollywood," she complained, "is dead."

Exactly opposite, temperamentally, to Betty is Sonja Henie, and you can see

Sonja Henie

it immediately in her small compact writing. Perhaps you've noticed that your soldier beau's penmanship is becoming firm and strong, à la Henie. Well good. That shows he's developing a disciplined mind through regular training and routine. Your bombardier or engineer especially should have acquired a lot of Sonja's precision. After all, doing skating turns on a dime requires a bit of the same stuff it takes to drop bombs on postage stamps of ground.

Sonja's precision trails her around after working hours, too. She doesn't like a picture to hang even slightly off the beam; hates wrinkles in her clothes; can't bear sloppily arranged flowers. If you detect a new neatness to your swain's letters, kids, be assured he's growing more fastidious, and go easy on the blots in future billets-doux!

Well, how much are you learning? You know two things already—that large writing indicates an emotional nature, and small writing a controlled one. There are innumerable variations on both themes, of course. Look at Ray Milland's writing, for instance. Notice that it's

Ray Milland

vertical, fairly large with rounded, well-spaced letters. This straight up and down writing reveals a nonchalance or placidity. Writing which slants forward shows warmth and friendliness. When it slants to the left it shows shyness. When it's neither one nor the other, like Ray's, it indicates aloofness. If you knew him

How my "30 Second" Secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



"DID YOU ever stop to think that loneliness and heartache might come to you, simply because you don't suspect yourself of—well—body staleness? It happened to me! But I learned a lucky secret... and now, in just 30 seconds, I make sure I'll be fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...



"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself ever so gently! Just barely patting those "danger zones"—those places that might chafe!



"THEN, I treat my whole body with the soothing coolness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Its silky-smooth caress delights my skin... quickly absorbs the tiny traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over... knowing now why they call it—the fragrance men love!

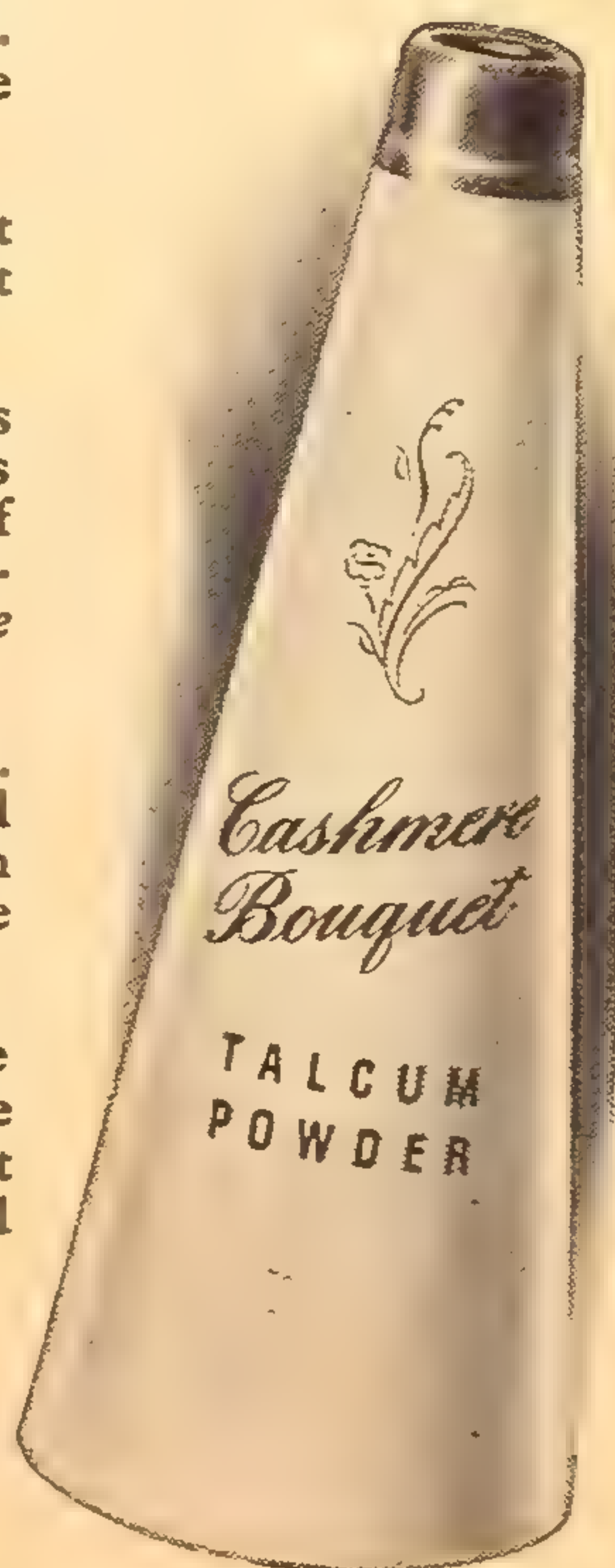


"AND NOW, to dress! How luxurious my clothes feel... no chafing or binding, now or later! I feel confident and carefree, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening... and so does the fragrance men love!"

Discover for yourself this 30 second daintiness secret with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Learn why its superb quality, alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



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IF DEFECTIVE OR
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1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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At any store which sells toilet goods

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Beautiful Natural Tone Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free. Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. One Oil Tinted sent C. O. D. for 38c, plus postage. Nega. 39c.

New York Art Service, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y.C.



New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights, keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug & dept. stores.

well, you'd see that he is much more a spectator at the Hollywood scene than a participant. Typical of his attitude is this little incident from his very lean movie days. He and wife Mal were at the Coconut Grove. They'd eaten hash for months in order to amass the wherewithal for this great binge, and somehow it just wasn't coming off. Ray, resplendent in white tie and tails, turned to Mal, a vision in black satin. "Wouldn't it be awful to be a part of all this?" he whispered. He still feels that way, and in spite of being one of the hottest boys in Hollywood, right now glamour bores him.

Writing with a lefthanded slant, as we've said, denotes shyness. The writer is an introvert—one living largely within himself—who often appears cold and disinterested. This is especially true if the writing is heavy, like Bette Davis's. If

Bette Davis

it is a more delicate backhand, like Jimmy Stewart's, the writer is on the shy side but with plenty of the old

James Stewart

charm. Jimmy's endearing diffidence was never more obvious than in the early days at Camp Moffett. He steered clear of the first few Saturday night dances because he was sure the local gals would be heartbroken when they saw him—so long, lean and strictly private. Later he couldn't bear to stay home because his buddies were so disappointed when he didn't show!

If the writing is large and has a great deal of movement to it, like that of Dennis Morgan and Gene Kelly, then we

about personality

(Dennis Morgan)

personality

(Gene Kelly)

know there is restless activity held in check by will power. Notice that both these gents use long, heavy t-crossings, showing energy and drive.

Look at how close to the stem Sonja crosses her t's. This again indicates her

about my personality

(Sonja Henie)

fabulous caution and exactness. (Did you know she won't let any of her troupe wear hairpins in case one might drop on the ice and trip her? If that ain't caution it'll have to do...) The t-bars used by Janet Blair are light and flexible,

personality Character

(Janet Blair)

while those that Alan Ladd uses are normal for that type of writing.

Character

(Alan Ladd)

And speaking of Alan's writing, you may be wondering why the supposedly tough guy doesn't write a more vigorous-looking script, like Paul Henreid's, for

Paul Henreid

instance. Well, chums, that's one of the advantages of being a hand-writing analyst. It gives you an edge on the hoi-polloi. Mmmm, you've guessed it,

Alan's really a nice Ladd—affectionate, home-loving and not a bit hard-boiled! His rounded, regular script is in contrast to the angular writing of that European smoothie, Paul Henreid.

Now before we go any further, have we got all this straight? Those last few rules sum up thusly. If his letters are rounded and the strokes sort of light-to-medium (like Alan's), he's definitely a good guy. Jolly and tolerant from the word "go." When the letters at the end of his words are as large as those at the beginning, he's very trusting, a bit naïve, in fact. Angular forms and heavier strokes are the tip-off on a terrific brightie and also on a more sophisticated outlook.

Now let's look at Rita Hayworth's writing. Note the tall upper loops. They

Rita Hayworth

show her ambition and present intense joy. And who wouldn't be slightly slap-happy? As we go to press—after a serious tiff—she's once more Columbia's fair-haired girl. Her yen for the spotlight shows up in those inflated loops and giant capitals, and you can notice the effect of mood on writing by contrasting her present frivolous script with that of a few years back.

Moods do show up in handwriting, you know, and you can tell whether or not a writer is happy or depressed by the tilt of the lines. An oncoming illness might give warning through downhill writing. Fatigue and homesickness will make the lines temporarily droopy.

We've just learned that tall and full upper loops indicate a state of mind. Inevitably, then, long and full lower loops have physical implications. They mean that the writer is sports-loving, an Arthur Murray-ish dancer and fuller of rhythm than Krupa's drums. You will find these loops in nearly all of the stars' writing, because graceful physical movement is part of their stock in trade. The loops are especially exaggerated in the

my handwriting

(Betty Grable)

my personality

(Rita Hayworth)

handwriting of Grable and Hayworth—for here is an extra strong sense of rhythm. Since skating is a more disciplined art, the loops in Sonja's writing are long, but they never get out of proportion to the rest of the writing.

I have told you that letters which increase in size at the end of the words reveal a naïve nature, and you can see that by these standards, George Montgomery is of the naïvest. Until quite

writing reveal

(George Montgomery)

recently, he admits, he thought a Zombie was nothing but a Haitian ghost, a Sidecar was the bathtub business on a motorcycle, and Manhattan was a nickname for New York!

my handwriting

(Ray Milland)

Now look at the end of the words in suave Ray Milland's writing. They get smaller and smaller, and the "ing" just runs off into a wavy line. This shows the diplomacy that is part of Ray's charm.

If Rita Hayworth's addiction to applause is apparent in her large capitals, take a look at the "b" in the signature

Betty Grable

of Betty Grable. Betty's self-esteem has gone soaring into the stratosphere! She's even given herself an underscore, something only the much older and well-established actresses add to their signature.

A tip for you boys: Your girl may not

Linda Darnell

look like Linda Darnell, but she may be a lot like her in temperament! If her writing is small, round and conventional, she's the sweet, feminine type. Nothing flashy, but a honey of a disposition. She's the girl of your dreams, the girl just like the girl that married dear old dad, and all that. Briefly, that simple, unaffected hand indicates a good long-term investment. Sergeant Pev Marley has thought just that about Linda for quite a while now. He recently made her Mrs. Pev, and after three whole months he still considers it a shrewd move.

Well, how are you doing as a handwriting analyst? Think you could take in a few more pointers? Here are some nutshell rules that you can learn easily.

Capitals: Large capitals show ambition, pride and independence. The more flourishes the capitals have, the more praise and attention the writer wants. Small, plain capitals indicate modesty.

Heavy pressure shows strong feeling, ardor and intensity—even though the words themselves may sound uninspired.

Slant: Whether or not feeling is easily expressed is shown by the tilt of the writing. A right-ish slant is a trademark of the demonstrative type, while an inclination to the left shows a shy nature—one not given to sweet talk.

Loops: Lots of full, tall upper loops show a romantic, talkative and dreamy nature. Unlooped letters (like Henreid's)

handwriting reveal

(Paul Henreid)

indicate intelligence, realism.

T-bars: Flying t-bars (Milland's)—enthusiasm, imagination, eagerness. Long,

character handwriting

(Ray Milland)

heavy and fast-moving t-bars (Kelly and Morgan)—strong will power, energy,

personality

(Gene Kelly)

handwriting

(Dennis Morgan)

aggressiveness. Short, heavy bars—caution. T-bars to the left of the stem (we haven't any in these handwritings because these are all successful people) show procrastination, indecision, lack of will power, courage or energy to take the initiative. T-bars slanting down-

"You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"



1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!



2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."



4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND... I can't complain about any love shortage now!



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ARE YOU PSYCHIC?

Do you know who's going to win the beautiful Persian lamb fur coat in our "F.W.T.B.T." Contest? No? Well, we don't either, but we *do* know that someone who leafs over to page 64 and sends in the entry blank is going to snag it. Could be you!

ward—love of arguments, and if in a heavy angular writing, downright pugnaciousness. Long light t-bars (Janet

Handwriting

(Janet Blair)

Blair's)—a flexible will.

I-dots: Circle i-dots (Alan Ladd's) indicate artistic appreciation. This type of

my handwriting

(Alan Ladd)

dot in women often shows a rather faddish taste in dress, perhaps a liking for perfume. Often those with a gift for interior decoration or one of the adapted arts use this circle i-dot. It's rather an

my handwriting

(Ray Milland)

"arty" sign. Angular i-dots (Ray Milland's) indicate a quick and critical mind. Heavy dots like those in the writing of

my handwriting

(Paul Henreid)

Paul Henreid show an emphatic and aggressive nature. Small, perfect dots

personality and character

(Sonja Henie)

precisely placed over the i (Sonja Henie) indicate a methodical mind.

Baseline: An even baseline (especially noticeable in Sonja's writing) indicates

personality

(Sonja Henie)

balance and self-control, dependability. Writing running uphill indicates optimism, and if very uphill shows an impractical and visionary person. Writing which runs downhill shows a temporary state of depression caused by disappointment, illness or fatigue.

Size: Large writing shows wide interests, lack of mental concentration and a dislike for routine or restriction. We call these scrawlers the vital type—they love action and dislike mental work.

Small writing indicates concentration, and if very small, shows capacity for detail. If angular, either light or heavy, a scientific bent is shown. (This type of writing is predominating right now in the handwriting of the young men in the service.)

Rounded writing—even disposition, good-nature and tolerance.

Angular writing—keen mentality, sharpness and skepticism.

What does

(Betty Grable)

Shape: Open "a's" and "o's" (as in Betty Grable's writing) indicate a tendency to be generous and talkative.

Closed letters (Sonja Henie's, Paul Henreid's and the poker-faced Alan Ladd's) show reticence about personal

my personality

(Sonja Henie)

personality and character

(Paul Henreid)

Alan W. Ladd

matters. The leftward swing of the terminals in the name "Ladd" indicate this same tendency.

Which way do you slant? Handwriting which slants first in one direction and then in another and can't stay on a straight line, reveals a changeable person, perhaps fickle and unstable. And if the writing is full of heavy, inky spots or has dagger-like t-bars where the pen has been pressed down on the paper viciously, then don't expect sweetness or light from the writer.

"Personality" stuff: If writing is extremely careless and full of flourishes, then don't count on the writer's fulfilling promises. He likes to show-off and talk a lot about what he will do when and if—but his big talk adds up to nothing much.

If a writing is small, cramped, heavy and sharp, the writer will be critical and skeptical. You will have to apologize forever for any of your lapses. He's the demanding and jealous type.

If the writing is light and small with sharp t-bars and letter forms, go easy—the writer is sensitive and his feelings bruise easily.

Don't expect a backhand writer to be demonstrative. He's reserved and must be drawn out gradually.

Don't make the mistake of being indifferent to the gal or man who uses large letters. They like curtain calls, and they resent it if your attention strays from them even for a second.

Now get out those letters you've been hoarding and have fun. Betcha you're due for some surprises about the little man—and here's hoping they're all good!

If you'd like to learn more about yourself or him, whip me off a handwriting sample, and I'll go to work on it. Perhaps you're dying to know which star's writing is like yours. I'm the lady who can tell you that, too. It's fun to get one of these analyses and gratifying as anything to know it's not just bull. My method is as scientifically worked out as the multiplication table, and I'm kind of proud of its uncanny accuracy.

I'll be waiting to hear from you via the coupon below.

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(Samples of friend's writing will be returned.)

"MISS MEASLES, 1943"

(Continued from page 41)

her foot down, she puts it down to stay.

So when Betty got home after her first day of exhausting dance rehearsals for "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," mother took one look at her face, and down came the foot. "You're going to the doctor tomorrow." Daughter's mouth opened, then closed. She knew better than to argue with the voice of authority. Besides, she couldn't argue the pain away, hard as she tried.

But she wasn't prepared for the doctor's verdict. "This thing's got to come out. You're going to the hospital, young lady."

"When?"

"Right away."

"Oh, I can't do that," she gasped. "It would hold up production."

The doctor turned to Mrs. Grable, whence he knew his help would come. It came. "You might as well call up the studio now, doctor, and get it settled."

The studio doesn't trifle with anyone's illness, let alone Betty Grable's. They made no difficulties. They were all solicitude and kindness. Which should have relieved Betty. But her face remained clouded. "What now?" asked the doctor.

"You couldn't," she suggested, not too hopefully, "put it off till after my Canteen night?"

"I couldn't. This is Saturday. You report to the hospital Tuesday evening. And between now and Tuesday, no Canteen."

Betty's feeling about the men in ser-

vice is something special. "Every one of them who goes over there to risk his life," she once said, "is doing it for me. So I can be safe. I and millions of others. Each of us has his own debt to pay. Somehow I feel that whatever we can do is too little."

Every Monday and Tuesday night she was at the Hollywood Canteen. For a while Monday night was Harry James night, too, but that's another story. Harry James or no, Betty was always there. Like a blonde flower, you'd see her head bobbing among the heads of boys eight and ten feet deep. Three steps with one, and another'd cut in. She wore low-heeled shoes, so she could dance longer without tiring. And her feeling for the service men in general was personalized by the boys she met.

There was the Marine who said after their dance, "Now I know I can go out and kill every Jap I meet." There was the big young Texan who said, "If you'll pardon my sayin' so, ma'am, you don't act like I thought movie queens acted. You're like the girl back home I used to take out dancin' Saturday nights."

almost twenty-one . . .

There was the sailor who looked so terribly young and said he was almost 21. It turned out that his 21st birthday was 11 eleven months off. "Why don't you say 20?" laughed Betty.

"Almost 21 sounds better."

Several weeks later someone came to Betty on the set and told her that a sailor had been standing at the gate for

two hours in the pouring rain. It was Almost Twenty-one. He'd brought her a box of chewing gum, "because chewing gum's hard for civilians to get." All day he sat in a corner watching her work, then she took him home with her to dinner.

Then there was Jack. When Jack was four and Betty five, they'd lived in the same hotel and played together. Their mothers had grown to be friends. Last December came the telegram, telling Mrs. Stark that her only son had died of wounds received in the battle of North Africa.

"What can we do, Mother? If there was only something we could do!" Betty cried in that passion of helplessness so familiar to all of us.

There was nothing they could do but beg their friend to come and stay with them. It was Mrs. Stark who went down to the hospital with Betty and her mother that Tuesday evening.

Betty'd done her own packing. Nobody's ever allowed to help her pack. "If I put 'em in myself, I know where to find 'em." At the hospital, she hung up the bed jackets and folded the nightgowns away. On the bedside table she put a bottle of Shalimar—her favorite perfume. The room was lovely with chintz and soft lamp light and deep armchairs. Except for the bed, it didn't look like a hospital room at all. And if Betty was nervous, she didn't show it. All her concern was for her mother. "Are you sure you'll be all right, Mother? Are you sure you won't worry about me at all?"

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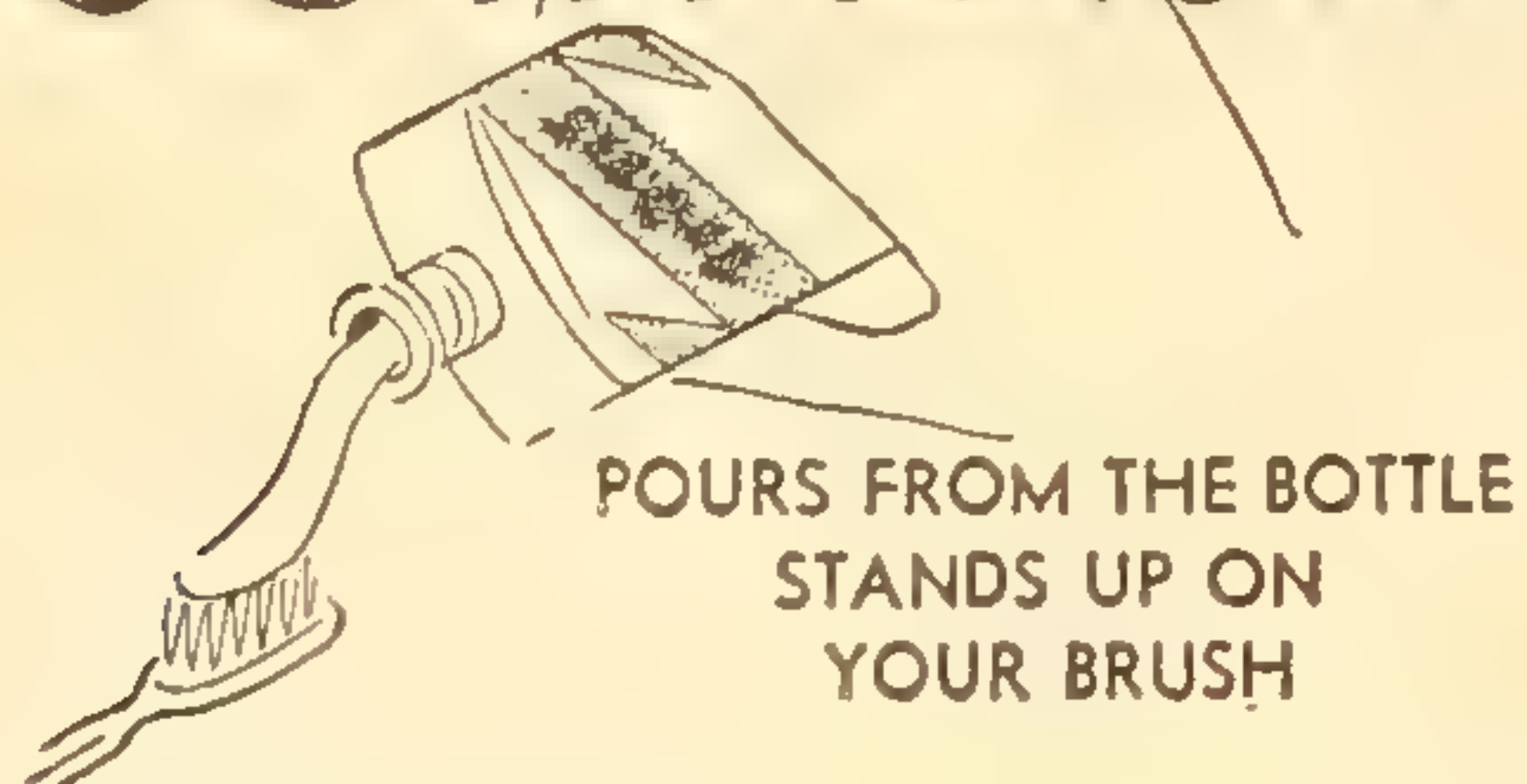


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ether dreams . . .

Mother lied like a trooper. Her faith in the doctor was complete, but when it comes to an operation, you can't not worry. The doctor had said he'd operate at nine next morning. When she and Mrs. Stark arrived at eight-thirty, they were wheeling Betty out of her room. You can be the most reasonable person in the world but, if you've ever had a similar experience, you know how the sight of that still form on the stretcher affects you. Moreover, they'd said the operation would take an hour. It was 11:10 before they brought Betty back. Yes, mother worried all right—

Till the doctor came and said everything was fine. Betty was sleeping like a cherub. The nurse had instructions to rouse her, but found it tough going. Betty wanted to sleep. At last she dragged her lids open and muttered, "Mother." When mother answered, she went sweetly off again. As the day wore on, she seemed to have persuaded herself that she was giving a tea party. "Have some cake, do," she'd murmur drowsily. "Delicious stuff. Been in the family for ages." Once she groped toward the table. "I could have sworn there was a bottle here."

"Scotch or bourbon?" quipped the doctor.

"Scotchimar, silly," smiled Betty, her mind on her perfume, and went to sleep again.

All the rest was sort of fun. She felt weak, but no pain. Her always healthy appetite remained happy, demanding three squares a day and huge milkshakes in between. For the first week, few visitors were allowed. Later her room became a rendezvous for the staff. Internes dropped in for a hand of gin rummy between rounds. Nurses brought news of other patients. When Nan Gray's baby was born at the hospital, Betty, clamoring for hourly bulletins, practically went through the whole thing with her. Boys from the Canteen phoned her for permission to visit her. Almost Twenty-one showed up, shy and happy, bearing gum in one hand and Hershey bars in the other.

Then there was the radio. With a radio on hand, Betty can't be bored. She'd tune in on every record program going. She prefers recordings, because you don't have to listen to commercials. The Make-Believe Ballroom is one of her favorites. But so long as it's swing, she'll listen—and the wilder, the better. If it's Harry James' swing, that's best of all.

Sitting up in bed, she looked so well and rested that her friends parked their sympathy at the door. Not their grins of approval, though. You couldn't help grinning at the picture Betty made. Her nightgowns were long-sleeved, high-necked affairs of flowered French challis, with lace edgings or rickrack at wrist and throat. A brief, ribbon-tied pigtail flopped over either shoulder. Her face did the rest.

They had to move extra tables in to hold the flowers. Though she'd broken with George, he sent flowers as any friend might, and being George, he sent them every day. So did Harry James.

Jules Stein, her agent, had asked: "What can I send you to the hospital, Betty?"

"Oh," she'd flipped, "an eligible man about 30."

What man she meant, Betty's not saying, though lots of other people are. Anyway, Harry James won't be eligible till his divorce goes through. So Jules Stein sent her a snowman of white carnations, complete with hat and pipe.

In the room next door a small boy was

convalescing from a mastoid operation. "This darn thing's so cute," said one of the nurses. "Do you mind if I take it in to show him?"

A few minutes later came a wail from the next room, followed by the appearance of a rather flustered nurse in the doorway. "What's wrong?" Betty asked.

"Oh, the kid's just so crazy about the snowman—"

"He wants to keep it. Well, for heaven's sake, give it to him."

Later, Betty got a note. The printing we can't reproduce, but it read like this: "Der mis grabbel thanku he is on the tabbel whar i can see him al the tim wen i go hom i will stike flars in him frome mi gardine der miss grabbel thanku for bene'so swit solong"

She kept that with another treasured communication from some boys who were down with measles in a faraway camp. "Dear Betty," they wired. "We've chosen you as the girl we'd most like to be quarantined with. You're nominated Miss Measles of 1943."

After two weeks at the hospital, she was sent home in charge of a nurse. A few more days in bed, a week or so under the desert sun at Palm Springs—then, said the doctor, she could go back to work. The Canteen? Well, that would have to wait a little—

some punkin . . .

If you've got to be sick, Betty's room in the new Bel-Air house is a nice room to be sick in. A restful, modified-Victorian room. No flounces or gimcracks. Solid comfort in tones of gray-blue and American-beauty. Fireplace in the alcove. Desk converted from an old spinet. Oil lamps, wired. A clock that used to belong to her grandmother. A pair of old Victorian fans, framed and hung over the wide, wide bed with its gray spread and glazed chintz ruffles. Punkin, the French poodle, is crazy for the bed, and Betty's crazy for the poodle. When's she's sick, he's allowed on it for company.

Punkin's why Mrs. Grable didn't go to Palm Springs. Betty'd broken her heart over one French poodle, killed by a car while she was away from home. She wasn't taking any chances on Punkin.

"Of course we could send him to a hospital. But he wouldn't be happy in a hospital, Mother."

"Look, I'd be charmed to stay home and keep Punkin happy, if you can get Marie to go down with you." (Marie Brazelle's Betty's hairdresser and friend, no bigger than a minute, but the kind of small package that all good things come in.) "If Marie's there, I won't worry. It'll be the same as if I were there."

So one morning Mrs. Grable kissed her good-by, said, "Now you mind Marie, hear me?" and wondered what was so funny about that to set the girls howling.

They stayed at the Racquet Club. Betty was good as gold, in too much of a hurry to get well to do anything but just what the doctor ordered. People phoned, but she turned down all invitations. Mornings she'd read and take sun baths. After lunch, she'd sleep from two to six—which was more than she's done at the hospital. Then she'd dress for dinner—which meant changing from shirt and shorts to a slack suit. Before going to bed, she'd call her mother, and every night but the last she was asleep by ten.

Food was the great adventure. Betty, all-American, has a mania for eating in drugstores. The unglamorous fact is that she'd rather eat at a drugstore counter than at Ciro's. It's got to be the

counter. You can't get her into a booth. She likes sitting on a high stool, watching them fix sandwiches and jerk sodas while she downs her orange juice and eggs, bacon and coffee and toast. "I dunno," she says, "there's something pally about it." They tried out every drugstore in town for breakfast and lunch. Even at dinnertime, she'd cast a sidelong glance at a drugstore. But Marie said nothing doing, twice a day was enough.

making history . . .

Movie stars are taken for granted in Palm Springs. They're not gawped at, and they're not bothered much for autographs. But in one of those same drugstores which she loves so dearly, a harassed clerk took fair advantage.

Like stores everywhere now, this one was short of help. The clerk was doing her best, but there was the lady—as there generally is—who wanted preferred treatment. Her foot tapped, her eye flashed, her mutterings threatened to become explosions. Our clerk spied Betty at the stationery counter. "Lady," she said with labored gentleness, "there's Betty Grable. You don't often get a chance to see Betty Grable. Look at her, lady. Do us both a favor and keep looking at her till I get through with this customer. Then you'll have something to tell your grandchildren."

On her last day at the Springs, Betty really got to feeling at home. The soldiers did it. She went to meet the noon train, which was bringing her sister Marjorie down to see her. Brown as a berry, in white shorts and shirt, she stood on the platform—and when the train pulled in, it wasn't Marjorie's but a troop train of convalescent soldiers:

They went mad, and Betty, conscious of her shorts, scooted like a rabbit for the car. The top was down, so they could see her perfectly well as she laughed and waved. They wanted a close-up. Some of them started clambering through

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 63)

Set 2

1. Donald's designer
2. Pal-y with Laddie
3. Little Princess
4. Daddy of three
5. New mail attraction
6. Blonde bombshell
7. Arlington Brough
8. Dorsey's discovery
9. Lucky Lewis
10. Crime paid
11. Indian
12. Albert's Annie?
13. Balanchine's ballerina
14. Gay Nineties figure
15. In "Hitler's Children"
16. Was heaven to Hutton
17. Torchy-voiced
18. Mr. 5 by 5
19. Peter's pet
20. Sloe-eyed, husky-voiced

(Next set of clues on page 99)

the windows, till the c.o. put a stop to that. "C'mon over, Betty!" they yelled. "Be a good kid, and come over. We've only got five minutes." She compromised—drove the car as close as she could and stood up, waving, till the last face vanished from sight.

That night they decided on a party in

Marjorie's honor—a late dinner, to avoid the crowds, because it was Saturday. For the first time Betty wore a dress—a gay print. They reached the restaurant at nine-thirty, but it was 12 before they got any food. The military had taken the place over, and they made a beeline for that corner table. For two hours Betty signed autographs and talked. A soldier finally hustled them out, so the girls could eat. But at the door they went into a huddle, and the tears stung Betty's lids as their young voices rose in "She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

She came back to finish "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," to dance at the Canteen. As this is written, Harry James is in New York and Betty's headed East. We've already said that Betty won't talk about him, that she's letting others do the talking.

altar-trekking? . . .

They're saying it started on "Springtime in the Rockies." They're saying it's serious—that the Jameses, who have long been separated, will get a divorce—that it's going to be wedding bells for Betty and Harry.

We don't know, of course. All we know is that Betty's a normal girl, with a normal girl's desire for marriage and children. We know that she doesn't flutter from man to man—that she waited three years, passionately loyal to George Raft, in the hope that they might be able to marry.

Well, that's finished now. We're sorry about George—he's a grand guy. But if Betty's to be Mrs. Harry James, we on MODERN SCREEN want to wish her every happiness. We think she's got it coming.

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INGRID BERGMAN

(Continued from page 28)

with most large families, they'd learned the art of give-and-take, of attack and self-defense. Ingrid hadn't. They meant no harm, they were no more thoughtless than the average child, but Ingrid was more sensitive—so self-conscious that when visitors spoke to her, she could find nothing to say in reply. So the cousins poked and prodded her tender spots. Not till much later, when they'd reached an age of reason, did they realize that what had been routine teasing to them was torture to Ingrid.

To talk of being an actress in that household would have been to throw herself to the lions. Where Aunt Ellen had wept, her uncle would have stormed. Where Aunt Ellen had pleaded, he would have flatly forbidden. Not that it would have made any difference. Timid on all other scores, Ingrid was ready to battle tooth and claw for her dream.

But at 12 she could battle only by hiding her feelings. So she saved the weekly allowance from her father's estate, bought a second-hand phonograph, some records and the loudest needles manufactured, locked the door of her room and, under cover of the music, read Shakespeare aloud. It wasn't a foolproof device. Sooner or later there'd come a knock at the door, a request for less noise, please.

devils' play . . .

Eventually what was bound to happen, happened. Her cousins caught on and broadcast the news in high glee, this being too good a joke to keep to themselves. Now, when other diversions palled, they could always ring the changes on "look who wants to be an actress." She dreaded going home from school, she dreaded mealtimes. Her uncle knew all about it now, though his method was to ignore such folly.

Next day she'd take her sore heart to Uncle Gunnar, who wasn't really her uncle but a friend of father's and her only haven. Uncle Gunnar didn't think it was crazy to be an actress. He thought it was quite a sensible thing to be, always supposing you had talent. Whether Ingrid had talent or not he never said, and she never asked him. But now and then, after hearing her read one of Andersen's tales, he'd pronounce her "not bad." "Not bad" from most Swedes is equivalent to cheers from Americans.

At 15, she took her first bold step. Each year the school gave a Christmas party, featured by entertainment from the girls. A student committee arranged the program. Ingrid spent days in combat with her quailing spirit. "Very well," she threatened. "If you don't grab this chance to do something in front of people, you'll never be an actress, and serve you right." The echo of that menace drove her committeewards.

"I'd like to say a poem."

Oh, poem! Poems were silly! Summer's gone and the leaves are falling and everything's dreary, and who wants to listen to that stuff!

"It doesn't have to be dreary. I know some funny ones."

"All right, let's hear."

The gay little verses made them laugh, and they put her on the program. The audience laughed, too, that Christmas Eve. Her cousins were astonished and privately impressed but didn't show it. Ridicule had become too strong a habit. It did, however, lose some of its cutting effect. Ingrid had scored a success among

her classmates who eyed her with new respect and liking.

They organized a dramatic club in which she became prime mover. Most of her allowance went for theater tickets. She patronized the special performances given for school children at reduced prices. Her memory was fabulous and, having seen a play once, she could put it on. The dialogue may not have been accurate, but it served. She cast the plays, coached them and doubled in all the parts nobody else would have.

magic touchstone . . .

The following year she won a prize. That was really something, for every school in Sweden took part in the contest, and one of the judges was an honest-to-goodness actress. It would have been nice if she could have framed her scroll, but no matter. Even hidden in a drawer, it proved a touchstone against barbs.

She needed a touchstone for the crucial battle was at hand. Spring brought graduation. She must be ready next fall for the state dramatic school's annual scholarship tryouts. Any youngster could apply, but only with parental permission. Ingrid went to her uncle.

If hers was the irresistible force, his was the immovable body. No and no he said, and let that be the end of it.

"It won't be the end. You can stop me now. When I'm 21, nobody can."

They locked horns for weeks. "You can't open your mouth to a visitor in my house. What will you do on a stage? Stand there and give them the pleasure of looking at you?"

"On a stage, it's different." How could she explain that acting released her from herself, gave her by some magic the poise and assurance she lacked. He wouldn't understand. She hardly understood it herself.

Aid for Ingrid came from an unexpected quarter. And if the intention was hardly benevolent, that made exactly no difference to her. Why look a gift miracle in the mouth? It was her cousins who pointed out that the whole headache could be banished by letting her test. The state set high standards. There'd be dozens of candidates. She'd never get in, their big gawky Ingrid, afraid of her own shadow. Let her test and be done with it. There was the simple way out. She couldn't pass.

Uncle must have been very weary of her doggedness. What it cost him to say the words, she could only guess, but say them he did. "Very well, test."

ORCHIDS DEPT.

I am one of those girls who lives alone and loves it, but when one lives by herself, her biggest problem is bound to be loneliness. Tonight I stopped into the corner store for a pint of milk and saw the April issue of MODERN SCREEN sitting on the newsstand, smiling at me. What could I do but smile right back.

Then it struck me; it is magazines like MODERN SCREEN that put dabs of color in one's dull, gray life. You're as important to the morale of people like me as the rudder is to a ship.

D. O.

Vancouver, British Columbia

Jubilant as a colt untied in a daisy field, Ingrid worked with a coach all summer, preparing three scenes totally different in mood. One was a peasant girl, hearty and jolly and plump—you had to make them feel that she was plump. One was Rostand's "L'Aiglon." One was a spectral woman from Strindberg, wandering by the sea.

On September 1st she stood waiting with a hundred others in the wings of the students' stage, and she felt as if the top of her head wasn't there.

Teachers, directors, the president of the school, actors and newspaper men made up the audience. Names were called, figures went out and came back.

"Ingrid Bergman," she heard. Her feet carried her forward. She started the peasant girl scene, and suddenly she felt as if she had wings. This was wonderful. This was what she'd been waiting for all her life.

For two minutes heaven opened. Then somebody coughed, and somebody laughed and somebody turned to talk to somebody else. They weren't listening. She was so bad that they hadn't been able to stand her for more than two minutes. On that wave of horror, her lines washed away. She stumbled, faltered, reached frantically for whatever word she could catch, then stopped in rigid despair.

"That's enough. You can go."

curtain call . . .

Blindly she walked the streets of Stockholm and thought, "I haven't the courage to do it myself, but if a car would come and knock me down, the easiest thing would be to die." The hardest thing to face was her empty future, the second hardest, her family. In the end she went home, told them and locked herself in her room. Her cousins had seemed a little sorry, her uncle quite pleased.

She was called to the phone by a friend who had tested with her. You were supposed to go back to the school that evening to get your results. A large brown envelope, stuffed with your papers, meant that you'd failed. A small white envelope meant that you returned for a supplementary test.

"I'm not going," said Ingrid.

"But after all, you can't be sure."

"When they won't even listen, you can be very sure."

"Well, anyway, I'll look in your box."

It was perhaps an hour later when the phone rang again. For Ingrid. "Crazy woman, come right down. Your envelope is white."

Her cousins will never forget the way she screamed, just stood there and screamed. She's got to take their word for it, her own memory being a blank.

Much later she sought an explanation of that day from an actor who'd been in the audience. "How could you all be so cruel?"

"It wasn't cruelty. We'd heard so many who were mediocre. Then you came on, so natural, so funny that we couldn't help laughing. But what was the sense of wasting time? We cut you short, because you were clearly all right, and there were so many others left to hear."

They held the second test in a real theater. Ingrid was called last. She did "L'Aiglon." This time the house was very quiet. The phone message came that night. She'd been accepted. Ingrid was very quiet this time, too, a little numb now that it was all over, a little afraid to touch her happiness.

Among her treasures is a pacifier, never used by any baby. She keeps it in memory of her first evening at dramatic school. All the new students were blindfolded, seated in cars, driven to some

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mysterious spot, stripped of shoes and stockings, led into shallow water. Water was sprinkled over their heads and a ritual murmured, dedicating them to the service of Thalia. To dissipate any delusions of grandeur, pacifiers were then stuck into their mouths. "So you won't forget how stupid you are."

From then on, life changed. The lonely heartsick child was a thing of the past. Warmth flooded in—the warmth of friends, of approval and understanding—above all, the warmth of work which filled her being and touched every day to glory. From then on, the only thing that worried Ingrid was her great good fortune. "This can't go on," she'd tell herself. "It isn't right for one person to be so lucky. Some day I'll get a terrific slap in the face."

tactical surrender . . .

You committed yourself to three years of schooling. For the first two years, you studied and played supers. In the last year, if you hadn't been sifted out, you might get a part. Ingrid entered in September. Two months later the school was disrupted by a psychological tornado. One of the directors wanted Bergman for a part. This, according to certain classmates, smacked of rank favoritism. They howled to high heaven and the president, who told the director to find somebody else. That was fine with Bergman. She got the glow of having been wanted and the relief of postponing her acid test.

Ingrid felt pretty lofty about the movies. Play in them if you must, but if you do, don't call yourself an actress. So she played in them the following summer.

It happened this way. At vacation time the students were encouraged to strike out for themselves. Mostly they worked

with provincial stock companies. Ingrid preferred Stockholm, and in Stockholm only the movies were open to her. Well, for a little three months they couldn't hurt. Besides, she could then despise them with more authority.

One studio needed several girls and offered her a contract. They'd work as a group, and nobody would stand out. Before committing herself, she managed to get an appointment with the woman casting director of a larger company, who gave her the once-over and a scene to read and said, "I'll let you know."

"Hm," thought Ingrid the Shy on her way home, "that's what they all say. But if they know somebody else wants you, they might sing another tune."

The casting director's phone rang. "I just wanted to tell you," said a girlish voice, "not to bother about letting me know. It was so kind of you to see me, but I have another offer which is definite, and I don't dare hang around on a chance."

"We've decided we want you." The wire fairly snapped. "Come out at once." She should have seen Miss Bergman shaking hands with herself.

They gave her a six-weeks contract at \$250 a week, which impressed uncle. They gave her one of those ingenue parts which doesn't require much acting, but at least you can be seen. The nose she'd stuck up at the movies came down fast. She roamed round the lot, sticking that same nose into all the fascinating mysteries of film-making and came out a convert. The regard was mutual. When the picture was finished, they asked her to stay.

Oh, she couldn't do that. She had to go back to school.

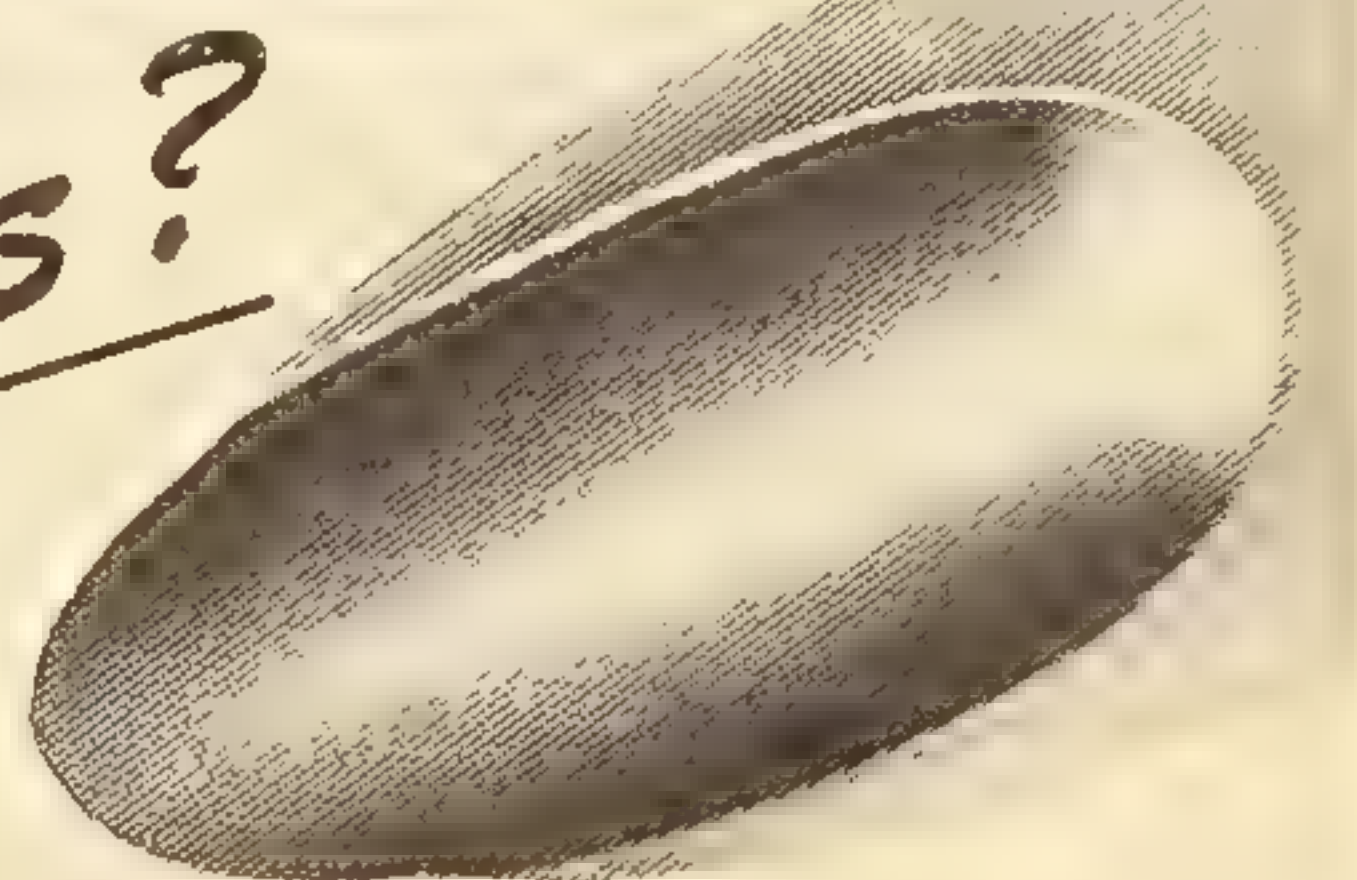
They fished out a script and shoved it under her nose. "This will be your next

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part. We start immediately.

It was incomparably better than the first part, and she eyed it as Puss eyes a saucer of cream. What to do? They'd be furious at school if she quit. Besides, there was so much to learn yet. She couldn't give up all that training, which she'd fought so desperately to get and which only the teachers at school could give her. On the other hand, here was a chance to act and to act now, instead of waiting for years. Back in her mind a shadowy plan took form—

She talked to Peter Lindstrom about it. Peter was a young man she'd met at the home of a friend. A tall young man, whose hair was exactly the same shade as hers. It was his eyes you noticed first though—such a curious gray-green, like the sea under clouds. He taught dentistry and was studying medicine. He felt about medicine as Ingrid felt about acting and pursued it with the same driving intensity.

She'd been a little timid of him at first. His lean face with its high forehead looked almost austere. But suddenly he'd laughed—and that laugh changed him to the gayest, friendliest person in the room. As she came to know him better, she realized that he was also the best-balanced person she'd ever met. With him, you didn't have to justify your single-minded devotion to your chosen work. He took it for granted and thought it was fine.

So she told him about this idea of hers, and he laughed and said if it worked, she had everything to gain, and if it didn't, nothing to lose. And at least she'd find out how badly they wanted her.

Armed with so much encouragement, Ingrid marched in with her proposition. Yes, she'd stay—if the studio would pay her teachers at dramatic school to give her private lessons.

They agreed. She made two more pictures, and the studio made a grave blunder. Heady with enthusiasm, they began sending out publicity raves on their find. Stockholm may not be Hollywood, but film biz the world over shakes the same bag of tricks. Ingrid Bergman! Sensation!! WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER!!! The words may have varied, but their gist was the same. Public and press sat up and took notice. Okay, we're waiting, they said—show us this new wonder.

without glory . . .

On the wings of this fanfare, her first picture was released—the one where she played a milky ingenue. Swedes, like everyone else, resent being gypped, and their gentlemen of the press came out and said so.

"Nothing but a new little face in the background," read the kindest notice in the dramatic sections.

The toughest sneered, "So that's the wonderful Bergman. Well, they can keep her. Or better still, send her back to school."

That was low tide in Ingrid's career. She crept back to the studio, firmly convinced that those awful words would ring forever in her ears and half expecting to be fired on the spot. To her amazement and relief, the studio flipped its fingers. "That for the reviews! Wait til your next picture comes out. They'll change their tune."

From then on, her professional stock mounted. As a rule, success stories tell of climbing and slipping and recovering and climbing again. Ingrid's is unique. It shows neither dip nor decline. That's what she means when, her face like a child's at a party, she says: "One person has no right to be so lucky."

first love . . .

Her popularity kept her from returning to the theater. Every time she said, "Now I'd like to try the stage," the studio stuck another fat part under her nose. Eventually she extricated herself long enough to do two plays, with pleasure and profit to all concerned. But they remained flyers. The movies and the movie public claimed her as their own, and she was content to have it so.

Perhaps her greatest triumph lay in uncle's complete and unconditional surrender. While Ingrid was still at school, little doubts had begun nibbling at his certainty. To him the words "acting" and "wild" had been synonymous. It puzzled him that these people, with whom his niece associated, should seem like other people, except harder-working.

Out of mingled dread and affection, curiosity and duty, he went to see her first picture, and he went, poor man, in fear and trembling. Heaven knows what sinister changes he thought the screen would have wrought in his Ingrid. And there she was as he knew her—no bold, forward minx but a charming young figure, going about her business like one who'd been born to it. As he knew her? No. Lovelier than he'd ever known her. For she'd never walked in his house with this grace, nor addressed people with this new-found serenity. Uncle was flabbergasted, and uncle was bewitched. Generously he acknowledged his error, became an ardent Bergman fan and took in good part the teasing which was now his portion.

"Going to see Ingrid's picture? But you've seen it twice."

"Is there a law which forbids me to see it a third time?"

Her friendship with Peter Lindstrom ripened into love. At first he had been the mentor to whom she had gone with her problems. He viewed them with interest because they were hers and with detachment because he was a man of science. More and more she learned to lean on his sane, cool judgment. From the beginning, he had understood her passion for work. Not only understood but applauded it. Many men might have shared his attitude while they remained personally unaffected. But young Dr. Lindstrom was a rarity. He didn't expect Ingrid to love acting less because she now loved him, too. For him, medicine could never be secondary to marriage. By the same token, why should Ingrid be asked to shove her work into the background?

When she was 21, they were married in the north of Sweden where Peter's parents lived on a farm. She loved his parents. That deep childhood long-

CAREFUL! IT'S CATCHING!

Like measles or joining the WAVES or falling in love, it's catching! You come home and tell the crowd what a wonderful, glowy feeling you get from being a Nurse's Aide, and before you know it, they're enrolling, en masse, at their Red Cross chapter or Civilian Defense Headquarters. If you could go into the hospitals and talk to the patients about the gorgeous job these Aides are doing in replacing nurses sent abroad, you'd join, all right. You'd join this minute because you're needed terribly. And your guy in the service will burst with pride when he hears the job you're doing!

ing to call somebody mama had never been appeased, till the elder Mrs. Lindstrom became mama to Ingrid. She wanted to go from their home to the little white tree-shaded church on the river nearby. She wanted to be the traditional bride in misty veil and gown.

Most of it went according to plan. There was the murmur of trees and stream, the scent of flowers, the simple heartwarming words in the old-fashioned church—there was Ingrid in bridal white and tall Peter beside her—there were the friends and relatives—and there, in addition, were crowds of the uninvited. Newspaper noses had pried the secret out. From near and far, from city and neighboring farms, by train and car and horse-and-buggy, people came to Ingrid's wedding, and she found that she didn't mind at all. She was too happy, too grateful for their beaming good will.

The honeymoon over, she and Peter returned to Stockholm and to work. When Pia was born, they made her name out of their own—l for Ingrid, P and A for Peter Aron.

Meantime, several offers had come from America, all of which Ingrid had turned down. Not that she wasn't interested in Hollywood, the goal of movie folk all over the world. But they scared her with their talk of seven-year contracts. Besides, she'd learned from the bitter experience of others. She'd heard how Hollywood took these European actresses, changed their faces, kept them hanging around till heart and hope sickened, then shipped them home under the shadow of railure.

A picture called "Intermezzo" and a man called David O. Selznick, who knows what he wants, changed all that. Selznick saw the Swedish "Intermezzo" and its Swedish star. He bought the American rights, with the idea firmly rooted in his mind that no one could play the girl like Ingrid Bergman.

He cabled Bergman. Bergman said, "No, thank you, I have a child now, I'm not interested." He urged her to come for this one picture. "And then," she thought, "they tie you up to another." He rang the changes on his pleas, so that Ingrid smiled every time a cable came, wondering what this persistent man would find to say next.

the reel thing . . .

He outflanked her by one of the canniest moves of his canny career. Where scraps of paper had failed, an understanding woman might succeed. He sent Katherine Brown, his New York representative, to Sweden.

Ingrid liked Miss Brown. Her fear of Hollywood was largely fear of the unknown, exaggerated by rumor. Miss Brown thought it was funny and a little sad when Ingrid confessed, "I didn't know Hollywood people could be so human." She talked of how human David Selznick was and with what fastidious care he produced his pictures. She said that Leslie Howard had already been engaged for "Intermezzo." That made Ingrid's eyes shine, and the tale of all her misgivings came pouring out. The other girl dispelled them. There'd be no seven "terrible years," no commitments, no hanging around, no tricks, no strings. Three months was all they asked. "Intermezzo" would start on such a date, finish on such a date. Then she'd be free as air to leave. If she didn't like Hollywood, Selznick wouldn't try to get her back.

"And I may keep my own face?" Ingrid asked anxiously.

Miss Brown roared. "Look. David Selznick's a generous guy, but he doesn't throw money around for the sake of



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throwing it. Why do you think he kept the wires hot? Why do you think he sent me over here? For just one thing. Because it's your own face he wants, and no other face in the world will do."

westward bound . . .

Peter encouraged her to go, and Peter's encouragement turned the trick. A door had been opened into what might prove a wider professional life. If she let it close, she'd always be gnawed by what-might-have-been. Three months would pass quickly. He had his work to keep him occupied, and Pia wouldn't miss her.

So Ingrid went but kept her departure a secret in Sweden. She dreaded the newspaper comments. "Aha! Another European actress, taking herself to Hollywood to be killed."

Well, you all know how Hollywood killed her, so we won't go into that story again. Selznick kept his word to the letter. At the end of three months she was on a ship, homeward bound. But from one pledge she released him. If she didn't like Hollywood, he'd promised, he wouldn't try to get her back. She liked Hollywood very much indeed. She hoped to be able to divide her time between Swedish and American movies.

The war put an end to that dream. You don't go cavorting back and forth through mine-infested waters. She had to decide between Sweden and America, and America offered a movie star broader scope. Early in 1940 she left her native land for the second time, taking Pia.

Not till he'd seen her on board, not till he was waving to her from the dock, did Peter feel sure that she'd really go. He'd had to propel her every step of the way.

"But I can't go, not knowing when I'll see you again—"

"You'll see me in June. In June I'll come to you."

"Yes, if you can. If the war will let you. I'm not going, Peter."


In the end he escorted her to the Spanish port from which the boat sailed, to keep her from turning back before she got there. He stood on the dock, smiling and calling "June." She stood at the rail, her lips obediently answering, "June, June, June," but her heart was fearful. Between now and June, anything might happen. Sweden might go to war. Nothing was stable. Nothing could be depended upon. Then, through the surging doubts and terrors gleamed a ray of hope. Nothing could be depended upon but Peter. Peter had yet to make a promise and not keep it.

He kept it all right. He came in June—and again the following Christmas, under still more difficult conditions. And he brought his wife the loveliest Christmas gift—the news that it might be possible for him to complete his medical training and get his degree in America. His application was approved by the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester. They rented a house, found a good nurse for Pia and, after a tour in "Anna Christie," Ingrid spent the winter with her family before returning to Hollywood for "Casablanca."

"Casablanca" was finishing, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" was beginning. More than any part ever written, Ingrid had wanted to play Maria. The articulate Hemingway had indicated in words choice and forceful that, from his point of view, there was no Maria but Ingrid. Losing the part had been a blow. But she'd accepted it and put the disappointment behind her.

Then, with a week to go on "Casablanca," rumor reared its head. All was not

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**HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES
AND NIPPLES**

well in Sonora, where they'd started shooting "Bell." Zorina was out, she was in, she was out. They were paging Bergman, no they weren't, yes they were—

Ingrid shut her ears. She'd gone through it all once. Not a second time, please. She couldn't bear it a second time. For her there was no such thing as Maria or "Bell," she reminded herself severely. She was finishing "Casablanca," then she was going home to Peter and the baby.

So that was settled. Till they called and asked her to make a test. Not an acting test. They knew all about her acting. They just wanted to see how she looked with her hair cropped. But she couldn't cut her hair. There were still some scenes to be made for "Casablanca." Oh, that was all right. They could pin her hair up and get the effect.

She made the test on a Friday. They told her Sam Wood was coming down from Sonora to see it on Sunday. All day Sunday she sat beside the phone. She couldn't read or eat or think, she could only sit. Peter called from Rochester. No, she hadn't heard. Yes, she'd let him know the minute she did. Yes, no matter how late.

At midnight she dragged her heavy heart to bed. The phone hadn't rung.

ringing the "Bell" . . .

Next day she was making stills out at Warners'. They might have served for one of those before-and-after-taking ads. Ingrid-in-the-morning plus something added equalled Ingrid-in-the-afternoon. The something added was glow. What she'd taken was a phone call from David Selznick. "You're Maria, Ingrid."

First, she went slightly loco in her quiet way. Then she phoned her husband—whose rejoicing for her left no room for disappointment that she wasn't coming home. And lest she should feel disappointment for him, he told her firmly, "It's good that you're not here. I'm far too busy. You'd be in my way." For which generous lie she sent him her deepest blessing.

Perhaps because her own happiness was infectious, people and things conspired to make it perfect. Ordinarily, there'd have been a week of tying up loose ends after "Casablanca." Warners' breezed through them in a day and packed her off to Paramount to get her hair cut. Before she could catch her breath, she was on a train, then in a car, then on a horse, riding high, high into the mountains—more excited than she'd ever been about any picture, including her first.

Her arrival was funny. Because at Sonora they'd all been waiting for her. They'd been honestly sorry about Zorina, who'd tried so hard. But the fact remained that she hadn't been right for the part, and Ingrid was. So when the other girl had taken her blow like a man and departed, their spirits rose, and they all wanted to go down to Modesto to meet the new Maria. Since that couldn't be, they kept sending lookouts to watch for her.

And of course when she did show up, the whole mob, lookouts included, were busy with the shooting of a difficult bridge sequence, and Ingrid looked round in vain for someone to say hello to. Suddenly, out of nowhere, loomed a long figure. "Hello," Gary Cooper grinned. He took her to Sam Wood, and they both escorted her to her cabin where by now a welcoming committee had gathered. At the door they'd posted a rubber soldier—the kind used for dead figures on the battlefield. Only this ridiculous guy stood upright for once, and round his rubber neck was a sign reading, "Welcome, Maria."

Her laughter pealed. The radiance brought by David Selznick's message remained with her throughout. Ask anyone who worked with her what she was like, and they all use the same word. "She glowed," they say. "She bubbled like a child."

And why not? "I'd have been a script girl, if they'd let me," she once confessed. "just to be part of that picture." Well, she wasn't a script girl, she was Maria, Robert Jordan's girl, and happy as the day was long. She took an active share in all the community doings—rode or swam before breakfast, fixed fish salad for dinner—or some other delicacy that you couldn't get at the restaurant—and invited whomever could come to share it, danced in the evening or watched the rushes or some film sent up by Paramount to amuse them, joined parties going to Reno over the week-end. When they weren't shooting her, she was all over the place with her 16-mm. camera—a hobby she'd collected from her husband. As for work, it was one long holiday—whether she was wading to the waist in icy streams or hanging for hours to a tree for one little shot. No job was too hard, no fatigue too great, no hour too late or early to be called. Indeed, there was only one thing wrong with "Bell." In time, it ended.

She always dreads the end of a picture. She's always importuning David Selznick, "What next?"

"Next, you go home and rest."

"Yes, but I want to know when I'm coming back."

During "Casablanca," Hal Wallis had sounded her out about playing Clio in "Saratoga Trunk." She'd said thank you but no, the part was completely alien to her.

Clio's challenge . . .

On the morning of the day she was to leave for Rochester, Selznick phoned. "They want you to reconsider Clio. Sam Wood started it all over again. Wallis told him you'd turned it down, but you know Sam when he gets an idea in his head. They asked if you'd read the script before you go."

"What do you think, David?"

"I think it's not for you."

She read the script and began to waver. On the train going home, she began to think, why not? Her whole theory of acting was based on the premise of variety. Selznick still teased her sometimes, quoting a line she'd used when her English was less flexible than it is today. "I don't want to get stuck with a sign," she'd pleaded.

Well, call it type casting, it smelled no sweeter. Wasn't this her chance? Maria had been easy. She'd had no trouble slipping into Maria's shoes. This girl would be a challenge. She'd have to change her walk, change the tempo of her speech, it would be exciting.

She laughed at herself, grappling with the problems already. This was all very well, but David didn't want her to do it, and her American career had been built on David's good judgment. Before leaving she'd talked to Sam Wood who was set to direct, and to Coop, cast as the masculine lead. They'd both been encouraging. Counting Hal Wallis, that made three who could see her as Clio. But David couldn't.

For two months in Rochester, Hollywood kept her phone busy with argument and counter-argument. Though by now Ingrid herself was won over, she refused to say yes without David's blessing. Among them, they wore him down.

"Do you think you can do it, Ingrid?"

"I think I can."

"Then go ahead."

From that point he was on her side, even when the papers hooted! "Hollywood casting! A Swedish dove in the role of a wild French minx!" Ingrid's press book is choked with such clippings. And some of the guys and gals responsible for them are already choking on their own words. For out on the Warner lot they found a stormy, black-haired, scarlet-mouthed unknown, whom they failed even to recognize as Miss Bergman.

"I don't believe it," one of them said. "Well, who do you think she is?"

He was handsome about it. "With my profoundest apologies, she's Clio Du-laine."

reunion in Frisco . . .

She won't be going to Rochester any more. Pia's with her now. Dr. Lindstrom has his degree and is attached to a San Francisco hospital. As distances go, San Francisco is as great an improvement over Rochester as Rochester was over Stockholm. He can come down for week-ends, and she can go up to him, work permitting.

Pia looks like her mother and has the self-reliance of both parents. Once they were trying to get her to dance. First her mother, then her father, showed her how. "Now you try it."

She eyed them coldly. "When I'm as big as you," Pia observed, "I'll dance like you," and left the scene with dignity.

There was also the time when her nurse wanted to keep her outdoors.

"I'm going in for my teddy bear," said Pia.

"But your teddy bear's here."

"I'm going in for my boat."

"Your boat's here, too."

"I'm going in for my doll," said Pia, annoyed.

"But, Pia, here's your doll."

For a moment, she was baffled. Then she lifted her chin—a resolute chin—and spoke in measured tones. "I am going," Miss Lindstrom announced, "into the house." And went.

She has an hour with her mother before bedtime, and they breakfast together before Pia leaves for school. She loves school, and Ingrid loves her spirit of independence. Yet there's a little clutch at the heart—which all mothers recognize—when her four-year-old picks up lunchbox, kisses her good-by and goes blithely off to live her own life.

Though it took her a while to get used to some of our ways, Ingrid felt at home in America from the first. Sweden is more ceremonious, more impersonal. In Sweden she was Miss Bergman. In Hollywood she was Ingrid right off the bat. If this startled her a little, she also recognized it as an expression of the friendliness she loves in us.

She herself has become less Swedish—that is, less formal. She loves hamburgers and chewing gum and dressing as she pleases and going without a hat and swing bands and ice cream—especially ice cream, which in Sweden was something that topped off the swankiest party dinner. She loves the vitality of New York and the hominess of Rochester and the sunshine of Hollywood. In short, she loves America.

When you read this, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" will be released or on the point of release. They're saying about her performance—not that it will be honored by the Oscar, but that the Oscar will be honored by it. Let's leave prediction to the prophets. There was once an eager-hearted child who saw a dream and cried, "That's what I want, father." It's enough for the woman that she made the child's dream come true. And for us it's quite sufficient that she turned out to be Ingrid Bergman and that we've got her.

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FACIAL CREAM

HIS HEART BELONGS TO HEDY

(Continued from page 35)

presented his offering more eagerly.

Hedy Lamarr took the pansies from her young adopted son and patted his head. "And what kind of flowers are those that you brought to me this morning?" she wanted to know.

This required some thought. He turned his chubby cheek against his shoulder and pondered. "I sink it is a dandelion," he announced.

Hedy averted her head to keep him from seeing her amused smile. "Time to pour the coffee," she said.

morning ritual . . .

This, too, is an every-morning routine, as is the flower-gathering and presentation. Jamesy, with the care of an antique dealer fondling a priceless Meissen vase, picks up the two-cup percolator, steadies the top with one small index finger and pours his mother's coffee.

After adding cream, he takes a cube of sugar, solemnly dunks same, and puts it into his mouth.

There came a time, perhaps a year ago, when Jamesy had emerged from the baby state, but had not yet taken on the logic of a man of four. He had actually cried crystalline tears when Hedy had to leave for the studio. After several days of this, Hedy realized that she had to Take Steps.

She had a talk with Jamesy. "You like your tricycle, don't you?"

"Y-y-y-yes," said a sob.

"And you like your red farmer wagon?"

The downbent head nodded, swinging a tear to the floor.

"And you like to go to nursery school to learn things and to play with other children?"

Again Jamesy agreed.

"To buy those things for you, I must go to the studio and work," explained his mother. "I should like very much to remain at home with you all day, but if we are to have the things we want, we must work for them. Remember that always."

From that day to this, Jamesy has looked upon his mother's daily departure—excepting upon Sunday—with philosophy. He is even planning upon the time when it is his turn to go out each morning and conduct himself in a manner that will buy coaster wagons and tricycles (for his own little boy).

At present, Jamesy wants to be a photographer when he grows up. He reached this conclusion after a day-long visit to the set where Hedy is working in a tip top picture titled "The Heavenly Body."

Jamesy was as quiet as dreams forming and as big-eyed as a hungry monkey. He watched carpenters, electricians, make-up men and directors. Obviously they had exciting jobs that a careerist would do well to consider. But the cameraman! There was a king who sat on a moving throne and rode while peering importantly through a spy-glass. There was a man who curtly ordered, "Move here; move there" or "Those lights will have to be adjusted." Ah,



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now there was a job.

The next day, Jamesy prowled the house, intent upon finding an item of equipment without which his imagination could accomplish very little. He knew in general what he needed: A button-shaped gadget to press. Finally, from the kitchen, he emerged triumphant with the glass top of a percolator.

When Hedy came home, he stopped her importantly in the hallway. "Take a picture," he explained. "Smile, please." And he sighted through the top, then squeezed a chubby thumb on the bubble-peak of the cover. He has taken millions of such pictures since: of Hedy in slacks, in gingham pinafore, in sleek suits. He undoubtedly owns and operates the finest of all invisible portrait galleries.

In addition to being a photographer, Jamesy is a great author of spontaneous dramas. He came running in one day with a graphic story of a big boy, bigger than a tree, who came into the front yard and pushed Our Hero, knocking him down in a puddle, thereby soiling Our Hero's trousers. He turned around to offer Exhibit A.

At another time he arrived breathless with a story of how Pat, the dog, actually saw a bear across the road. Pat—with tremendous courage—ran after said bear and did furiously attack same. The bear stood on his hind legs and boxed, but Pat ran around behind the bear and bit him in the shaggy department. It was a great fight, but Pat won in the end.

Hedy, the recipient of these sagas, simply lifted one eyebrow and looked at her son. She continued to stare him out of countenance, until he began to grin. "Aw, I was only teasing you," he said.

"I used to tease, too," Hedy confessed to him. "When I was a little girl, I used to have a secret hiding place—in the kneehole space in my father's big desk. I used to borrow one of my mother's motor scarves, those big chiffon veils that ladies used to tie over their hats when they went out in automobiles, and I'd drape that around myself and then I'd make up games. That's what you've been doing."

"I was just teasing," Jamesy said again, indicating that he was keeping his dream world well separated from the realm of truth.

Incidentally, Pat, the dog mentioned above, has a history. He is probably one of the world's muttiest mongrels; composed of some fine English setter blood and the rest ad lib. One November ninth—which is Hedy's birthday—he simply appeared at the back door in obvious need of food. Hedy fixed up a fine blue plate breakfast which vanished in two quick swipes of a drooling tongue. "Good-by," said Hedy suggestively.

nuttiest mongrel . . .

Pat's head lolled to one side, and he sank to his belly in abject admiration. Had he been equipped with human speech he would undoubtedly have said, "Keep me, baby. I'm yours."

He had no collar, no identification. He had, however, an idea: to remain with Hedy, and there he has been ever since.

Saturdays are busy days for Pat and Jamesy, because Hedy is frequently at home. In the morning, the three of them mow the lawn. Pat rushes up and down, barking signals and making up rabbits to chase. Sometimes he spends several moments, sniffing down a gopher hole and thinking up various tactics.

Hedy pushes the mower, and Jamesy follows after, picking up odd little handfuls of grass that somehow escape the basket. He is as meticulous in his neatness in his yard work, as he is about his room.

When he undresses himself, he hangs up everything with care. His shoes are set neatly by twos like good small soldiers. He can't seem to endure disorder of any sort.

So he follows the lawn mower and scoops up the incidental grass to preserve neatness. This task completed, the trio goes out to one of the most astounding of Victory gardens. Hedy planted it herself with equal parts of horticultural ignorance and enthusiasm. In the back yard were a series of terraces; Hedy had read somewhere that terraces were fine places for gardens, so she dug neat furrows and poured in seeds. She set seedlings out and began to plan summer salads that would make an epicure drool.

Along came one of those mild California rain storms that sluice down hill-sides and strip the gold from the teeth of anyone unwary enough to laugh at the high water.

When the skies cleared, Hedy's Victory garden needed the same treatment because it was cluttered and you may double that in spades. When the vegetables grew in spite of themselves, the result was like no other vegetable garden. Onions were stacked like French bread sticks in a glass. Radishes were growing horizontally out of the lettuce patch. Carrots and peas were mingled with spinach in a natural vegetable plate.

But Hedy, Jamesy and Pat loved the garden with partisan devotion. Each Saturday they went in an earnest search of weeds. Sometimes the identity of a weed was difficult to discover. "Is this a weed?" Jamesy asked his mother one day, holding up a growth covered with small white blossoms.

Hedy looked it over. Yes, she assured her son, it was a weed.

Jamesy continued to survey it. Finally he scooped up a small mound of earth and replaced the stalk. "Pwetty for a weed," he said.

On Sunday, Hedy and Jamesy usually take a brief A-card ride, just for the air and relaxation. At such times, a family concert takes place. Jamesy undertakes to teach Hedy all the songs he has learned at nursery school. (She is rapidly becoming an authority on juvenile music.) It makes him writhe if she misses a word or a note, and the song has to be stopped instantly while repairs are made. Once Jamesy is certain his mother is entirely hep—that she isn't going to flat a note or muffle a word—he trusts her with the melody, and he goes off in search of what will eventually be either the tenor or the baritone accompaniment. He's astonishingly adept at improvisation, for a junior character, and Hedy hopes something good will come of it.

In the evening, after one of these outings, Hedy reads to Wise Head. At present they are deep in a thing called, rationing or not, "The Good Little Pig." This book and many others on Jamesy's shelves have been read and re-read until he is thoroughly familiar, not only with the story itself, but with the exact spot on each page whereon a certain incident occurs.

One night after a difficult day at the studio, Hedy decided to give the bedtime story a quick brush-off. She read along rapidly, then smoothly skipped two paragraphs. Jamesy stopped her at once, Pointing to the missed paragraphs he said sternly, "You forgot to read that."

good little pig takes a beating . . .

Several pages farther on, after glancing down at heavy lids, Hedy decided she could leave another few lines on the cutting room floor. Jamesy came out of the clouds with an indignant grunt. "And you skipped right there," he scolded.

Ordinarily, Jamesy doesn't waste so many words on his mother. They have developed a system of conversation which is terse, but to the point. Usually it consists of a single clue. She will say, when they are seated quietly in a room, "Water," and he will go get her a drink. Or, as they are riding along, he will say "Flower," and Hedy glances around quickly, knowing that he wants her to see a bush or a tree or an entire garden that he finds particularly lovely.

One of Jamesy's favorite people is John Loder, who in turn loves Hedy's small son. At first John was in favor of arriving with pockets stuffed with gifts for Jamesy, but Hedy discouraged it. In the first place, she felt that Jamesy had enough merchandise to keep polished. He has been taught to take excellent care of his belongings. He has a section in the garage where he has a workroom "like a man's" and in it—along with his carpentering tools—he keeps his farm wagon, his small car and tricycle. These, he polishes every day.

By the way, when he is catapulting around in his farm wagon, his name is Farmer Joe. If Hedy calls him, he refuses to answer until she says, "Farmer Joe come here a moment please."

"I'm Farmer Joe—not Jamesy."

Aside from these three major toys, his taste in minor gifts favors anything that Hedy has cast off. One of her emptied perfume bottles is a boon beyond price. An ex-powder box is valuable booty.

From Mr. Loder, the quick-witted Jamesy learned an amusing stunt. He had heard John say that he had enjoyed a steam bath and rub down before leaving the studio, and felt wonderful.

The next morning Jamesy extended his chubby hands over the mild steam serpentine up from a cup of coffee. "Steam," he explained. "Good for me."

Hedy has two rules about dealing with her son. She never allows herself to remain near him when she is tired. From her own childhood she remembers occasions when she was punished—not because she really deserved punishment—but because some elder was tired or worried. The punishment she remembers most vividly was getting paddled for wearing a bow in her hair. Not that there was anything wrong with the bow, but the paddler happened not to like hair-bows, and the condition was complicated by a touch of indigestion.

Hedy's second rule is that she always tries to manage an hour of aloneness each day for Jamesy, as well as for herself. She believes that every human being needs an uninterrupted hour each day, to think, to plan or just to escape the friction of other personalities.

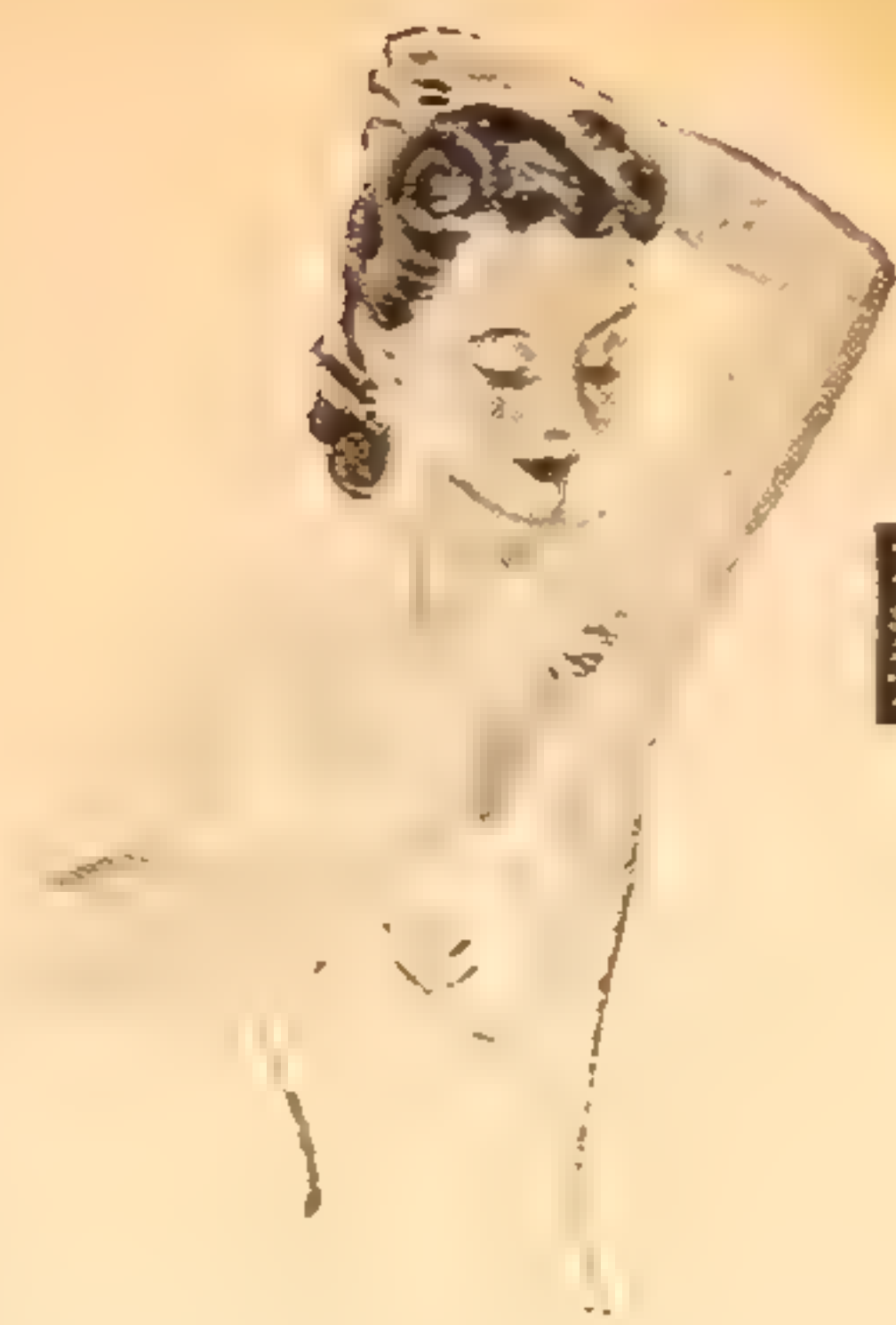
At present, Jamesy is managing several hours of solitude. He awakened one morning and proclaimed with some pride, "Mosquito bites all over me!"

The mosquito bites proved to be a healthy case of chicken pox.

There is one thing that Jamesy really wants as a general result of his malady: a little brother or sister. He thinks it would be nice for both of them to stay out of school at the same time, to celebrate their mosquito bites together.

And what does Mother say to this?

That some day she hopes to fulfill Jamesy's wish.



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"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" (STORY)

(Continued from page 39)

"Good," said Jordan.

He watched the old man scramble through the boulder-strewn mountain-side and disappear into the trees. He was very tired, yes; still he was satisfied. This country was perfect for a guerrilla.

A little beyond, the hill fell away abruptly to a gorge. Below the gorge the bridge hung suspended like a cobweb slung between the stems of two flowers; it looked fragile. He swept the binoculars in a half arc from one side of the bridge to the other. With luck, perhaps, it might be simple; there was dynamite enough in the rucksack to blow a bridge twice the size. But he remembered Golz, in Madrid, saying carefully: "To blow the bridge is nothing."

"So?" he had said.

"To blow the bridge at the precise moment, that is everything."

"And when?"

"After the attack has started," Golz had said heavily.

afraid to die . . .

So that was it, and he had cursed to himself softly after hearing it. It was not enough to blow the bridge; no—do it after they know something is up, when they'll be waiting in every copse of trees. Still there was nothing to say; you took the order and nodded; if it was impossible, you merely shrugged and did it.

Now, at the gorge, looking at the bridge, he saw that it might be done. He crawled back toward the rucksack and slung it once more over his shoulders. He squatted on his heels, waiting for the old man to return. He saw them coming before they saw him, and he rose and waited for them silently. The old man, Anselmo, motioned to the man behind him.

"He is called Pablo," Anselmo said.

"Salud," said Robert Jordan.

The other nodded.

"A generous welcome," said Anselmo mockingly.

"What is in the packs?" said Pablo.

"Dynamite."

"What is your business here?"

"There is a bridge to blow up," Jordan said.

"What bridge?"

Jordan said flatly: "A bridge."

"I will have no part of it," Pablo said angrily.

"I have not asked for your help."

"You will," Pablo said bitterly. "And then they will come, and they will hunt us in the hills, and we will be killed."

"Killed, killed," said Anselmo mockingly. "Are you afraid to die?"

"I am afraid of nothing," said Pablo.

Still he was afraid, thought Robert Jordan swiftly, and that was bad. The man's nerve was gone; you could always tell it, always.

There were five others in the little guerrilla band that hid in the cave under the shelter of the rim rock. Five others who carried their pride in the Republic and their pride in their work; had they not blown up a train only a little while before and shot the Fascist swine that managed to escape the wreckage?

"No others?" said Robert Jordan.

"Two women," said Anselmo.

"Women?"

"Pilar. Pablo's woman. Very fierce. Very brave. Very rare."

"And the other?"

"A girl," said Anselmo.

There was no need to ask of her, for she came now out of the mouth of the cave, carrying a plate of food. Jor-

dan, looking at her, thought suddenly and very sharply: She's beautiful. I was as simple as that; and then he remembered that he had never thought that of a girl before. They were pretty, yes and nice; and pleasant; and good to look at and good to touch. But this one was different, brown and tall and moving with the easy grace of a colt. Her hair was cropped short, almost a fuzz against her skull; but she was beautiful nevertheless.

"How are you called?" he said to her.

"Maria."

"I am called Roberto," he said.

She smiled at him; he realized suddenly that they were not alone, and when he looked up, the others were grinning and the man Pablo was staring angrily. Pablo turned and wheeled away, walking swiftly. That almost did it, Jordan thought; there were two rules in Spain—give the men tobacco and leave the women alone.

"Whose woman are you?" he said gruffly. "Pablo's?"

"Pablo?" she said; and laughed again.

"Of the others, then?"

"Of no one," she said; she looked at him mockingly. "Not even you."

"Good," he said. "I have no time for women."

The Gypsy, Rafael, laughed in the darkness: "Not even 15 minutes, my friend? Not even 15 minutes for a woman?"

He watched her until she disappeared inside. His mouth felt thick and his throat was tight; for a moment he almost rose to follow her. But the image of Golz rose in his mind, Golz bent wearily over the maps in Madrid.

ugly and beautiful . . .

"We will need others for the bridge," he said. "Are there any other bands in the hills?"

"There is El Sordo," said Anselmo.

"Will he help?"

"Yes."

"He has horses?"

"Yes."

"Good," Jordan said. "I'll want to see him."

It was the woman Pilar who led him to El Sordo. She was blunt and hard, a peasant woman, and he liked her. There was a clear honesty about her, and she was a woman who knew her world. She was ugly but with an ugliness that had a quality that made it almost pleasant. Before they started she looked at him keenly, unsmiling.

"Would it disturb you," she said, "if the girl, Maria, came also?"

"No," he replied gravely.

"You care for her?" she said.

"Yes," Jordan said.

"I, too," she said. "Remember that."

THE CAST

Robert Jordan.....	Gary Cooper
Maria.....	Ingrid Bergman
Pilar.....	Katina Paxinou
Pablo.....	Akim Tamiroff
Rafael.....	Mikhail Rasumny
Fernando.....	Fortunio Bonanova
Augustin.....	Arturo De Cordova
Primitivo.....	Victor Varconi
Andres.....	Eric Feldary
Anselmo.....	Vladimir Sokoloff
El Sordo.....	Joseph Calleia
Joaquin.....	Lilo Yarson
Lt. Col. Miranda....	Pedro De Cordoba
Andre Massart.....	George Coulouris
Lieut. Berrendo.....	Duncan Renaldo



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EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America

"You have given her a place to live," he said softly.

"She has seen too much for a girl," she said bitterly. "The Fascist swine." She cursed softly and steadily.

"It is a war," he said.

muck man . . .

She changed the subject abruptly: "You have seen the bridge?"

"Yes."

"It can be done?"

"It can be done."

"Good. We have been stagnant here too long."

"And Pablo?" he said softly.

"Pablo will listen to me. I command."

He continued boldly: "I cannot trust Pablo."

She looked at him sharply. "We none of us can. But he was a good man. Remember that. He killed many Fascists at the beginning."

"And now?"

"I am not sure," she said shortly. She returned to the mouth of the cave. "Maria!"

She came out. And it was still the same. The same tightness in his throat and the thickness in his mouth and the sudden, startling realization that she was beautiful; he wondered how it could have happened so quickly.

"This is the way to El Sordo," said Pilar drily. "Are you coming?"

The three of them started up the mountain trail through the pines with the Spanish sky arching hugely over them and the earth, boulder-strewn and rugged, stretching before them.

El Sordo was much man; that was the Spanish phrase for it and it was true. Short, heavy, gray haired with a certain gravity and dignity; he was almost deaf and oddly that made no difference. He was for the bridge; he was for anything that would hamper, kill or destroy the Fascists. But he was a man who knew that battles are not won by emotion.

"You saw the planes today?" he said.

"Yes."

"There were never so many planes in this area."

"I have seen troops coming up."

"We have seen them, too," Jordan said.

"They know an attack will come," El Sordo said.

"Perhaps," said Jordan.

That was always the worst of it, because it was true; because they did know, and Golz's attack would end like all the rest. But perhaps not. Perhaps this time it would be different.

El Sordo said: "We could blow the bridge tonight."

"No," Jordan said.

"The time of the blowing is important?"

"All important," Jordan said.

"Then it will be done," El Sordo said.

Swiftly, then, they made arrangements as to time and place, the meeting of the two bands, the assigning of specific tasks. El Sordo listened keenly, nodded from time to time. Jordan had planned it well. If there was any chance of success, this was the way it must be done.

It was on the return from El Sordo that the woman Pilar stopped once more. Under the pine trees that looked toward a meadow that rolled evenly to the jutting peaks glistening still with snow, she turned to the two of them.

"Listen to me," she said harshly.

"There is not much time. In a war a day must serve for a year, a week for a century. I have seen it in your eyes; remember that there is not much time."

"What have you seen in our eyes?" Jordan said.

"Don't talk like a fool," Pilar said.

"You are not one. Did you think I

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asked Maria to come because I could not walk to El Sordo on my own feet?"

"Pilar—" said Maria. "She needs kindness," Pilar went on swiftly. "She needs kindness and softness and love, yes, love. She has seen too much hatred already in her time. Above all, kindness, you understand?"

"Yes," Jordan said. "I leave you now," Pilar said. "Stay here a while."

"There is no need," Jordan said. "I tell you there is," Pilar said. Very softly, Maria's voice said: "Let her go, Roberto. Let her go."

They watched her while she strode on ahead, her thick body like a heavy blot on the landscape. And when she was gone, he turned to Maria; and she was waiting. And it was all gone now except the single, searing thought: How beautiful she is, how beautiful she is...

That night it began to snow; softly at first and then with more fury. Standing at the mouth of the cave, looking out, Jordan watched the sky anxiously. The snow was bad; snow meant tracks, and tracks meant that they would be followed wherever they moved.

Pablo came up behind him, his voice a little thick with wine. "Are you looking for the sun?" he said. "The snow will not stop."

"It will stop," Jordan said. "Not today, not tomorrow. Not before the attack. There will be no blowing of the bridge now."

"There will," Jordan said. Pablo's voice was mocking: "You will order the snow to stop? Madrid will order the snow to stop, perhaps?"

baiting the hook...

The man was baiting him. Jordan turned away from the cave mouth and returned to the steaming pot and the group huddled around it. One of the men, Augustin, turned to Jordan.

"Don't listen to Pablo. He is drunk." Jordan squatted on the rocky floor of the cave silently. Augustin, the hot tempered, knowing Pablo's game, said softly to Jordan: "Tell us. How did you come to Spain?"

"I came first many years ago," Jordan said. "In America I teach Spanish at a University."

"A professor?" said Augustin. "A professor!" said Pablo scornfully.

"Look at him. He has no beard." "Pay no attention to him," said Augustin again. "He is drunk."

Jordan said carefully: "I don't believe he is drunk."

If Pablo was going to make trouble, this was the time to force his hand, now and no more waiting. Have it out with Pablo. The man was dangerous. At least he was sure of the others. If I have to kill him, he thought coldly and clearly, then now is the time, before he can make trouble.

He turned to Pablo, facing him full. "I don't believe you are drunk," he said. "Oh, I'm drunk," Pablo said.

"Not drunk," Jordan said. "Afraid, shivering with fear like an old woman—"

Pablo grinned at him. "You think you will provoke me with words? You think that is the way to get rid of me?"

"Coward—" "I drink to your health," said Pablo raising his glass.

"Swine," said Jordan. "My good friend," said Pablo.

Augustin rose suddenly and swept the glass from his hand. "Fool," he said harshly to Pablo.

"Another patriot," said Pablo. Augustin's hand swung sharply and cracked against Pablo's face. Sitting at

the opposite side, Jordan reached to his lap and slipped the revolver from its holster, slipping off the safety catch.

Pablo swayed. "I do not provoke," he said.

This time Augustin's clenched fist caught him on the mouth; the blood ran down in a small trickle from the edges of his lips. Jordan didn't move.

Pablo laughed softly into the silence. "So," he said. "So. All of you, then. Speak to your Roberto of the bridge and of the Republic and of all the patriots. Ask him when the snow will stop, and where will you go when they come hunting you in the hills here?"

"Get out," Augustin shouted.

death at dawn...

Jordan slept outside the cave in a sleeping bag and, at dawn the next morning, he woke suddenly, aware, as always he felt it in danger, of a tightening of his stomach muscles. Then he heard the sound, the cllop of hooves, unmistakably the slap of a carbine against a saddle. He was up warily with the automatic in his hand at the same moment that the horseman broke through the pine trees and into the clearing. They saw each other at the same moment, the Fascist soldier on patrol and Robert Jordan. Jordan's finger squeezed the trigger and the gun roared in the dawn quiet; the soldier slumped off the horse.

They came tumbling out of the cave, all of them, their faces tense. Jordan said shortly: "Get that horse out of here. There must be cavalry out."

Tensely then, they distributed their forces. At the mouth of the pass, a machine gun; rifles covering the rear. They waited for the cavalry troop to come up, Jordan praying silently that it was only an isolated patrol, for if it was, there might still be time for the bridge, if they lived through it. They heard the cllop of the hooves long before they saw them. Jordan's finger tightened on the machine gun trigger; he whispered, down, down, down.

Then sharply, suddenly, there was the sound of rifle fire across the valley. The cavalry troop was so close they could hear the shouted orders. The lieutenant in charge called the order to halt, then the order of wheel.

the planes came...

Anselmo said softly: "El Sordo is the one today."

Jordan said: "Can he hold out?" "How many has he?" said Anselmo.

"And how many have they?" "He will fight?"

"To the death," said Anselmo. "We needed him," Jordan said softly.

"We could go to him now. Perhaps combined—"

Overhead a plane whined in the air, seemed to hover over the valley and then sped northward.

Jordan pointed. "Against the planes?" he said. "All of us would die. And there is still work to do."

And so it was the last night, the night before the blowing of the bridge. And in the cave that night they were all a little on edge. It had ended badly for El Sordo that day. As Jordan had seen, they had finally sent planes, and against planes there was nothing for them to do but hover in the holes they had dug on the mountainside and pray and hope and wish for a little luck. But after the planes had come once and then again, there was no hope left and no luck and the bombs tore the top of the hillside to shreds and they had all died there. Anselmo had gone to see.

"All dead," he said. "All of them."

Robert Jordan cursed to himself. "And more," said Anselmo. "Coming back there was huge movement over the road across the bridge. Many troops and machines. Armor and tank."

So they knew it was coming. And suddenly Jordan felt the hopelessness creep up in him, and he had to fight it off as if it were something physical.

"And when the attack comes," said Anselmo, "they will be waiting and they will shoot our men down like a scythe harvesting a wheat field."

Jordan said tensely: "You're sure you saw the movement?"

"With my own eyes," said Anselmo.

Jordan called in one of the young ones, a lad named Andres. "Listen carefully," he said. "I want you to go through the lines. Go to General Golz. Tell him the attack is known. You have seven hours to get there. I will give you a written dispatch, but if that is lost, tell him the message by mouth. Do you hear?"

He wrote out the dispatch, knowing all the time that it was no use. That there was no stopping the attack even if Andres got there on time. For an attack has a terrible momentum, and once it is planned and conceived and set in motion, it cannot be stopped.

He stood up wearily: "I am going out," he said. "I will see you in the morning."

Maria was waiting for him at the sleeping bag in the meadow.

"You think it will go badly?" she said. "Do not lie to me," she said. "This is our last night."

"Guapa," he said softly. "Rabbit . . ."

He took the cropped head in his arms and he bent to her.

"You love me?" she said.

"I love you," he said gravely.

"Truly?"

"With all my heart."

She leaned back against the crook of his arm and they looked up together at the stars.

"What will it be like later?" she said.

"Later?"

"After the war."

"We will go to America," he said.

"You will take me?" she said.

"You will be my wife," he said softly.

"What will it be like in America?"

"Ah," he said, "it will be wonderful."

"And my hair will be long?"

"If you want it so."

"And I will be beautiful?"

"You always are."

"I want to be beautiful for you."

"Hush," he said and bent over her so that the shadow of his face fell over her eyes, and there was nothing in the world to see but the curve of her lips and nothing in the world to hear but the sound of his voice saying over and over again: "My sweet, my lovely . . ."

In the dark, before the first false dawn, they awoke. Pilar was already moving about the camp, and there was a low steady hum of voices from the patch where the horses were pastured. There were only light traces of snow on the ground; the weather was perfect. He heard Pablo's voice. "Are you awake?"

He stood up.

Pablo waited uneasily. "Listen to me," he said. "I have come back."

"You were away?"

Pilar said, "He ran off in the night like a dog with his tail between his legs."

"I admit it," said Pablo. "But I have come back. I am with you in this."

He thought wearily: I don't care anymore, I don't care what they do or what they don't do. Let him come. Let him stay away; it is all the same.

no returning . . .

They packed the camp swiftly, for there was no return now. It was blow the bridge and go elsewhere. After the blowing of the bridge, they would no longer be able to stay in the hills.

A half mile away from the bridge, they tethered the horses. It was dark.

"Wait here with the horses," he said.

"I will go, too," she said.

"Wait here," he said harshly. "You will only be in the way below."

She reached for him wordlessly, and for a moment they clung together; then gently he moved away, calling her name. He heard her call to him once and then he walked swiftly to the group of men huddled together in the gathering flicker of the dawn.

"Ready," he said.

And silently they dispersed, each to the prearranged point. Two for the sentry box at one end of the bridge. Three for the group in the sawmill that flanked the span—he and Anselmo carrying the dynamite. Lying flat in the grass watching the dawn stain the sky, he wondered again if the attack would be called off.

He could almost see the bombs fall and then distinctly he heard the clustered sound of their thudding.

Below they had already heard the signal. He heard the spat of a rifle, and one of the bridge guards toppled over slowly like a man kneeling to pray. Then he was on his feet and he could feel Anselmo panting beside him. They broke cover and headed out for the middle of the bridge. Indistinctly around him, he heard the clatter of shots, the spang of rifles, the bitter chatter of a Lewis gun. At the far end of the bridge another of the sentries had his rifle up and Anselmo, stopping, fired and the sentry fell.

At the middle of the bridge, over the V of the span, Jordan stopped. He swung himself swiftly below the crotch of the supports.

"Anselmo," he called.

work done . . .

The old man began passing the dynamite down to him. Working coolly, he stuffed the dynamite into the supports.

He laid the pack carefully and wired it. Then he swung across the girders to the opposite side of the bridge and again the old man passed down the charges.

"Take the wire off the first charge," Jordan said to Anselmo. "If the tanks come, pull the charge—"

"And you?" said Anselmo.

"Pull the charge!"

He had the second charge packed against the supports and, unstringing the wire, he pulled himself onto the bridge and found Anselmo still waiting. At the opposite end of the bridge an armored car came down the road, spitting fire from the turret.

"Anselmo!" Jordan called.

The old man waited stubbornly.

Jordan cursed and gathered the two wires swiftly in his own hands. He pulled sharply and dove for a ditch that lay along the river bank, beneath the span of the arch. The roaring was like the thunder of a hundred storms in his ears. He lay there until the last echo died and then he rose. The bridge lay in the gorge, gaping, torn, destroyed. He started up the river bank and found Anselmo still there. The old man lay on the ground and he seemed almost alive until you saw the girder across his back.

They were gathering swiftly now, the others of the band. And Jordan said harshly: "Anselmo is dead. Who else?"

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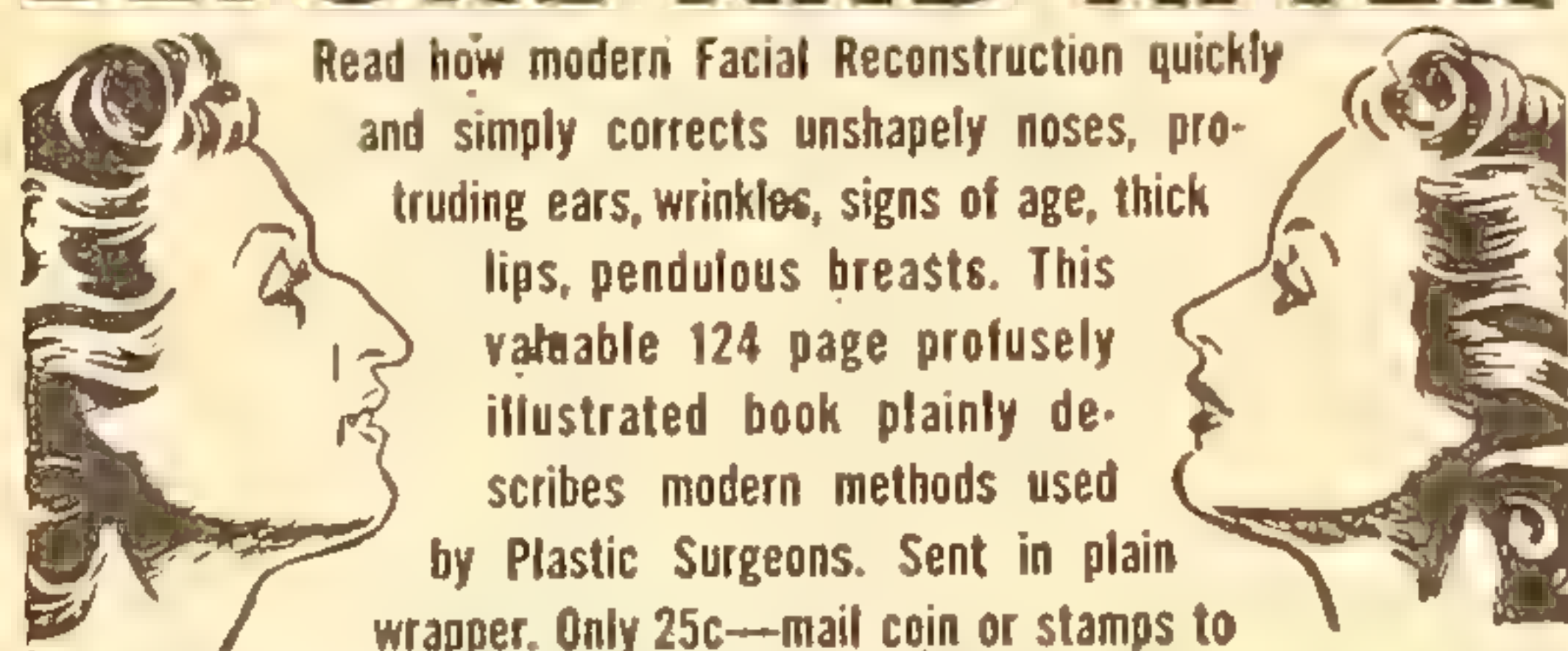
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"There is no time to count the dead," Pilar said swiftly.

Across the gorge a tank was drawn up at the edge of the river bank and methodically it was pumping shells across the gully. They ran for the horses. And now they could see them, and Jordan began to run, suddenly afraid, not for himself, but for the girl who should have been there. But she called to him before he saw her and he stopped and waited for her and said: "Maria . . . Maria . . ."

They were on the horses now and Pablo had taken the lead for he knew the way and they crossed back toward the edge of the gully where the tank was still pumping shells across the gorge.

"Between the shells," Pablo said.

They timed the reports, and then they started across one by one, racing for the cover of the forest that lay on the other side of the clearing. Maria waited.

"We will go together," she said.

"Alone," he said. "You first."

"Together, Roberto," she said.

He didn't answer. Abruptly he reached down and whipped the rump of her horse. It started across the clearing at a gallop and then when it had almost reached the other side, he spurred his horse out, and he knew almost immediately that the shell would be coming his way and not toward Maria. He heard the shriek and the whistle of it and then the earth seemed to reach up like a groping hand ahead of him, and the horse went over on one leg, rolling on the ground with the huge sodden weight of a frightened animal.

this was it . . .

He felt nothing at first. But when he tried to move, he found his left leg dragging and he thought: That did it, the horse did it, the leg's gone. He was close enough to the forest so that they came out for him and they dragged him in under the pines and Maria was bent over him sobbing, and he tried to grin.

"It's only a leg, Rabbit," he said.

The woman Pilar bent beside him and Pablo on the other side. He could hear Maria sobbing. "Listen to me," he said to Pablo. "I cannot ride. You

must leave me here and take the girl with you. She will want to stay. You must take her. And you must leave me. I would only be a drag on you and it would end with all of us dead."

"I am sorry, Roberto," Pablo said.

"Yes," Jordan said. "Now let me talk to her for a moment."

She bent over him and looked into his eyes; and he had no need to tell her. She said: "I will stay, too."

"No," he said. "You will go. But wherever you go, I will go, too, do you understand?"

"I will stay," she said.

"Listen to me," he said. "We are one. And we cannot part. Never. I am part of you, Rabbit. You must take that part with you."

"No."

"Yes," he said softly. "You will go. That is your duty now. You understand. We are one, Guapa. We are one."

Pilar bent over him. "You need anything?"

"No," he said. "The gun?"

"It is by your side."

"Take her."

And he didn't watch while they mounted, and he didn't see Pablo and Pilar ride close against her so she couldn't slip out of the saddle and run back. He listened until he could hear their hoofbeats no more and then wearily he turned his eyes to the road again and he brought the gun up painfully so that it traversed the road and he waited.

Maybe that was all right. Maybe that was all the luck you deserved in this world. A chance to fight for whatever it was you thought right, and a chance to find some peace and even love, yes, even love. So let them come now, so let the bastards come now, and it didn't matter very much one way or another, or at least so you told yourself.

He heard the troop come clattering out of the gully where they had forded into the river and he watched very carefully for the first of them to come into the run of the road. He waited very patiently and very carefully; his finger began to squeeze the trigger as the first of them started to come through.

BEAUTY UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from page 60)

some lazy sun-worshipping, protect your skin. There are emollients and oils 'specially designed to keep skin soft and smooth while they encourage a delightful, delicious tan. The invisible film they leave on your skin acts as a sun screen, allowing beneficial ultra-violet rays to penetrate without burning.

sun rationing

Since rationing is a thing of today, apply it to your sunning. When you tone your skin to a nut-brown, do it gradually. Don't expect to acquire a tan in one or two outings.

Sunburn doesn't become apparent until three or four hours after exposure. Don't trust the way your skin feels! Let your skin-type decide how much sun you can stand at one session. For instance, if you're a brunette with brown eyes and fairly sun-resistant skin, you'll probably be able to hold your own with Ole Sol. In that case, your first outing may last up to ten or 15 minutes.

Should you be in the blonde-light-delicate class, limit your sun bath to six or eight minutes at the beginning. Wear a large-brimmed hat or a ban-

danna atop your locks to avoid straw-like tresses. Counteract the drying effects of the sun by brilliantine or pomade.

Tote your beach umbrella or beach coat for extra protection. Should an abundance of freckles pop out, don't fret. They're merely an irregular distribution of your tan. Sunlight brings them out and exaggerates them. If, however, you want to avoid any more showing up, use a thick layer of sun lotion or cream over the places they're likely to show. Don't, oh don't, try to remove these beauty spots by any amateur methods, but take heed of the authoritative freckle creams which lighten and make them less noticeable.

sunburned?

If, perchance, you've neglected to use a sunburn protection, and the sun's fiery rays have already burned your pretty skin to a crisp, smooth on soothing, medicated cream or lotion made to relieve aching sunburn. Another thought: A generous application of talcum or body powder has a soothing effect on hot, sensitive skin. Or you might sprinkle some of baby's antiseptic powder onto your sunburn for welcome relief.

if you don't want to tan

Should you prefer to keep your fair skin fair, use one of the protective creams or lotions that act as a foundation base and sun shield. These tinted sun protectors help keep you from tanning, yet give your skin a soft, warm glow. The various foundation bases (cream, liquid, cake and stick form) are also excellent protection against the sun. You can have a gypsy tan look without having to spend hours in the process of tanning.

If you've acquired only a partial tan, and your evening date calls for a low-necked dress, smooth one of these protective bases over the bathing suit strap marks that show white against your tan. Be sure to blend the base so as not to leave any telltale streaks.

sun-tan make-up

When you've acquired your desired south-sea lure, enhance it with a matching shade of powder. Remember, your entire summer make-up should be more "alive," more glowing than your pale winter glamour. Use color-rich tones.

Leg make-up is also important this summer. You can slip on a pair of cosmetic stockings quick as a wink. This natural-looking "hose" is easy to apply and convenient to wear. They come in liquid, cream and stick form. The delightful shades range from bronze to light beige tones.

when the sun goes down

Before you tumble into bed at night, smooth one of your favorite cleansing or soft lubricating creams onto your face and neck. Try chilling your creams, astringents and skin fresheners by storing them away in the refrigerator. Then, after your day in the sun, you'll be ever so grateful for their extra-cool, soothing results.

summer glow

Plant cabbages or just plain sit, but take your day in the sun. Only, be sure to protect your skin with intelligent use of lotions and oils. Highlight your features with color-right make-up. The result . . . you'll be oh-so-lovely at night!

THE TRUTH ABOUT LINDA'S MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 43)

love. She was in love with Jaime Jorba then—the Spanish boy whom she'd known in Texas and who'd gone to Mexico City to live with his uncle. Soon after, Linda was called to Hollywood for the lead in "Hotel for Women."

If it hadn't been for Pev, she might never have played the part. That's what she thought at the time, and that's what she still thinks. A lovely little greenhorn, she walked out on the set shaking in her shoes, and every face was the face of a stranger. Till suddenly she looked up, and, from the camera stool, a pair of quizzical brown eyes smiled at her.

Ratoff was directing, with Pev on the camera. "How old are you, baby?" Ratoff roared.

All along she'd been terrified, lest her years count against her, so she tried to dodge. "Oh—old enough."

"Seventeen? Eighteen? What?"

She looked wildly around, but there was no help. "I'm 15," she quavered.

The crew whooped. Pev all but fell

off his stool. It was Ratoff, though, on whom Linda's eyes were fixed, and her heart sank. She could tell she'd lost face.

If it hadn't been for Pev—Fifteen, poor kid, he was thinking, and scared blue—and promptly made her cause his own. No belle of the lot was ever more carefully photographed. He turned fussy as a hen over tapelines and angles and make-up. "Little more punch," he'd whisper, pretending that light near her head needed fixing. Or, "That was swell, honey. You've got it cinched." Little by little, under the warmth of his interest, she grew more confident. And when they told her the part was hers, she ran shining-eyed to Pev.

"Oh, Mr. Marley, it's you I have to thank!"

He patted her shoulder. "Forget it." Through "Hotel for Women," through "Daytime Wife" and "Stardust," she came to depend on Pev, and he never failed her. On finishing a scene, her eyes would seek his, even before the director's, for approval. His help, his guidance, his encouragement were like a strong hand under her arm on a rocky road. Presently she found herself going to him for more than professional aid and comfort. It was funny about Pev. On the surface, he wasn't the kind of guy you'd take your troubles to. A devil sat in each brown eye, flashing mockery. But for trusting young Linda, the defenses fell, the eyes grew quiet and kind.

over the bump . . .

It wasn't love then. Pev was married, and Linda was carrying the torch for a boy 2,000 miles away. She told Pev about him. About their desperate young letters. How nobody else had ever meant anything to her. How she longed to see him. Pev was glad for her when the chance came at last to go to Mexico City. And when she got back in a daze of hope and doubt, it was Pev who listened. Jaime had wanted her to chuck the whole business and marry him now. To Jaime, with his strict Spanish upbringing, there were no two ways about where a woman belonged. She belonged with the man of her choice, in his home, bearing his

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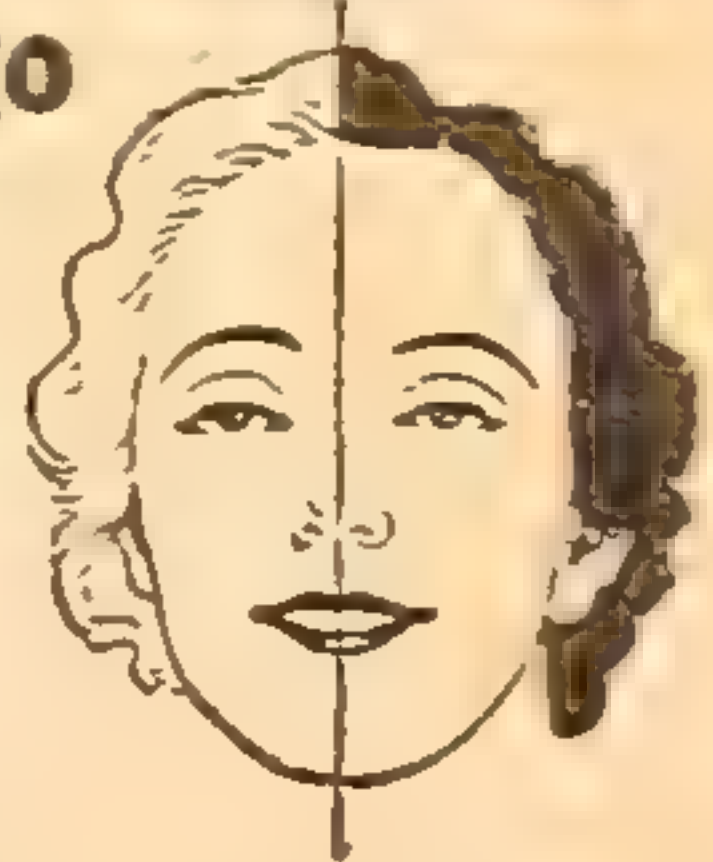
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(Continued from page 85)

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12. Julie Anne's mom
13. Twinkle-toed
14. Sizzling
15. "Butch" bob
16. Glamourizer
17. Newcomer
18. Veneta is vehement
19. Stockholm star
20. Stands pat with Pat

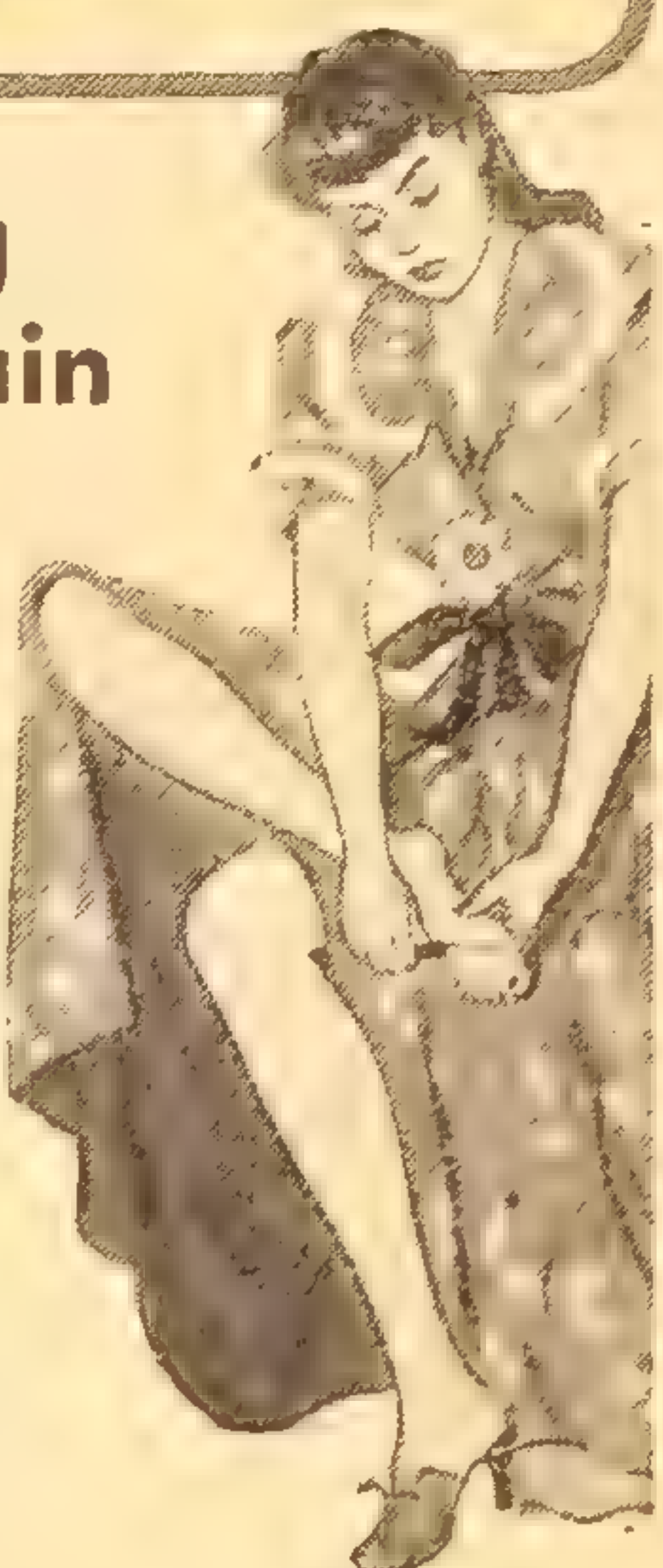
(Answers on page 102)

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children. "But how could I, Pev?" she wailed. "I'm under age. I can't break my contract. Even if I wanted to, my mother wouldn't let me."

"You're both young, kid. If it's love for keeps, time'll work it out."

Then came Jaime's letter, and a broken-hearted youngster wept in Pev's arms. Jaime'd married his cousin. After Linda left, he'd realized that nothing could ever come of their waiting. She had her way of life, he had his.

Pev waited till the first racking sobs eased off. Then he lifted her chin. "You know what's today, kid? It's the day you grow up. You've had your first knock. It'll make a woman of you."

That was what she needed. Not petting, but steeling. Not sympathy, but a call to courage. She'd always been more mature than her years, and on that day she really did grow up. An adult looks forward, not back—quits brooding over the past and builds for the future. Linda found new interests, new friends, gained a new independence and security.

Pev continued to be her friend. While he was still married, she went to parties at his house. After his divorce, he took her now and then to the fights and football games he loved. But mostly she saw him at the studio. Subconsciously, she was always on the watch for him.

"Hi, kid, got a funny story to tell you."

He liked to make her laugh. He had an idiotic way of drooping one eyelid in greeting. The Fisheye, they called it. She never had a meal in the commissary without looking to see if he was there.

beloved Fisheye . . .

Still, no glimmer of what was happening entered her head. She went out with other men—much more consistently than she did with Pev. There was one in particular, who'd asked her again and again to be his wife. And that, in the end, was what opened her eyes.

Because one night she said, "All right, I'll marry you."

She was tired and low, moved by her suitor's devotion, grateful to be loved so much, thinking how sweet it would be to find a haven. His pleading swept her momentarily off her feet. Maybe Jaime had been the one love of her life. Maybe she'd never love anyone again. If that, from an 18-year-old, makes you smile a little, remember that Linda had never taken love lightly.

They stopped at the home of friends, whom we'll call the Smiths. They'd ask the Smiths to go along to Las Vegas. Mrs. Smith took one look at Linda, whose air was hardly that of a radiant bride, and said, "Let's talk this over."

Which was almost all Linda needed. It shocked her out of her trance and left her staring, terrified, at what she'd been about to do. No one could have been kinder than her fiancé-for-an-hour. His reproaches were all for himself. "I shouldn't have kept at you, honey. Come on, let me take you home."

Sitting on her bed, still dazed, she was suddenly swept by an overwhelming ache for Pev. "Like a kid," she laughed shakily, "running to mother to kiss the hurt and make it well." That was when the light broke. Why was she always running to Pev? Why was she restless and uneasy when she hadn't seen him for a couple of days? Why did just the sight of him make her disjointed world click back into place? Suppose—suppose it had been Pev tonight? She caught her breath. Well—of course! That would have been as right as the other was wrong. Whom but Pev was she in love with? Pev with the high forehead and the curly hair that she'd always wanted

to run her fingers through. Pev with his impish eyes and his cracks and his dear gentleness. Pev, Pev, Pev, sang her heart, as she sat on the bed, laughing, crying, calling herself a fool—

Dutch uncle . . .

After work next day he found her waiting in his car. "What's the matter, honey? Get another bump?"

"Will you take me for a drive, Pev? I want to tell you something."

There's no guile in Linda. She's direct as a child. Also, she prefers to look a fact in the face, even though she knows that the fact may haul back and sock her one. "I almost got married last night, Pev. I was on my way—"

"What stopped you?"

"Well, though I didn't know it at the time, you did."

"I did?"

Her hands locked in her lap. "Look, Pev, you'll have to forgive me if this makes you squirm. And I'll have to forgive myself for swallowing my pride. It's you I love, Pev. This must have been going on for a long time. Only I didn't know it until now."

Nothing happened. He didn't say a word. He went right on driving. Linda sat silent, too. What could she say, having said everything? After what seemed an eternity, he pulled up, switched off the motor and turned to her with a smile she'd never seen before—a smile that made her heart do flip-flops. "Honey," he said, taking her hands, "you've always been tops with me. But I'm much too old."

"Oh, Pev," she wailed, "I'm so much older than my birthdays."

"Look, baby, there's a difference between loving and being in love. Do you know what that difference is?"

"I know, Pev. And I know that people shouldn't marry unless they're both. Well, I'm both. I love you and I'm in love with you, too."

For a moment tenderness flooded his eyes. Then he forced it back, talked to her like a Dutch uncle and couldn't budge her. In the end he said, "Okay, let's go on as we were. Nothing can come of this, anyway, till I'm sure you're sure, and time'll fix that."

"Does that mean," asked a small voice, "that you—?"

He grinned—the old puckish grin. "I love you all right, poochface."

"And—the rest?"

"That's none of your business."

It didn't really worry her. If all Pev wanted was to be sure of her, she could wait. She was sure enough for them both. Nor did it bother her when he enlisted a month later. So now he was cameraman for Uncle Sam, instead.

Though week followed week, she didn't tease him. It was only fair to let him take his own good time. Meanwhile, she had a lovely secret to hug, a lovely joke she'd put over on Pev. In a cellophane bag in the closet hung her white wedding suit. Every night she'd take it out, whispering as she laid her cheek against it, "You're shameless, Linda Darnell. A wedding suit, and your guy hasn't even said yes."

Not in words maybe. But in other ways, he had. The wires, for instance, that came daily, unsigned, when she worked at Columbia. They were love letters in code, and the key lay in the titles of their favorite songs. YMLTMTM. What was there in that to make a girl's eyes shine? Nothing, unless she knew, as Linda did, that it meant—"You're More Lovely Than Moonlight To Me."

As so often happens, when you've waited and waited for a thing, the event

really took Linda by utter surprise. Pev breezed in one Friday evening. "Got a three-day pass." "What you doing with it?" "Drive some place maybe." "How about gas?" "Saved my coupons up."

After dinner he suggested they go see Ann Miller, Linda's closest friend. There was a glorious moon, and Pev stopped the car before they reached the house.

Her heart skipped a beat. All she could think was, "He's going overseas."

hush stuff . . .

Words of sentiment don't come easy to Pev. "I—I'm in love with you, Brown Eyes. Will you marry me? Tomorrow?" "Tomorrow?—Oh yesyesyesyes, Pev!"

Well, as it happened, they didn't get away till four the next afternoon, so the wedding was on Sunday. She told Pev about the suit finally, and he told her about the ring, lying snug in his pocket for two weeks.

They called for Ann Miller at the studio—Linda and Pev and Corporal Bill Heath, ex-test director at 20th-Fox and Pev's best man. To keep Hollywood unsuspecting, they resorted to dodges. The girls wore slacks, sun glasses, and scarves round their heads. Suitcases had been sneaked into the trunk. Bill went to an out-of-the-way shop for the flowers—white orchids for Linda, purple for Ann. The night before Linda had phoned Las Vegas for reservations and gone panicky as one hotel after another reported, full up. At the Apache they had one room.

The boys had resigned themselves to bunking in the car. At the hotel they were oh so formal. "Terribly kind of you to come up, Miss Darnell." "You have my music, haven't you, Sergeant." "Good night, Miss Miller, we'll come for you in the morning."

At the desk Bill continued the comedy. "It's so late, we hate to drive back to barracks. Any chance of a room?" Yes, there'd just been a cancellation.

Next morning was like a swift dream. The note from Pev, slipped under the door, too sweet to tell about. Her hands shaking so, she could hardly get her make-up on. Ann helping her into the sheer white wool suit—adjusting the white pillbox hat—pinning the orchids in place. The guy with the camera posted at the front door. "Maybe he's there for something entirely different, but let's not take a chance." Sneaking out the back way. Driving to the courthouse.

And suddenly Linda wasn't nervous. For something beautiful happened. It was Palm Sunday, and Pev was standing beside her. And just as the voice said, "Dearly beloved," the church bells chimed. They smiled at each other. "I, Monetta Linda—" "I, John Peverell—"

So now it was no longer a secret, and they phoned the studio. And ordered champagne with their lunch, and Linda kept one of the corks to put away with her orchids.

For the present they're living in Linda's small apartment. You'd think that a face like hers would be enough. But the girl can cook, too, and not just a steak or a chop. Pev's mad about her corn creole and her eggs with sherry and her salad dressing and her garlic toast for steak. On the other hand, she'll do no dish-washing—always leaves them for the maid in the morning.

stay-at-homes . . .

Nightclubs and restaurants rarely see them. They like to eat at home and to be by themselves. In the living room after dinner, Pev tunes in to news commentaries or the fights. Linda reads and draws. She's doing a portrait of Pev. Sometimes they take in a newsreel, the only kind of movie Pev cares about. As for Linda, she gets all the diversion she needs from her husband. He could always make her laugh, but never has he been so charming, so full of jokes and fun—so cute, as she finally sums it up.

They own everything in common. "Where's the camera?" "In my car." "In whose car?" "In our car." But there's one point on which Pev's inconsistent. Linda wants to move into his house—their house—a lovely Monterey colonial over-looking the ocean. They can't do it on his soldier's salary. When Linda says, "How about my salary?" he goes masculine, won't let her spend money.

There's another thing she wants, too. On her dressing table stands a picture of Pev at four. Some day, not too far distant, she wants a baby who'll look like Pev. "He's got to be a boy, and he's got to have the same devil in his eye and the same fat legs. Exactly like Pev I want him, but *exactly*—or back he goes straight to the Indians—"

Linda Darnell, 19, married Pev Marley, 40-odd. Because she loves him. Because home is where the heart is. Because, for the first time in 19 years, Linda's heart is at home in the world.

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" (PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 39)

was Zion National Park. Finally, the ideal site was discovered—Sonora Pass, way up in the High Sierras. When they found it, snow was piled high in deep drifts, perfect setting for the El Sordo battle sequence. The Technicolor cameras were rushed to the spot and rigged up with electric pads to prevent freezing. Then an entire troupe was flown there, and 15 days later, the scenes were cut, edited and ready to be inserted in the final production.

Menzies made a ten-foot-square bas-relief map of the surrounding terrain for Wood's guidance in planning the action, then drew more than 5,000 sketches, all in color, of the characters and the sets that would have to be built at the studio. Because of the government edict that only \$5,000 worth of new material could be used in any one picture, Wood decided to shoot as much of the footage

as possible on location. Originally, the filming schedule called for 38 days in the Sierras, but the time was extended to ten weeks.

quick freeze . . .

The temperature up there hovered around zero, dropping below that at night. Akim Tamiroff had to keep chipping the ice off his elaborate make-up between scenes. Camp was pitched at the bottom of the Sonora Pass Grade, and the crew used to fill their trucks with hard-packed snow. By the time they reached "home," the stuff had turned into ice-cubes, perfect for keeping their food supply fresh.

Members of the cast, Cooper, Bergman, Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamiroff, Arturo de Cordova spent their spare time practicing mountain-climbing and archery. They had to, to keep from freezing!

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Much of the sound was dubbed in . . . the crunch-crunch of feet on snow, even the sound of Cooper slipping into his sleeping bag was recorded later. In the scene of the bombing of Barcelona, the sounds are absolutely authentic.

When the time came for Sam Wood to start cutting the film to release size, all the other problems of production faded far into the background. Wood had thousands of feet of beautiful, exciting Technicolor film and was reluctant to

discard any of it. For a while the executives toyed with the idea of releasing the film in instalments, serial-style. Then they decided to road-show it, with an intermission period, à la "Gone With the Wind."

There is no truth to the rumor that the love scenes in the picture were so hot, they had to be photographed on non-inflammable celluloid—although those who have already seen the picture say it would have been quite a good stunt.

PUT MAGIC IN YOUR MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 59)

your lipstick. Then, and this is mighty important, lightly dust your lips with powder. Powder helps set the color, helps make it "permanent." Remove the excess powder and apply a second layer of lipstick. Now blot the excess with a folded cleansing tissue. The result? Two pretty, rose-blooming lips; come heat-wave or hot coffee!

Your lipstick (and your matching rouge, of course) needs changing to bloom under the summer sun. Sun-gypsies whose skins have been toasted to a rich, tawny color, should choose a dramatic make-up. They'll find that lipstick, rouge and nail polish of a deep, glowing tone that tends toward orange-red are more flattering than old favorites in red-red or blue-red. You who have fair skins will find that cheek and lip tones in either clear red or blue-red look best with summer pastels.

You may be a golden red-head with a pale ivory or faintly pink, delicate complexion . . . and aren't you lucky to belong to the same team as Rita Hayworth and Ginger Rogers! Like these Hollywood charmers, you'll find most flattering a soft orange-red or subdued clear red lipstick and rouge.

Eny, meeny, miney, moe . . . which will it be, cake rouge or the cream or stick type? Children, here's the answer straight from the Hollywood make-up boxes! Movie stars like cream or stick rouge because it stays on longer. But it is harder to use. That's why, for touch-up jobs away from their dressing table, most film-belles like to carry a tiny compact of cake rouge.

Here's how to use both types. Cream-form rouge goes on after powder base and before powdering. Dry rouge is used over the powder. Cream-form rouges (which include stick rouge) are meant to be dotted over your cheeks, then blended smoothly into the skin. Dry rouge should be flicked on gently, covered with a film of powder. All rouge should be placed high on the cheek bones (the better to make your eyes sparkle). If your face is long, extend the rouge down quite far, almost to the jawbone.

Apply your powder in a shade that will flatter your summer complexion and be generous when you're flicking the powder on your face. Conservation of most everything is being hammered home to us now. But Hollywood reminds us that "conservation" of face powder is, in doleful reality, a waste. How come? Well, scant face-powdering means that more powder will have to be applied at hourly intervals during the day. Which in anyone's language is much more wasteful of time and of powder than would be a generous powdering in the morning.

Julie Bishop, whose latest film chore is a number for Warners' called "Thank Your Lucky Stars," explains for you the proper, Hollywood-endorsed method of face-powdering. She says: "Dip the puff

deeply into the powder box. Scoop up a generous supply. Gently press this powder onto the neck and facial area—don't bother to waste the powder by flapping and patting the puff against your nose. More powder disappears into the air this way than ever arrives on your face."

Continues Julie, "After you have your face generously 'snowed under' with powder, whisk away the excess with a special powder brush, with an extra-soft baby brush or with a pad of cotton." When you follow this Hollywood-insured method for a lovely complexion, you'll be charmed (and charming) with the porcelain translucence it gives your skin!"

Screen glamour-girls realize that a generous fleck of mascara can make eyelashes look longer, fuller . . . and so much more flattering. For a natural effect brush the mascara up and out towards the outer corners of your eyes.

Eye-shadow is a beauty must for a summer "face." The delicately colored cream helps make eyelids smooth and sleek. For fuller, more expressive brows, an eyebrow pencil is the answer. Learn to use it in short, natural-length strokes.

More than ever in summer, your skin needs the protection of light cleansing and foundation creams to protect its satiny texture. Cleanse it with a froth of soap suds, or with a light cream and cleansing tissues, or with cotton saturated in a fragrant cleansing lotion.

happy ending

. . . to your summer beauty story, if you begin now to profit by these beauty hints from out Hollywood way. Discover the thrill of always looking your best . . . you'll find it in the pretty-making possibilities of your lipstick, your mascara, your skin freshener, your rouge, your nail polish! The reward; a lovelier you!

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 63)

1. Walt Disney
2. Bill Bendix
3. Shirley Temple
4. Dennis Morgan
5. Alan Ladd
6. Betty Hutton
7. Robert Taylor
8. Frank Sinatra
9. Loretta Young
10. Humphrey Bogart
11. Sabu
12. Anne Shirley
13. Vera Zorina
14. Mae West
15. Tim Holt
16. Perc Westmore
17. Lena Horne
18. Jack Oakie
19. Ingrid Bergman
20. Charles Boyer

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